The Western Home Monthly

December
1928

10¢

Christmas Number

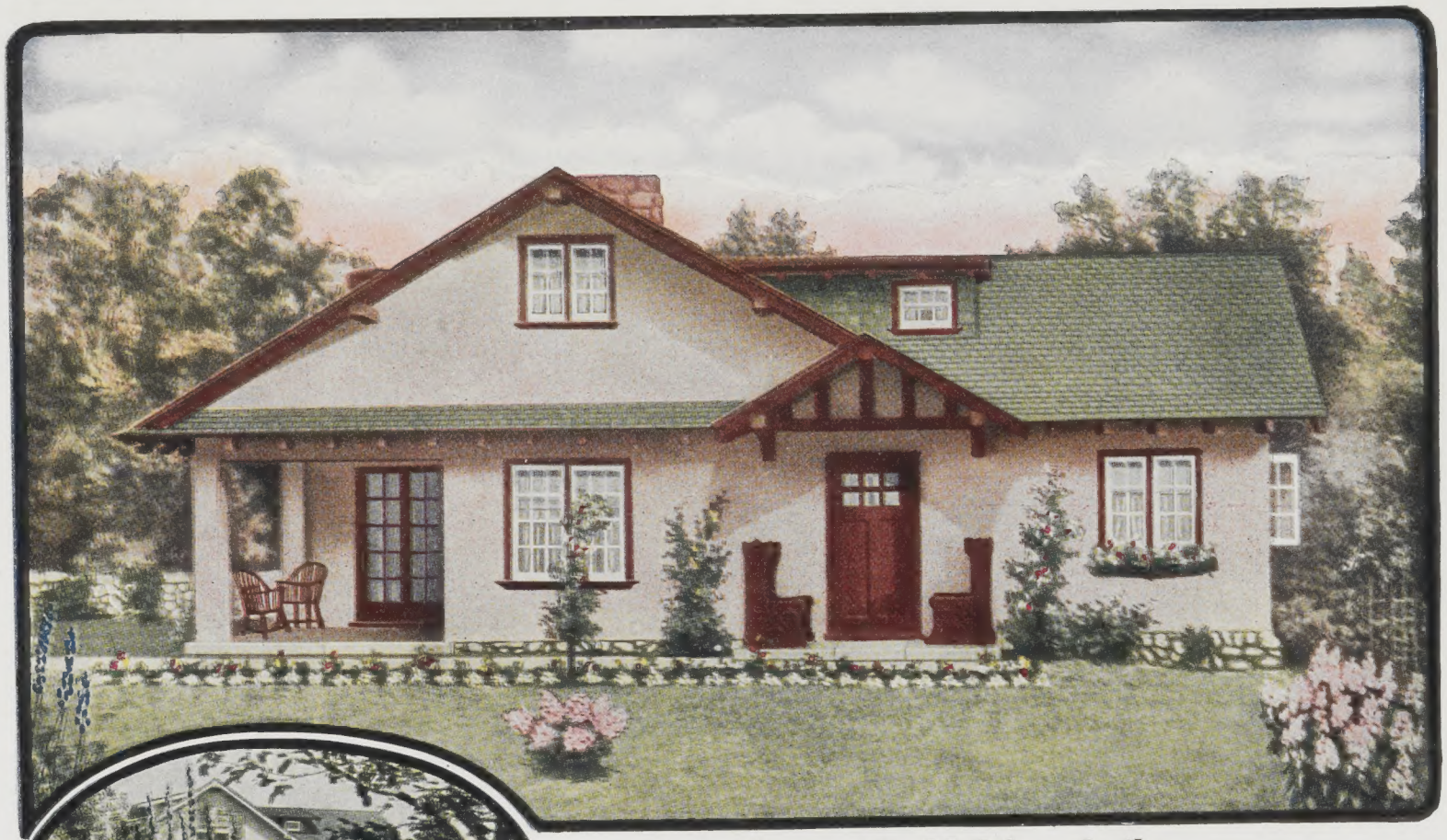
Ordering a Third Aladdin Home, G. Malchow writes--

"I am fully aware of the Excellence and Economy of Aladdin Homes because I am living in one at present, erected in 1916; and also my son, M. E. Malchow, has an Aladdin Home (The Victoria) and is much pleased with it."

Could there be a Stronger Recommendation than This?

Mr. Malchow, of Stavely, Alta., is living in the Aladdin Home he built 12 years ago. Since he erected it, his son also has built an Aladdin Home. And now Mr Malchow, Sr., has ordered a third Aladdin Home.

Many other families in Western Canada have built two or more Aladdin Homes. For instance, the Jackson family of Meadows, Man., have built a series of Aladdin Homes. So have the Taylor family of Pincher Creek, Alta.



One of the Homes Mr. Malchow built

The VICTORIA

$2,249

A large and beautiful bungalow. Entering hall, you see through archway a spacious living-room with massive fireplace, and on through archway to the splendid dining-room and piazza. Kitchen, butler's pantry, two bedrooms with bath between and closets, and main and cellar stairs, provide balance of ground floor. Upstairs are three large bedrooms with closets. See convenient layout in our Free Plan Book.

Aladdin Homes

We pay the Freight

Save You Weeks of Labor and Hundreds of Dollars

Whether you need a large home, or a small home priced at only $679, Aladdin will give you a warmer, better home—much more for your money.

Aladdin ships the lumber cut to exact size and shape. You simply nail each piece in place. Aladdin's price includes all lumber, shingles, hardware, glass, paint, varnish, etc.

Mail Coupon for FREE PLAN BOOK

and Actual Photographs of ALADDIN Homes

CLIP OFF HERE

Please send me FREE, full particulars and PLAN BOOK of ALADDIN HOMES, also actual photographs.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

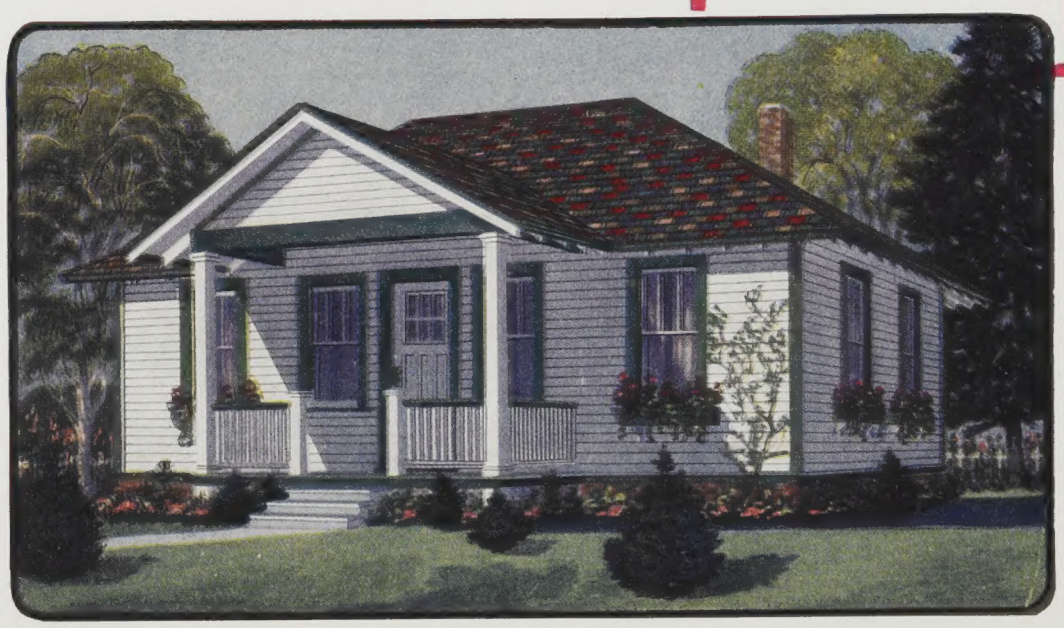
Canadian Aladdin Co., Ltd.
700 Royal Bank Bldg.
Winnipeg
Man.

THE INGLENOOK

This complete and handsome home fully meets the constantly increasing demand for an inexpensive bungalow with large combination living and dining-room, kitchen and three bedrooms. It is as compact, as well lighted and as easily heated as any home you ever saw. You have choice of two floor plan arrangements, both of which are shown in Aladdin's FREE Plan Book. One of our customers built four Inglenooks this year. Aladdin's Price, freight paid to your station, only

$965

VERANDAH ADDITIONAL $108



Wood Mountain, Sask., March 12, 1928.

Canadian Aladdin Co.

Your Ready-Cut System makes it so easy for prairie people—where carpenters are scarce and expensive—to build a house in their spare time as Mr. De Cock has done, with the help of our 12-year-old son, who sorted and handed to him the pieces as required, and found it a pleasant pastime.

The interior finishing and cabinets please me very much; indeed, we appreciate everything you have done and the fine materials supplied throughout.

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) Mrs. Violet De Cock.

A Gift

that is presented many times throughout the year

❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

So here is your chance to select a Christmas gift which you can be sure will be appreciated—and at a trivial cost indeed.

Not only will a magazine be sent every month for one year but on Christmas Day each friend whom you so remember will receive a beautiful gift card bearing your name and announcing that you have ordered the subscription.

This is the only opportunity offered our readers during the year of subscribing for friends at reduced rates, so be sure and take advantage, observing the very low rate applying to quantity orders.

Special Subscription Rates

One Subscription	(with Gift Card)	$1.00
Three Subscriptions	(with Gift Cards)	2.00
Six Subscriptions	(with Gift Cards)	4.00
Ten Subscriptions	(with Gift Cards)	6.00

(No extra charge for overseas postage)

The Western Home Monthly

WINNIPEG

(1) *Name*.....
Address.....

(2) *Name*.....
Address.....

(3) *Name*.....
Address.....

(4) *Name*.....
Address.....

(5) *Name*.....
Address.....

Christmas Order Form

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

Please send The Western Home Monthly to the following for one year and also in each instance mail Gift Card, bearing my name, to arrive on Christmas Morning.

I enclose $..... in payment for same.

From—
Name .....

Address .....

(6) *Name*.....
Address.....

(7) *Name*.....
Address.....

(8) *Name*.....
Address.....

(9) *Name*.....
Address.....

(10) *Name*.....
Address.....

Essex 5-Pass. Sedan, $960
f. o. b. Windsor, taxes extra

Essex Performance

The spirit of ACTION
and *Item* by *Item* the World's *Greatest* Value

The certain conviction of greatest value that Essex gives on sight is backed by a wealth of costly car detail never before dreamed of under $1200.

At $885 and up, you not only get the brilliant performance and reliability of the famous Essex chassis, but you also get a satisfaction in appearance, richness and comfort never known in this price field.

You cannot mistake this impression of completeness and fine quality in every detail. And you cannot forget that item after item brings you directly to costly cars to find comparison.

In every detail from radiator shutters to a riding ease like flying, this Essex is built, acts and looks in the fine-car class.

Add these to the performance of its famous Super-Six high-compression, high-efficiency motor, and you have perfectly visible advantages from $300 to $400 greater value than any car in its field, a fact responsible for the largest 6-cylinder sales in history.

You have but to examine and ride in the Essex to share this universal conviction about "the World's Greatest Value."

ESSEX SUPER SIX

Prosperity

INFORMATION sent out from Ottawa and from banking headquarters indicate that Canada's financial condition is rapidly improving from month to month. Each report has gratifying surprises. It is learned, for example, that the milling quality of the wheat is much higher than at one time was expected; that the apple crop in British Columbia will bring a better return than in previous years; that the potato crop of the Maritime Provinces is above the average; that iron and steel production are thirty per cent. higher than last year; that newsprint production is fifteen per cent. higher, and that automobile production has increased by twenty per cent. In addition to this, electrical energy production has increased by twenty per cent. and manufacturing activity has been a surprise to both Canadians and others. One of the greatest surprises has been the gain in mineral production, the output this year exceeding that of last year by about $7,000,000. Then there is the discovery of oil in Western Canada and the importance to national welfare can be judged only when the output can be estimated. Evidently there is untold wealth in the Turner Valley and Wainwright fields. There are other gratifying features of expansion, such as the increase of trade with Japan and with the United Kingdom and the West Indies. Altogether reports are cheering, and one would have to be a pessimist to look gloomy when everything spells increasing prosperity.

War

CHRISTMAS comes with its message of peace and good-will. We all delight to think of the Babe in the Manger, of the Shepherds on the hills, and of the song of the Heavenly Host. But why leave it there? That Babe grew in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man. He became a teacher of mankind. At the heart of the teaching was the thought that love is the greatest thing in the world. Individuals, churches, nations, that accept His leadership must be actuated by the divine principle that governed His life. The great betrayal of trust is when individuals who call themselves Christian cherish in their hearts hatred and suspicion, when churches who own His name distrust each other, and when nations that might well be at peace engage in war. Nominally all Christians are pacifists. They know that it is a degrading, dirty business. There is nothing fair or noble about it. As Winston Churchill put it: "All the horrors of all the ages were brought together and not only armies but whole populations were thrust into the midst of them. Every outrage against humanity or international law was repaid by reprisals often on a greater scale and of longer duration. No truce or parley mitigated the strife of the armies. The wounded died between the lines; the dead mouldered into the soil. When all was over torture and cannibalism were the only two expedients that the civilized scientific Christian states had been able to deny themselves." Yet Christian people express a horror of war when no war is going on, but when mass murder begins they give it their blessing and support.

In that wonderfully invigorating book "Have we Lost Our Way?" the author says: "Either the churches believe collective slaughter to be wrong and non-Christian, or they think it inevitable and necessary. They must make up their minds one way or the other, or they will alienate all thoughtful and intelligent people. The Church can end international warfare when it likes, for it would be difficult, if not impossible, to start a war without the blessing and support of the Christian churches. . . . If another war comes it will not destroy Christianity—ultimately Christianity must destroy war—but it will wreck institutionalized religion." All this is said because the Church is the custodian of Christian teaching and the central thought in Christianity is love, which ensures peace.

It should never be in the power of governments to declare war. They are elected to carry out domestic policies. When it comes to that which means life or death to individuals, happiness or misery to homes, sacrifice of property and freedom, then every individual should have a right to be heard. The time has passed when a few men acting on their own judgment, or influenced by the judgment of interested parties, should plunge a nation into war. People who are able to manage their domestic affairs should easily be able to settle their international problems. "It would be an immense safeguard to democratize the greatest power for evil which now rests in the hands of governments."

The Lame Little Lad of Bethlehem

By Mary Elizabeth Colman

A lame little lad it was, so long ago,
A lame little stable lad,
Who gave his manger bed to Mary fair
And made it soft with hay;
He made it soft with sun-warmed hay and sweet.
Then wrapped him in his cloak
And laid him down beneath the stars to sleep.

Still grey the dawn when he went in and saw
Beside the manger bed
A little lamp like patient morning star
Its flame revealing there
A miracle! In a delighted maze
He stared, nor ventured near
Till Mary smiled and called him tenderly.

With joyful awe he limped across the floor
And knelt among the straw;
All timidly he touched the little hand—
Like Rose of Sharon fair—
With one toil-roughened finger gentle grown
As little velvet mouse,
And hardly breathed for joy and wonderment.

The Babe awoke, and with His tiny fist
He clasped the finger tight;
The crippled lad was thrilled with strength and joy,
New life suffused his veins—
He rose, and lo, he stood as fair and straight
As pines of Lebanon—
And Mary pondered this within her heart.

Mr. Hoover

CANADIANS were deeply interested in the Presidential elections, and on the whole their sympathies seem to have been with Mr. Hoover. This was not because Canadians are Republicans or because they favor the policies of the Republican party. To the average Canadian there is no difference between the two parties on the American side. They are similar to our own parties—very much alike—full of promises and given to recrimination when in opposition, and somewhat inert on great moral issues but sensitive in a high degree to the voice of the great interests, when in power The explanation of Mr. Hoover's popularity is that he was favorably known on account of the work he did as organizer and director, during and after the War. In a sense he was a world figure and not just a citizen of the United States. The Democratic candidate may have been equally worthy, but to Canadians he was comparatively unknown.

Now that Mr. Hoover is to asume the duties of President, his words and his work must be taken more seriously. There are two or three of his announced policies that have more than minor significance for Canadians. Mr. Hoover is a firm believer in protection. He is strongly "American First," and because this is the case, he upholds a high tariff. His logic may be at fault, but his national zeal is unquestioned. None the less it is no small matter that a trade barrier should be built up between two friendly nations that can live only by exchanging products. If it were not that a nation requires the revenue derived from the custom duties, there would be no real justification for tariff, but when one neighbor insists on exclusion of goods unless a heavy tax is paid, it is only reasonable that the other should retaliate in kind. Canada is so prosperous just now that she can afford to take things easily. Nickel, lumber, wheat, fish, pulpwood, minerals, cattle, fruit, cheese, eggs — the world is waiting for them and if one market shuts them out there are other markets available.

The second policy to which Mr. Hoover is wedded is the opening of a water route to the sea by way of the St. Lawrence. All Canadians are not a unit on this, and certainly many people in the West do not advocate the scheme too warmly. If, as is now most likely, the Hudson Bay Railway proves to be a wonderful success, and if Western products find their way to Europe via Fort Churchill, just what justification will there be for two transcontinental lines to the East and a new waterway? That question has never been answered, and it is neither senseless nor irrelevant. The people of Canada may indeed with propriety decide to ask Mr. Hoover to wait a little.

On other matters, Canadians will watch with interest the new President's efforts to reduce the traffic in liquor and the farming community in the West will watch his actions in dealing with the farmers of the Middle States, for here and across the line the problem of the tillers of the soil are pretty much the same. It would be no surprise if the example set by the grain growers of the Prairies in forming a pool should be followed by farmers elsewhere. Mr. Hoover is not going to have an untroubled reign. Canadians of all classes wish him all success in dealing with the weighty problems that face him, and trust that under his leadership the United States will be so helpful in world affairs that men and women everywhere in this generation and in the days to come will bless the name American. The fact that Mr. Hoover is not a cold-blooded materialist who thinks only in dollars, but that he is one who appreciates spiritual values in a high degree, leads the world to expect that he will do much to bring about that peace for which the whole world is waiting. But the big navy scheme and world peace do not go very well together.

Highway Crossings

TO ASSIST in creating a sentiment in favor of eliminating level crossings the following suggestion made by J. M. Davis of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railway is printed:

"In the days of the horse and buggy numerous crossings saved considerable time, but in the days of fast-moving motor vehicles the time element has become of almost no importance, and the way has been opened for the construction of marginal or parallel highways and for doing away with countless unnecessary and expensive crossings."

HOLLOW HANDLE STAINLESS STEEL STEAK CARVERS
in lined gift box
Mayfair Pattern
$7.50 *per set*

SIX INDIVIDUAL SALAD FORKS
in lined gift box
Princess Pattern
$5.50 *per set of 6*

COLD MEAT FORK
in lined gift box
Triumph Pattern
$1.50 *each*

FLAT SERVER
in lined gift box
Triumph Pattern
$3.00 *each*

SIX BUTTER SPREADERS
in lined gift box
Princess Pattern
$5.00 *per set of 6*

GRAVY LADLE
in lined gift box
Mayfair Pattern
$1.75 *each*

26-piece set with tray $17.50 *Princess Pattern*
With H. H. knives, stainless steel blades, $25.50

WM. ROGERS & SON
Silverplate
The plate with the unlimited guarantee of satisfaction

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED

One Page Missing

[A CHRISTMAS ADVERTISEMENT ALONG WHOLLY DIFFERENT LINES]

SHERLOCK HOLMES was amused—interested. "Never had a case quite like it," he mused as he studied the youth sitting opposite him. "You gave your wife forty-two dollars to buy gifts, Mr. Wentworth?"

The young man nodded, "That's all I had."

"Go on!"

"I didn't get home until late. She was out. The things she bought were on the table. Lots of things, Mr. Holmes—too many of 'em! And all silverplate—beautiful silverplate—piece after piece of it. They must have cost twice what I gave her. I tried to figure out how she got them. Doubts kept coming in my mind. I thought I'd go mad! I couldn't stand it any longer, so I came to you. Mr. Holmes—*where did she get that extra money?*"

The great detective looked at him through half-closed eyes. "Tell me what she purchased," he asked.

"A serving piece for Aunt Julia—a cold meat fork for Aunt Louise—six butter spreaders for Cousin Ella—a steak set for her brother's wife—salad forks for my sister—a gravy ladle for a friend—" He paused.

"Anything else?"

"Worst of all—a twenty-six piece set for her sister."

Holmes looked at him quizzically. "That magazine you're carrying has something to do with it. Otherwise you wouldn't have brought it. What is it?"

"The Western Home Monthly. I saw her making notes in it before she went shopping. Tonight I looked to see if I could find them—"

"Yes?"

"Page 4 is missing!"

Holmes picked up his own copy and began to thumb through it.

"The solution is simple," he said. "Mrs. Wentworth bought Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate. You can buy twice as much of this silverplate for forty-two dollars as you imagined possible. Every piece is heavily plated with pure silver, and reinforced with extra silver where the hardest wear comes. Every piece carries an unlimited guarantee of satisfaction."

"How do you know all that?" gasped young Wentworth.

"I'm reading it from the Wm. Rogers & Son advertisement," smiled the great detective. "That's the page Mrs. Wentworth hid from you. That is how she got twice as much silverplate as you thought she could buy. Check up this advertisement and you will see that the things she purchased cost exactly forty-one dollars and seventy-five cents."

Wentworth smiled sheepishly. "I'm going home and tell her what a fool I've been and apologize."

Again the great detective gave evidence of his master mind. "Don't do it," he advised sagely. "Tell her you've been in conference. Merry Christmas!"

To the ladies—When *you* use this advertisement to aid you in turning your Christmas dollars into twice as many gifts—be sure to tell your husband all about it. And when you go to your dealer's to see the three stunning patterns—Triumph, Mayfair, and the gorgeous new pattern—Princess—remember—

Don't say "Rogers"—
Say "Wm. Rogers & Son!"

To find out just how much Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate any amount of money will buy—from twenty to seventy-five dollars—write for our Portfolio of Silverware Patterns. Address Wm. Rogers & Son, Dept. W-12, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

She leaned forward eagerly, gripping her hands in front of him on the table. She must convince him before he asked her another question, but Blake's eyes did not change

Back to God's Country

By

James Oliver Curwood

Illustrated by J. F. Clymer

WHEN Shan Tung, the long-cued Chinaman from Vancouver, started up the Fraser River in the old days, when the Telegraph Trail and the headwaters of the Peace were the Meccas of half the gold-hunting population of British Columbia, he did not foresee tragedy ahead of him. He was a clever man, was Shan Tung, a chasukeed, a very devil in the collecting of gold, and far-seeing. But he could not look forty years into the future and when Shan Tung set off into the North, that winter, he was in reality touching fire to the end of a fuse that was to burn through four decades before the explosion came.

With Shan Tung went Tao, a Great Dane. The Chinaman had picked him up somewhere on the coast and had trained him as one trains a horse. Tao was the biggest dog ever seen about the Height of Land, the most powerful, and at times the most terrible. Of two things Shan Tung was enormously proud in his silent and mysterious Oriental way—of Tao, the dog, and of his long, shining cue which fell to the crook of his knees when he let it down. It had been the longest cue in Vancouver, and therefore it was the longest cue in British Columbia. The cue and the dog formed the combination which set the forty-year fuse of romance and tragedy burning.

Shan Tung started for the El Dorados early in the winter, and Tao alone pulled his sledge and outfit. It was no more than the ordinary task for the monstrous Great Dane, and Shan Tung subserviently but with hidden triumph passed outfit after outfit exhausted by the way. He had reached Copper Creek Camp, which was boiling and frothing with the excitement of gold-maddened men, and was congratulating himself that he would soon be at the camps west of the Peace, when the thing happened. A drunken Irishman, filled with a grim and unfortunate sense of humor, spotted Chan Tung's wonderful cue and coveted it. Wherefore there followed a bit of excitement in which Shan Tung passed into his empyrean home with a bullet through his heart, and the drunken Irishman was strung up for his misdeed fifteen minutes later. Tao, the Great Dane, was taken by the leader of the men who pulled on the rope.

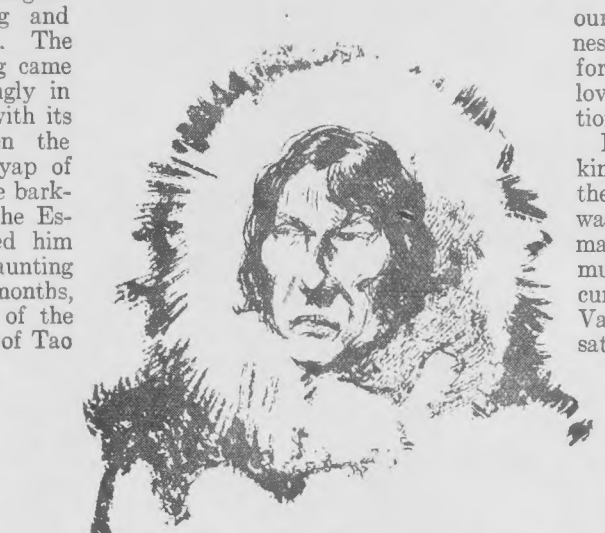
Tao's new master was a "drifter," and as he drifted, his face was always set to the North, until at last a new humor struck him and he turned eastward to the Mackenzie. As the seasons passed, Tao found mates along the way and left a string of his progeny behind him, and he had new masters, one after another, until he was grown old and his muzzle was turning grey. And never did one of these masters turn south with him. Always it was north; north with the white man first, north with the Cree, and then with the Chippewayan, until in the end the dog born in a Vancouver kennel died in an Eskimo igloo on the Great Bear. But the breed of the Great Dane lived on. Here and there, as the years passed, one would find among the Eskimo trace-dogs a grizzled-haired, powerful-jawed giant that was alien to the Arctic stock, and in these occasional aliens ran the blood of Tao, the Dane.

FORTY years, more or less, after Shan Tung lost his life and his cue at Copper Creek Camp, there was born on a firth of Coronation Gulf a dog who was named Wapi, which means "the Walrus." Wapi, at full growth, was a throw-back of more than forty dog generations. He was nearly as large as his forefather, Tao. His fangs were an inch in length, his great jaws could crack the thigh-bone of a caribou, and from the beginning the hands of men and the fangs of beasts were against him. Almost from the day of his birth until this winter of his fourth year, life for Wapi had been an unceasing fight for existence. He was mayatisew—bad with the badness of a devil. His reputation had gone from master to master and from igloo to igloo; women and children were afraid of him, and men always spoke to him with a club or the lash in their hands. He was hated and feared, and yet because he could run down a barren-land caribou and kill it within a mile, and would hold a big white bear at bay until the hunters came, he was not sacrificed to this hate and fear. A hundred whips and clubs and a hundred pairs of hands were against him between Cape Perry and the crown of Franklin Bay—and the fangs of twice as many dogs.

The dogs were responsible. Quick-tempered, clannish with the savage brotherhood of the wolves, treacherous, jealous of leadership, and with the older instincts of the dog dead within them, their merciless feud with what they regarded as an interloper of another breed put the devil heart in Wapi. In all the grey and desolate sweep of his world he had no friend. The heritage of Tao, his forefather, had fallen upon him, and he was an alien in a land of strangers. As the dogs and the men and women and children hated him, so he hated them. He hated the sight and smell of the round-faced, blear-eyed creatures who were his masters, yet he obeyed them, sullenly, watchfully, with his lips wrinkled warningly over fangs which had twice torn out the life of white bears. Twenty times he had killed other dogs. He had fought them singly, and in pairs, and in packs. His giant body bore the scars of a hundred wounds. He had been clubbed until a part of his body was deformed and he travelled with a limp. And all this because Wapi,

the Walrus, forty years removed from the Great Dane of Vancouver, was a white man's dog.

Stirring restlessly within him, sometimes coming to him in dreams and sometimes in a great and unfulfilled yearning, Wapi felt vaguely the strange call of his forefathers. It was impossible for him to understand. It was impossible for him to know what it meant. And yet he did know that somewhere there was something for which he was seeking and which he never found. The desire and the questing came to him most compellingly in the long winter filled with its eternal starlight, when the maddening yap, yap, yap of the little white foxes, the barking of the dogs, and the Eskimo chatter oppressed him like the voices of haunting ghosts. In these long months, filled with the horror of the Arctic night, the spirit of Tao whispered within him that somewhere there was light and sun, that somewhere there was warmth and flowers, and running streams, and voices he could understand, and things he could love. And then Wapi would whine, and perhaps the whine would bring him a blow from a club, or the lash of a whip, or an Eskimo threat, or the menace of an Eskimo dog's snarl. Of the latter Wapi was unafraid. with a snap of his jaws he could break the back of any other dog on Franklin Bay.



THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY *has been fortunate in securing exclusive Canadian rights to James Oliver Curwood's famous story, "Back to God's Country." It was one of the last from his gifted pen. Death claimed this distinguished writer in August, 1927, and at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. His master pen is stilled, but he has left an indelible mark upon modern literature. Millions will continue to be thrilled by his art.*

It is a rare and wonderful thing for an author to see his works become classics during his lifetime. Curwood was one of the few men in the world's literary history to enjoy that privilege.

Accepted with highest acclaim by critics and public alike, his many books assuredly are modern classics, writings of superb quality. Yet they are not the dull, dry things that most people think of in connection with the word classic. On the contrary, they are stirring stories packed with interest, stories that make the reader's blood tingle with excitement. He knew the wilderness, the savagely dramatic Far North, from personal contact; from many long hard trips, even to the Arctic Circle.

SUCH was Wapi, the Walrus, when for two sacks of flour, some tobacco, and a bale of cloth he became the property of Blake, the *uta-wawe-yinew*, the trader in seals, whalebone, —and women. On this day Wapi's soul took its flight back through the space of forty years. For Blake was white, which is to say that at one time or another he had been white. His skin and appearance did not betray how black he had turned inside and Wapi's brute soul cried out to him, telling him how he had waited and watched for this master he knew would come, how he would fight for him, how he wanted to lie down and put his great head on the white man's feet in token of his fealty. But Wapi's bloodshot eyes and battle-scarred face failed to reveal what was in him, and Blake, following the instructions of those who should know—ruled him from the beginning with a club that was more brutal than the club of the Eskimo.

For three months Wapi had been the property of Blake, and it was now the dead of a long and sunless Arctic night. Blake's cabin, built of ship timber and veneered with blocks of ice, was built in the face of a deep pit that sheltered it from wind and storm. To his cabin came the Nanatalmutes from the east, and the Kogmolocks from the west, bartering their furs and whalebone and seal-oil for the things Blake gave in exchange, and adding women to their wares whenever Blake announced a demand. The demand had been excellent this winter. Over in Darnley Bay, thirty miles across the headland, was the whaler *Harpoon* frozen up for the winter with a crew of thirty men, and straight out from the face of his igloo cabin, less than a mile away, was the *Flying Moon* with a crew of twenty more. It was Blake's business to wait and watch like a hawk for such opportunities as these, and tonight—his watch pointed to the hour of twelve, midnight — he was stiting in the light of a sputtering seal-oil lamp adding up figures which told him that this winter, only half gone, had already been an enormously profitable one.

"If the Mounted Police over at Herschel only knew," he chuckled. "Uppy, if they did, they'd have an outfit after us in twenty-four hours."

"Oopi, his Eskimo right-hand man, had learned to understand English, and he nodded, his moon-face split by a wide and enigmatic grin. In his way, "Uppy" was as clever as Shan Tung had been in his.

And Blake added: "We've sold every fur and every pound of bone and oil, and we've forty Upisk wives to our credit at fifty dollars apiece."

Uppy's grin became larger, and his throat was filled with an exultant rattle. In the matter of Upisk wives he knew that he stood ace-high.

"Never," said Blake, "has our wife-by-the-month business been so good. If it wasn't for Captain Rydal and his love affair, we'd take a vacation and go hunting."

He turned, facing the Eskimo, and the yellow flame of the lamp lit up his face. It was the face of a remarkable man. A black beard concealed much of its cruelty and its cunning, a beard as carefully Vandycked as though Blake sat in a professional chair two thousand miles south, but the beard could not hide the almost inhuman hardness of the eyes. There was a glittering light in them as he looked at the Eskimo. Did you see her today, Uppy? Of course you did. My Gawd, if a woman could ever tempt me, she could! And Rydal is going to have her. Unless I miss my guess, there is going to be money in it for us—a lot of it. The funny part of it is, Rydal's got to get rid of her husband. And how's he going to do it, Uppy? Eh? Answer me that. How's he going to do it"?

In a hole he had dug for himself in the drifted snow under a huge scarp of ice a hundred yards from the igloo cabin lay Wapi. His bed was red with the stain of blood, and a trail of blood led from the cabin to the place where he had hidden himself. Not many hours ago, when by God's sun it should have been day, he had turned at last on a teasing, snarling, back-biting little kiskanuk of a dog and had killed it. And Blake and Uppy had beaten him until he was almost dead.

It was not of the beating that Wapi was thinking as he lay in his wallow. He was thinking of the fur-clad figure that had come between Blake's club and his body; of the moment when for the first time in his life he had seen the face of a white woman. She had stopped Blake's club. He had heard her voice. She had bent over him, and she would have put her hand on him if his master had not dragged her back with a cry of warning. She had gone into the cabin then, and he had dragged himself away.

Since then a new and thrilling flame had burned in him. For a time his senses had been dazed by his punishment, but now every instinct in him was like a living wire. Slowly he pulled himself from his retreat and sat down on his haunches. His grey muzzle was pointed to the sky. The same stars were there, burning in cold white points of flame as they had burned week after week in the maddening monotony of the long nights near the pole. They were like a million pitiless eyes, never blinking, always watching, things of life and fire, and yet dead. And at those eyes, the little white foxes yapped so incessantly that the sound of it drove men mad. They were yapping now. They were never still. And with their yapping came the droning, hissing monotone of the aurora, like the song of a vast piece of mechanism in the still farther north. Toward this Wapi turned his bruised and beaten head. Out there, just beyond the ghostly pale of vision, was the ship. Fifty times he had slunk around it, cautiously as the foxes themselves. He had caught its smells and its sounds; he had come near enough to hear the voices of men, and those voices were like the voice of Blake, his master. Therefore, he had never gone nearer.

THERE was a change in him now. His big pads fell noiselessly as he slunk back to the cabin and sniffed for a scent in the snow. He found it. It was the trail of the white woman. His blood tingled again, as it had tingled when her face bent over him and her hand reached out, and in his soul there rose up the ghost of Tao to whip him on. He followed the woman's footprints slowly, stopping now and then to listen, and each moment the spirit in him grew more insistent, and he whined up at the stars. At last he saw the ship, a wraith-like thing in its piled-up bed of ice, and he stopped. This was his dead-line. He had never gone nearer. But tonight—if any one period could be called night—he went on.

It was the hour of sleep, and there was no sound aboard. The foxes, never tiring of their infuriating sport, were yapping at the ship. They barked faster and louder when they caught the scent of Wapi, and as he approached, they drifted farther away. The scent of the woman's trail led up the wide bridge of ice, and Wapi followed this as he would have followed a road, until he found himself all at once on the deck of the *Flying Moon*. For a space he was startled. His long fangs bared themselves at the shadows cast by the stars. Then he saw ahead of him a narrow ribbon of yellow light. Toward this Wapi sniffed out, step by step, the footprints of the woman. When he stopped again, his muzzle was at the narrow crack through which came the glimmer of light.

It was the door of a deck-house veneered like an igloo with snow and ice to protect it from cold and wind. It was, perhaps, half an inch ajar, and through that aperture Wapi drank the warm, sweet perfume of the woman. With it he caught also the smell of a man. But in him the woman scent submerged all else. Overwhelmed by it, he stood trembling, not daring to move, every inch of him thrilled by a vast and mysterious yearning. He was no longer Wapi, the Walrus; Wapi, the Killer. Tao was there. And it may be that the spirit of Shan Tung was there. For after forty years the change had come, and Wapi, as he stood at the woman's door, was just a dog—a white man's dog—again the dog of the Vancouver kennel—the dog of a white man's world.

He thrust open the door with his nose. He slunk in, so silently that he was not heard. The cabin was lighted. In a bed lay a white-faced, hollow-cheeked man—awake. On a low stool at his side sat a woman. The light of the lamp hanging from above warmed with gold fires the thick and radiant mass of her hair. She was leaning over the sick man. One slim, white hand was stroking his face gently, and she was speaking to him in a voice so sweet and soft that it stirred like wonderful music in Wapi's warped and beaten soul. And then, with a great sigh, he flopped down, an abject slave, on the edge of her dress.

With a startled cry the woman turned. For a moment she stared at the great beast wide-eyed, then there came slowly into her face recognition and understanding. "Why, it's the dog Blake whipped so terribly," she gasped. "Peter, it's—it's Wapi"!

For the first time Wapi felt the caress of a woman's hand, soft, gentle, pitying, and out of him there came a whimpering sound that was almost a sob.

"It's the dog—he whipped," she repeated, and, then, if Wapi could have understood, he would have noted the tense pallor of her lovely face and the look of a great fear that was away back in the staring blue depths of her eyes.

From his pillow Peter Keith had seen the look of fear and the paleness of her cheeks, but he was a long way from guessing the truth. Yet he thought he knew. For days—yes, for weeks—there had been that growing fear in her eyes. He had seen her mighty fight to hide it from him. And he thought he understood.

"I know it has been a terrible winter for you, dear," he had said to her many times. "But you mustn't worry so much about me. I'll be on my feet again—soon." He had always emphasized that. "I'll be on my feet again soon"!

Once, in the breaking terror of her heart, she had almost told him the truth. Afterward she had thanked God for giving her strength to keep it back. It was day—for they spoke in terms of day and night, when Rydal, half drunk, had dragged her into his cabin, and she had fought him until her hair was down about her in tangled confusion—and she had told Peter that it was the wind. After that, instead of evading him, she had played Rydal with her wits, while praying to God for help. It was impossible to tell Peter. He had aged steadily and terribly in the last two weeks. His eyes were sunken into deep pits. His blond hair was turning grey over the temples. His cheeks were hollowed, and there was a different sort of lustre in his eyes.

He looked fifty instead of thirty-five. Her heart bled in its agony. She loved Peter with a wonderful love.

The truth! If she had told him that! She could see Peter rising up out of his bed like a ghost. It would kill him. If he could have seen Rydal, only an hour before—stopping her out on the deck, taking her in his arms, and kissing her until his drunken breath and his beard sickened her! And if he could have heard what Rydal had said! She shuddered. And suddenly she dropped down on her knees beside Wapi and took his great head in her arms, unafraid of him—and glad that he had come.

Then she turned to Peter. "I'm going ashore to see Blake again—now," she said. "Wapi will go with me, and I won't be afraid. I insist that I am right, so please don't object any more, Peter dear."

She bent over and kissed him, and then in spite of his protest, put on her fur coat and hood, and stood for a moment smiling down at him. The fear was gone out of her eyes now. It was impossible for him not to smile at her loveliness. He had always been proud of that. He reached up a thin hand and plucked tenderly at the shining little tendrils of gold that crept out from under her hood.

"I wish you wouldn't, dear," he pleaded.

How pathetically white, and thin, and weak he was! She kissed him again and turned quickly to hide the mist in her eyes. At the door she blew him a kiss from the tip of her big fur mitten, and as she went out she heard him say in the thin, strange voice that was so unlike the old Peter:

"Don't be long, Dolores."

SHE stood silently for a few moments to make sure that no one would see her. Then she moved swiftly to the ice bridge and out into the star-lighted ghostliness of the night. Wapi followed close behind her, and dropping a hand to her side she called softly to him. In an instant Wapi's muzzle was against her mitten, and his great body quivered with joy at her direct speech to him. She saw the response in his red eyes and stopped to stroke him with both mittened hands, and over and over again she spoke his name. "Wapi—Wapi—Wapi." He whined. She could feel his muzzle under her touch as it alive with an electrical force. Her eyes shone. In the white starlight there was a new emotion in her face. She had found a friend, the one friend she and Peter had, and it made her braver.

At no time had she actually been afraid — for herself. It was for Peter. And she was not afraid now. Her cheeks flushed with exertion and her breath came quickly as she neared Blake's cabin. Twice she had made excuses to go ashore—just because she was curious, she had said—and she believed that she had measured up Blake pretty well. It was a case in which her woman's intuition had failed her miserably. She was amazed that such a man had marooned himself voluntarily on the Arctic coast. She did not, of course, understand his business —entirely. She thought him simply a trader. And he was unlike any man aboard ship. By his carefully clipped beard, his calm, cold manner of speech, and the unusual correctness with which he used his words she was convinced that at some time or other he had been a part of what she mentally thought of as "an entirely different environment." She was right. There was a time when London and New York would have given much to lay their hands on the man who now called himself Blake.

Dolores, excited by the conviction that Blake would help her when he heard her story, still did not lose her caution. Rydal had given her another twenty-four hours, and that was all. In those twenty-four hours she must fight out their salvation, her own and Peter's. If Blake should fail——

Fifty paces from his cabin she stopped, slipped the big fur mitten from her right hand and unbuttoned her coat so that she could quickly and easily reach an inside pocket in which was Peter's revolver. She smiled just a bit grimly, as her fingers touched the cold steel. It was to be her last resort. And she was thinking in that flash of the days "back home" when she was counted the best revolver shot at the Piping Rock. She could beat Peter, and Peter was good. Her fingers twined a bit fondly about the pearl-handled thing in her pocket. The last resort—and from the first it had given her courage to keep the truth from Peter!

She knocked at the heavy door of the igloo cabin. Blake was still up, and when he opened it, he stared at her in wild-eyed amazement. Wapi hung outside when Dolores entered, and the door closed.

"I know you think it strange for me to come at this hour," she apologized, "but in this terrible gloom I've lost all count of hours. They have no significance for me any more. And I wanted to see you—alone."

She emphasized the word. And as she spoke, she loosened her coat and threw back her hood, so that the glow of the lamp lit up the ruffled mass of gold the hood had covered. She sat down without waiting for an invitation, and Blake sat down opposite her with a narrow table between them. Her face was flushed with cold and wind as she looked at him. Her eyes were blue with the blue of a steady flame, and they met his own squarely. She was not nervous. Nor was she afraid.

"Perhaps you can guess—why I have come"? she asked.

HE WAS appraising her almost startling beauty with the lamp glow flooding down on her. For a moment he hesitated, then he nodded, looking at her steadily. "Yes, I think I know," he said quietly. "It's Captain Rydal. In fact, I'm quite positive. It's an unusual situation, you know. Have I guessed correctly"?

She nodded, drawing in her breath quickly and leaning a little toward him, wondering how much he knew and how he had come by it.

"A very unusual situation," he repeated. "There's nothing in the world that makes beasts out of men —most men—more quickly than an Arctic night, Mrs. Keith. And they're all beasts out there—now —all except your husband, and he is contented because he possesses the one white woman aboard ship. It's putting it brutally plain, but it's the truth, isn't it? For the time being they're beasts, every man of the twenty, and you—pardon me!—are very beautiful. Rydal wants you, and the fact that your husband is dying——"

"He is *not* dying," she interrupted him fiercely. "He shall *not* die! If he did——"

"Do you love him"? There was no insult in Blake's quiet voice. He asked the question as if much depended on the answer; as if he must assure himself of that fact.

"Love him—my Peter? Yes"!

She leaned forward eagerly, gripping her hands in front of him on the table. She spoke swiftly, as if she must convince him before he asked her another question. Blake's eyes did not change. They had not changed for an instant. They were hard, and cold, and searching, unwarmed by her beauty, by the lustre of her shining hair, by the touch of her breath as it came to him over the table.

"I have gone everywhere with him—everywhere," she began. "Peter writes books, you know, and we have gone into all sorts of places. We love it—both of us—this adventuring. We have been all through the country down there," she swept a hand to the south, "on dog sledges, in canoes, with snowshoes, and pack-trains. Then we hit on the idea of coming north on a whaler. You know, of course, Captain Rydal planned to return this autumn, The crew was rough, but we expected that. We expected to put up with a lot. But even before the ice shut us in, before this terrible night came, Rydal insulted me. I didn't dare tell Peter. I thought I could handle Rydal, that I could keep him in his place, and I knew that if I told Peter, he would kill the beast. And then the ice—and this night"—she choked.

Blake's eyes, gimleting to her soul, were shot with a sudden fire as he, too, leaned a little over the table. But his voice was unemotional as a rock. It merely stated a fact. "That's why Captain Rydal allowed himself to be frozen in," he said. "He had plenty of time to get into the open channels, Mrs. Keith. But he wanted you. And to get you he knew he would have to lay over. And if he laid over, he knew that he would get you, for many things may happen in the Arctic night. It shows the depth of a man's feelings, doesn't it? He is sacrificing a great deal to possess you, losing a great deal of time and money, and all that. And when your husband dies——"

Her clenched little fist struck the table. "He won't die, I tell you! Why do you say that"?

"Because—Rydal says he is going to die."

"Rydal — lies. Peter had a fall, and it hurt his spine so that his legs are paralyzed. But I know what it is. If he could get away from that ship and could have a doctor, he would be

Continued on page 50

She had found a friend, the one friend she and Peter had, and it made her braver

Christmas, 1928

By John Mackay, D.D.

THE world was old and very weary. The crushing weight of Macedonian armies had rolled over the ancient civilizations and had blotted many of them out of existence. Then the mighty power of Rome had risen, had carried its legions to the ends of the known earth, plundering and burning much of that which remained of their ancient power and glory, and establishing stern Roman discipline wherever they went. New ways were introduced, new laws established, and Roman civilization took the place of what had been.

The conquered peoples groaned under the weight of the heavy taxes that fed the fat coffers of Imperial Rome. To that Imperial City flowed the wealth of all the earth, wealth which swamped her vitality in luxury and self-indulgence. Millions of the conquered peoples were held in brutal slavery. The poorer freemen, unable to compete with slave labor, were reduced to pauperism, to be fed and amused by the state. The rich tried every form of luxury and selfish indulgence, and the poor—having nothing but doles to hope for—lost all pride and joy in honest toil, and gave themselves over to idleness and vice.

The gods of the conquered peoples lost their place when their homelands were defeated, and the gods of Imperial Rome meant nothing to men given over to excess and wantonness. True, the Pax Romana spread over all the known world, but it was the peace of death, of conquered peoples held down by the iron heel of tyranny. In heaven or on earth there seemed no ear to hear, no arm to save men from a kind of death in life, from a hopeless round of seemingly meaningless existence.

Yet here and there were little bands who had kept alive their faith in the God of Heaven to save and help.

Among these faithful ones, a little Babe was born and cradled in a manger, in the obscure village of Bethlehem. A litle band of shepherds tending their sheep, and keeping warm their faith in Israel's God and their promised deliverer, saw the heavens filled with light, and heard the angel chorus singing: "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." Filled with wonder, and sure that the day of deliverance had dawned, they hastened to worship at the manger-cradle in the lowly shed of Bethlehem. How many long centuries, alas! were yet to pass, before the prophecy of that song came true.

A few more days found Joseph and Mary fleeing into Egypt, to save the life of the Holy Child, and Bethlehem's mothers lifting up their voices in bitter wailing over innocent babes slain by Herod's brutal cohorts.

Nazareth—a far-off village in upper Galilee—saw the promised Deliverer grow to splendid manhood, and start out on His mission of love to men. At first it seemed as if all men were to listen to His words of wisdom, and surrender to the spell of His love. But the worldly priests and rulers—seeing their positions of ease and power would soon disappear if anything so simple and so divine were to triumph on the earth—turned in bitter hate to do Him to death.

One Spring morning saw Him bound and bleeding, staggering along amid howling mobs, dragging His cross with him to Golgotha, outside the walls of Jerusalem. Amid the lowering darkness, in which nature hid its face, His great heart broke, and His earthly life was ended on a cross, between two robbers.

Yet once again the radiance of Heaven shone on earth, when the little disciple band met the Crucified, and saw in Him the Master of Life and Death. Once again faith leaped up and the angel chorus seemed credible to those who called Jesus Lord and Master.

And once again the powers of darkness showed how deeply entrenched they were, in that every member of that first little company either died a martyr, or finished his task an exile from his beloved homeland. The first to win a martyr's crown was St. Stephen, and his radiant death broke down the stubborn pride of Saul the Pharisee, turning him into Paul the great apostle to the Gentiles. In the face of incredible hardships, he and his little band of fellow-workers carried the glad news around the Mediterranean world, and laid the foundation for all that is finest in our Western civilization. Soon the whole Roman Empire owned the Babe of Bethlehem—at least in name—and it seemed as if the angel song were at last to find fulfilment.

Far more is needed, however, than mere lip homage and external allegiance, that the Christ may be Master and the angel song come true. His life must be reproduced in every life that calls Him Lord, and His principles embodied in every human institution. That this supreme consummation had not been reached was soon manifest by the emergence of the aims and methods of pagan Rome within the Church itself. While saintly souls in little groups kept vigil here and there, and sought to know the deeper meanings of the way of Jesus, those in authority sought their ends by the old methods, and were governed by the old ideals of pagan Rome, and shared in its inevitable destruction.

Yet when the virile Goths and Vandals swept down upon decadent Rome and left her in ruins, the Church rose, Phœnix-like, from the ruins of the false forms imposed upon her, and became a leaven to sweeten and ennoble the lives and institutions of the wild tribes of Europe.

"While Shepherds watched their flocks by night"

IN THE Middle Ages the Church itself had lost the Heavenly vision, and sunk into self-indulgence and tyranny. Here and there, over Europe, however, skilled artisans—fired with the vision of a new world, in which the Christ of Bethlehem should reign—spent their whole lives in loving toil, erecting beautiful cathedrals to His honor. Here and there little bands of men and women, some of them in monasteries and convents, and some in humble homes, kept alive their faith in the unseen. When the Renaissance brought its flood of new light and new ideas and ideals from the ancient civilization of Greece, and the Reformation rediscovered the principle of direct access of the soul to God, it seemed as if the prophecy of the first Christians was about to come true. They brought new liberty to the lives of men, and vastly enlarged their mental and spiritual horizons. It was not long, however, before Europe was divided into hostile national camps, the horrors of war were everywhere felt, and the name of the gentle Nazarene was invoked to sanctify brute force and national aggression.

Yet! in the midst of the turmoil and the strife of ambitious and ruthless men, the heavenly light still burned, the angel chorus still sang, and Christmas became the feast of good will even among those who were enemies for the rest of the year.

Xavier and his brave Jesuits carried the light that had dawned upon them into the wilds of America, and out to the farthest East, to China and Japan. From the ranks of Protestantism Morrison and Carey and Judson and Livingstone and MacKay and Law were the vanguard of a host of men who penetrated into the remotest parts of earth, to carry the angel song, to bring the Heavenly light to others. Through their devoted labors, Christmas became the world's synonym for good cheer and good will.

At home, age-old evils and injustices were being slowly driven out, and civilization was becoming an ever safer and kindlier thing.

Then came the age of science and of growing democracy. The discovery of new forces to minister to human needs, to alleviate human suffering, the dethronement of autocrats, and the setting up of democracies seemed to promise a new day upon the earth, but the increase of wealth and the growing luxury of all classes led to the spread of a spirit of materialism which treated the Christmas story as an antiquated fable, and measured life in terms of eating and drinking, of getting and spending. This mad scramble for wealth and social power penetrated all the nations and led at last to the horror of the World War. In it, all the ancient atrocities that seemed to have been left behind with dying paganism, sprang into being, and the world

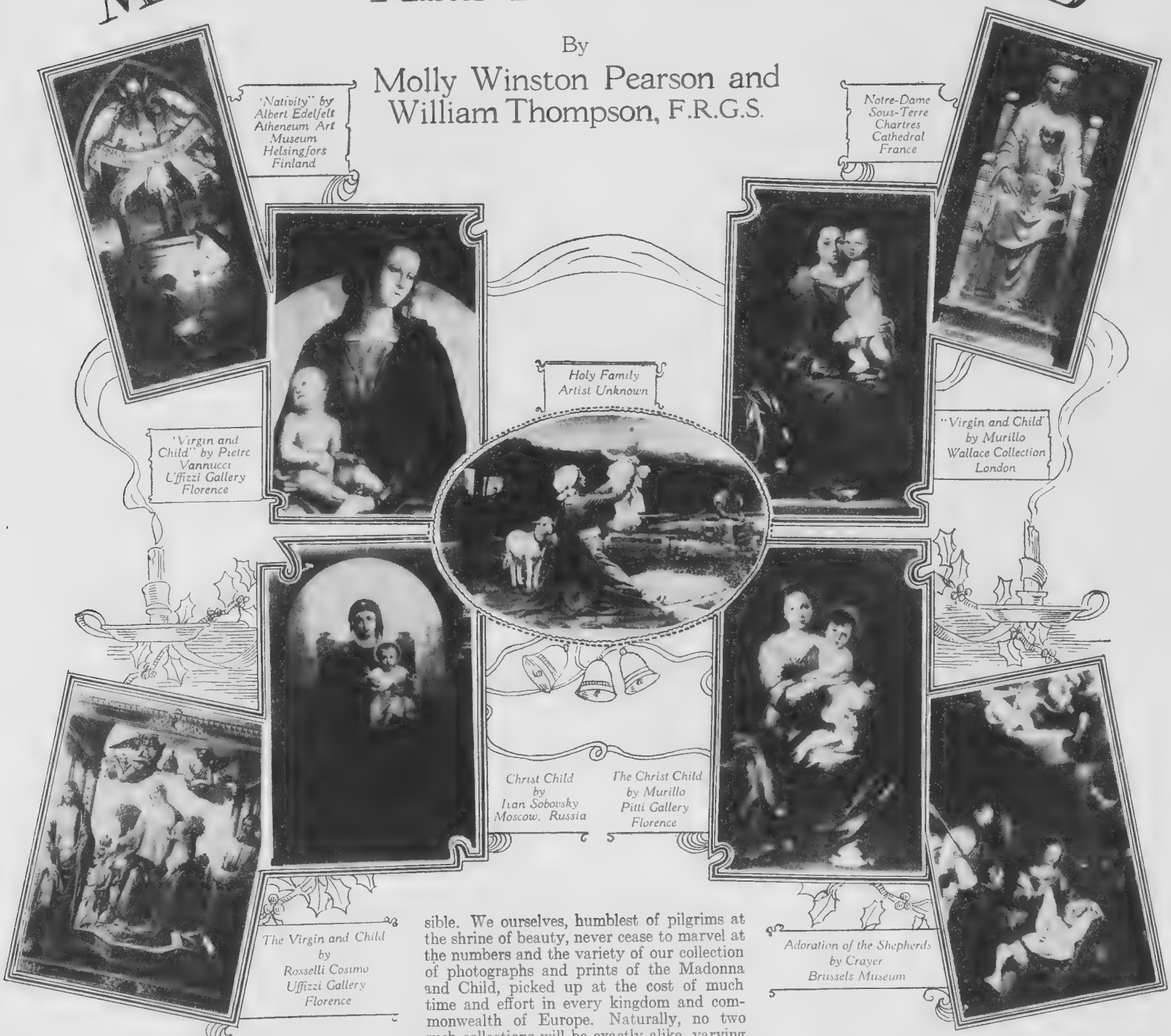
Continued on page 55

MADONNA AND CHRIST CHILD

Master Theme of Artists

By

Molly Winston Pearson and
William Thompson, F.R.G.S.



WHETHER we deny her deification or not, the Virgin Mother of the Infant Christ will rule forever in Europe as the queen of eternal beauty. At her shrine, even rampant, blatant democracy from the other side of the globe falls silent with wonder and delight, as it threads the art galleries and great churches of the mother countries. Happily, in a reeling post-war world where, Samsonlike, we are feverishly tearing down our thrones and temple-pillars, beauty remains and still calls to her worshippers. Pilgrims obeying that call find themselves following the Great Masters to the manger at Bethlehem. There the high-priests of beauty all foregathered for many centuries, each one striving, Raphael most of all, to capture and make visible the elusive loveliness of Mary, as she appeared to his enraptured vision. No other personality, since time began, has ever engaged the divine powers of so great a company of immortals. They have given the world myriads of manifestations of an incomparable ideal.

In fact, there are so many pictures and images of the Madonna with her Babe no one would undertake to estimate their number, and so diverse in character are these innumerable representations any exact classification of them is well-nigh impossible. We ourselves, humblest of pilgrims at the shrine of beauty, never cease to marvel at the numbers and the variety of our collection of photographs and prints of the Madonna and Child, picked up at the cost of much time and effort in every kingdom and commonwealth of Europe. Naturally, no two such collections will be exactly alike, varying with the chances of travel and the taste of the traveller, but in all collections, representations of the Madonna Enthroned will probably predominate.

THE serene, all-powerful queen of heaven and earth—so the brushes and chisels of the Great Masters portray again and again the lowly Hebrew Maiden. Her queenship over angels and men is the all-pervading idea of canvas, marble and bas-relief without number. Surprisingly enough, we found that to Italian art, though so vividly flowering in every detail, Mary's majesty seems to need no crown. But in the formal Gothic North, and occasionally elsewhere, even the halo is not enough, and she often wears a high golden diadem, richly embossed and sparkling with jewels. Sometimes on the Virgin's brow, close to the edge of her flowing ruddy hair, is pressed a lovely, narrow, fillet of gold embossed with pearls. Again, a heavy ornate crown is held by angels just above the exquisite head, as if the burden of heavenly majesty may be too great for that gentle brow. But of all these royal insignia the most appealing is the single star which gleams above the golden head of Fra Angelico's Madonna of the Star. And oddest of all was the actual silver crown which hung for centuries as a votive offering over the brows of the Madonna of the Staircase, by Correggio, and which marred the priceless painting.

A throne, too, the Masters give the Queen of Heaven—a throne gorgeously ornamented with pillars of agate, ebony, or marble, whose capitals are of gold and glittering jewels. There she sits, the adorable ideal of majesty and motherhood, holding her beautiful Boy, who raises his hands in divine blessing for all the world. A far cry indeed from the lowly maiden mother kneeling at the manger of Bethlehem!

But we may also draw aside the curtain from a magic window and gaze into the heaven of heavens where stands the Madonna Enskied. Her feet rest upon delicate, fleecy clouds or upon the silver crescent moon, the grace of her poise so perfect that she seems verily to float in air towards us. Inevitably the Madonna will here be attended by fluttering choirs of winged cherubs or charming *angioletti* playing on the violin, mandolin or pipe, but all hymning the glories of her beauty and majesty. For the most part, our modern painters seem to have missed the Old Masters' skill in portraying the Madonna in the Clouds. Stiffly and awkwardly they are wont to suspend her there, looking sadly

Continued on page 51

Letty Comes Back

A Christmas Story

By William Hamilton Osborne

Author of
"The Red Mouse,"
"The Catspaw," Etc.

Illustrated by
Newton Brett

At the door she stopped for one long, harrowing moment, and turned and swept the room and its occupants carefully with a thoughtful, calculating glance.

COWEN, the senior member of the firm of Cowen, Covington & Black, counsellors-at-law, glanced gravely toward the girl. The girl shrank into her corner, and clutched the child upon her lap nervously about the shoulders. She shivered, and drew herself together, not under the influence of any overpowering emotion, but because of the immediate presence of unfamiliar formalities of the law.

"You fully understand what I have read"? he queried. She nodded, but he went on: "You appreciate the fact fully, do you, that the giving up of your little girl means a full and unqualified surrender? I want you to understand that. I want you to *realize* that." He said this incisively, with unwonted emphasis, for the girl's indifference had been, so far, appalling—appalling, not only to himself, but also to the two middle-aged persons who sat across the table, the woman with the lorgnette, the man with the fur-lined overcoat.

"It means," went on Cowen, "that you and your child must separate now—forever. Consider carefully." He rolled the words out unctuously, even melodramatically, as was his wont. But the girl in the corner only tapped the pink bow on the shoulder of the child, and glanced listlessly out of the window.

"*I* understand. *I'm* willing," she returned. The mother tone was lacking from her voice. Her face was pale. She was slender, tired, worn out. The beauty that had once been there was almost starved out of her young face. She kept tapping the pink bow on the child's shoulder, but she did not look at the child. Her glance wandered nervously to and fro, between the window, that shut out the outer cold, and the neat packet of yellow-backed bills that reposed upon the desk of Cowen. She pulled off the tattered remnant of a glove.

"I heard you read it. I understood it, every word," she said again.

She rose, and deposited the child upon the chair. She started toward the desk. The woman with the lorgnette on the other side of the desk sprang from her chair, ran to the child, and encircled it with her arms, drawing the little face down against the soft mink fur of her cloak.

"You little dear," she murmured.

The child submitted easily to the embrace, but her eyes followed her mother, standing at the desk. Her mother seized the proffered pen.

"Tell me where to sign," she said. Cowen showed her, and she started in, but paused. "You haven't told me—you didn't read me their names," she interposed.

At the pertinent suggestion, the man of the fur coat glanced sharply at the girl, and the woman stopped abruptly her caressing of the child. Cowen alone was unmoved.

"Right," he answered, "and there was method in my failure to reveal the identity of the future foster parents of your child. In response to your request, I ask a question." His eyes searched the face of the girl, searched her soul, for aught she knew. "Are *you* acting in good faith? Do *you* mean to leave the child alone? Do you promise *never* to see her, never to attempt to see her? *Are you sure"?*

There was no hesitation. She nodded swiftly. "Surely," she replied. "Only I thought I'd like to know."

Cowen became quite frank. "If you knew the names of these people, their addresses, my dear young woman, one thing, and only one, would happen. Just as soon as this roll of bills had disappeared, you would be back again for one of two things—the child or more money. It would be useless, but it would be annoying. I want to be fair. My clients, no matter where they come from, no matter who they are, are people of standing, of wealth, of refinement. They are people who will give this child the home she ought to have. If *you* are acting in good faith, then further particulars are quite superfluous, it seems to me."

He seized the packet of bills and toyed lightly with it. The girl's eyes fastened themselves upon the bills—and in her eyes there glowed the light of triumph; more than that, the light in the eyes of a starving man, who sits down to meat and drink; the light in the eyes of adversity when sudden prosperity is thrust upon it.

"*I'm* satisfied," she said.

Cowen placed a chair for her at the desk. "Sign on this line," he commanded, "your full name—Sarah J. Greene."

"*Mrs.* Sarah J. Greene"? she queried.

He shook his head. "Just plain Sarah," he replied. She followed his instructions, and laid down the pen.

"Perhaps," exclaimed Cowen, holding up his hand, "you'd better sign both names—your stage name, also. If you please."

"Letty Lonsdale," murmured the young mother, suiting the action to the word. She rose once more, looked at Cowen, at Cowen's two clients, at the child, and at the roll of bills. "Now, I suppose," she faltered, "I can go"?

Cowen held the bills in his left and shook hands with his right. "You can go," he repeated, "and, believe me, you've done the best that could be done for the little girl. I know Mr. and Mrs.—er—X., and I can assure you that the child's life from

now on will be a happy one. Here, this is yours, my dear."

The girl clutched the bills, crossed to the child, and stooped, still listlessly, and kissed her. "Good-bye, little kidsie," she whispered audibly. It was a term of endearment, but there was no warmth in it — no love — no agony. The woman with the lorgnette winced at the coldness of it. But Sarah J. Greene, otherwise Letty Lonsdale, as the footlights knew her, or had known her, turned her back abruptly upon the woman and the child, and started toward the door.

"Good-bye to everybody," she exclaimed.

At the door she stopped for one long, harrowing moment, and turned and swept the room and its occupants carefully with a thoughtful, calculating glance. The woman with the lorgnette did not breathe, for in that one moment of suspense rested the possibility that Letty Lonsdale might immediately undo all that had been done that day. But Letty Lonsdale, still clutching the bills, the color sweeping back into her face, jerked her head decisively.

"It's all right," she finally announced. "Good-bye." She went.

The woman with the lorgnette sprang across the room, and clutched Cowen by the arm.

"Lock the door, lock the door, Mr. Cowen"! she exclaimed wildly. "Don't let her back! Don't let her back! I want to be be sure, *sure*. *Please* lock the door."

Cowen did as he was bid. But there was no need. Letty Lonsdale never tapped again for admission. She passed at that instant, apparently, out of the lives of the four people in the room, including little Letty, in the corner. Little Letty's chin quivered, at the excitement more than anything else, and the lady of the lorgnette hastily returned to the child, and once more caressed her.

"Almost Christmas," she crooned, in her motherly way. "And Christmas trees, and candy canes, dolls, turkey"!

The child's eyes brightened. "What's turkey"? she returned.

Cowen cleared his throat. He placed the agreement in an envelope, and picked up another piece of paper. "I have taken the pains," he announced, "of getting a certified copy of the marriage record relating to this child's parents. It might be of value to the infant to know, at some future period, that upon her was the stamp of full respectability. I think you'd better keep it with the papers."

"You're sure they *were* married, then"? asked the lady.

Cowen nodded, as a matter of course. "Oh, yes," he answered. "This girl's husband was no good, that's all. Beat her and dragged her down into the gutter. He's dead now. He was a nonentity. And she's about as unimportant. But she's respectable, all right. I've got her record here."

"Tell me," exclaimed the gentleman in the fur coat, "is this thing binding"?

Cowen shook his head. "Only morally," he answered "A mother cannot barter away her child. But—here is the point: If she ever makes an application to the court for its custody, the court has the say, not she, and, under the circumstances—legal adoption, and all that; fine home, prosperous people—it won't disturb the situation. You can rest assured of that. But"—he shrugged his shoulders—"you need have no fear. She doesn't care. She never will care. She's that kind."

From her vantage point above him, she looked down at his face, and smiled softly.

Five minutes later, Cowen was pocketing *his* check for two hundred and fifty, and the two comfortable clients and their diminutive ward were seated comfortably in their limousine, bound first for a restaurant and an attractive meal; second, for the stores and the glitter of the holiday lights; and third, for home—a soft, warm, comfortable home. Little Letty's eyes glittered as they forged along the streets; the eyes of her new mother burned with affection. The lady grasped her husband by the arm.

"Someone to love us," she murmured, the tears starting from her eyes.

Her husband gripped the handle of the door.

"Someone to love us," he repeated grimly. "Yes. The only thing in life worth while to us. Someone to love us. She *must* love us." Something thickened in his throat. "We've had a child," he went on painfully. "We *have* a child of our own. But until now we've never had anybody to love us." He picked the child up and sat her on his knee. "Look," he exclaimed, pointing toward a corner of a street, "see the Santa Claus."

The child laughed at the familiar sight. She was accustomed to things upon the street. But she stroked the collar of his coat.

"What's turkey"? she persisted.

"About time you woke up," Letty's companion said to her. "He's yours for the asking, and no mistake."

COLD as it was, Letty Lonsdale, otherwise Mrs. Sarah J. Greene, felt that her heart was driving her blood to the surface and keeping her warm. She knew that her face was flushed with feverish excitement. She sought the crowded part of town. Heretofore the Christmas crowds had left only an aching void within her. But now the spiirt of the holiday was upon her.

"A thousand dollars," she whispered happily to herself. "A cool, clean, thousand dollars."

Good nature, new life surged over her. She was buffeted by winds, jostled by people, but her soul was throbbing out a psalm of life of hope, of happiness.

"First thing is clothes," she told herself. Only outer clothes — shoes, coat, hat, gloves. The rest could wait until after dinner, the glorious dinner that was waiting for her up at Raphael's though Raphael didn't know it, and the dinner didn't either. She entered the Green store, and pushed her way to the fur coat department. She knew just what she wanted. There was never any doubt in her mind as to that. Year after year, day after day, in her adversity, she had held her thoughts to the passing show; instinctively, she knew clothes for what they were.

"Something in fur, and long and stylish," she told the attendant.

She got what she wanted in the coat line, in the hat line, in the glove line, in the boot line. And when, outwardly attired, she stood before the cheval glass in the store, she was startled out of her senses. Beauty shone from her—the old lustrous, winsome beauty of the Letty Lonsdale of four short years before.

"You wouldn't know me for the same, would you"? she queried of the salesgirl.

She paid for her purchases, took a taxi and drove to Raphael's, entered gaily, and tapped Julius, head waiter, lightly on the shoulder—not the thing to do, she well understood, but she couldn't help it. Life was irrepressible within her. "Hello Julius," she exclaimed rapturously.

Julius turned swiftly, deferentially. And then, unbending, he thrust forth his hand.

"Ai—ee," he ejaculated, "the Miss Lonsdale. Mademoiselle Letty. The same as effer, also."

Later, he came over to her table and indulged in a brief, but confidential talk.

"Married? They said you were," he insinuated.

Letty sighed, and took a bite of lobster cutlet. "Yes," she answered; "he died."

"Ah," went on Julius, the gossip. "Any leetle ones"?

Letty drew her breath sharply. She glanced across the broad expanse that belonged to Raphael, and then her eyes returned to those of Julius.

"No children, Julius," she answered, delving into a cold pate of grouse and truffles; "no children. It isn't fashionable nowadays.

She laughed, and Julius laughed with her. The old sparkle was in her eyes, the old color in her face.

"A young widow," smiled Julius. "A merry widow, eh"?

Archly, she turned his glance. "A very merry widow, Julius," she returned, "for I'm going back—back upon the stage. I'm free, free—free"! She burst forth again into laughter; and, as suddenly, she stopped. A strange, troubled, dissatisfied expression crossed her countenance. She was warm, she was clothed, her hunger was appeased. Life was coming back into her veins.

And, yet, there was something—something amiss.

"Ah," thought Julius, to himself, as he softly stole back to his post of duty, "she thinks now of the past—the past, not so pleasant as the future. Ah, but it is good to see her back again."

She handed him a Christmas present of a dollar as she left.

THE girl next to Letty Lonsdale in the pony ballet nudged her sharply.

"Niny," she exclaimed, in a whisper, "he's the last man in the front row. Look at him. He's been here three—no, four—nights running, now."

Letty Lonsdale looked, listlessly enough. And, yet, that first glance startled her. For the youth in the last row—he was still a youth—was gazing persistently upon her, into her eyes. Some curious thrill seized her; the man's glance was so earnest and so appealing. Letty caught her breath sharply, for there was something in it all that made her feel as though a childish hand were clutching at her heart. She was moved, strangely affected. She could not tear her eyes from the eyes that held hers; at least, for an appreciable space of time. But, suddenly, she was swung with the rest of the line sharply towards the right, and her movement left the stranger out of the account. When again she faced across the lights, she evaded his glance, but looked straight into unfathomed vistas; and upon her once again was that strange, inscrutable wistfulness that somehow distinguished her from every other member of the ballet.

"Look at the girl in the middle," women would exclaim to their escorts. "Isn't she simply stunning"?

Letty Lonsdale felt the admiration of the crowd eating into her consciousness. She felt that she *was* simply stunning. She knew that once more she had come into her own. But she didn't know why the crowd across the footlights gaped at her beauty. She didn't know why the youth in the first row so insistently and persistently sought and caught her glance.

The next night he was there again. "It's about time you woke up," Letty's companion said to her.

Continued on page 71

The Great Art and Artists of Spain

By Francis Dickie

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*After dealing in the last article with the vivid, but brutal and bloody bull-fighting phase of Spanish life, Mr. Dickie, in this, the Fourth Article on Spain, turns to that country's achievements in art, the majority of which are housed in the Prado, and tells of Goya, whose centenary was celebrated while the writer was there.*

WHY does one go to Madrid, that hard and glittering city, the buildings of the new portion of which look like birthday cakes with much frosted icing? There is really only one worthwhile attraction: The Prado. This and this alone makes Madrid worth while. For while Philip II declared Madrid "Unica Corte" (the one and only capital), I suspect the Royal Gentleman said it with his tongue in his cheek. Indeed, he did it for reasons of state. It all came about in this way: Back in the year 1561 Spain was in need of a really representative city. Now all the old historic cities, Leon, Castile, Aragon and Andalusia were eager to be chosen. All, too, were frightfully jealous of each other. So the King, with much acumen, chose Madrid. He could not have done a worse job. For in this city, raised in the heart of a barren rolling plain, the wind seems forever to blow. The dust flies continually in spite of the continual efforts of the street men who are forever playing the hose along the principal thoroughfares. Though the old quarter dates back some 350 years, its buildings, its streets, lack the historic grandeur of Paris.

"The Triumph of Death," by Pieter Brueghel (1550)

There is this much to be said for it: Nearly all the great writers of the past, and most of the famous ones of the present have made their homes here. Cervantes, Lope de Vega, Calderon, Echegaray in the past. In modern times Madrid has housed Blasco Ibanez, until he became an exile through his opposition to the Spanish throne. Pardo de Bazan, Pio Baroja, Galdos and Dona Camilia dwell here today. Of these, Pio Baroja I know has been translated into English. All of the masters of the past may now be had in English in fairly cheap editions. Yet, for the foreigner visiting Madrid briefly, and who cannot read Spanish, the pictures of the Spanish artists in the Prado are the chief lure. And pictures are so different from any other form of art. Which moves me to make an odd comparison.

La Piedad (The Descent from the Cross), by Rogêr Van Weyden

Today a vast public knows well the works of the great musicians. Even those people who do not play, or have no piano, may today have perfect renditions of the works of the masters by aid of the gramophone and the radio. The writings of the masters of prose in all languages may be stored on a "five-foot shelf." But the paintings? Ah, that is different! There is only one "edition" of a painted masterpiece. And while millions can afford a gramophone or a radio or a well-filled bookcase, there are only a few who can journey to the great galleries of the world. Thus, painting, for this very reason, will, I think, always rank as the least favorite of the arts among the multitude.

And while I, not being egotistical, cannot hope to convey by any magic of words the splendor of line and color and the magic vision of such men as Velazquez and Goya, I will attempt to tell something of these men's work and lives, and for the rest depend upon the medium of the photograph so that the far-away reader may glimpse at least some of the beauties in the Prado.

It is to me, at least, the most pleasant of all the galleries of Europe. And while the lighting is not as good as the National Gallery, London, there is some latent charm lurking within its walls. At the Louvre in Paris dismaying passages of enormous length stretch before you. The walls on both sides are lined with one solid array of paintings; huge, medium, little, till the passing eye grows weary and the sense of appreciation is stunned by the vastness of these acres of canvas. Of course the whole idea of housing masterpieces like circus banners is all wrong. A great painting needs its own and separate setting, its own room, its house, if you will. But then, I suppose that is not practical.

IN THE Prado, while pictures naturally hang in close proximity, the arrangement is better than in Paris. The rooms devoted to Goya and Velazquez indeed are fascinating in their arrangement. The Prado is notable for its collections of the work of Velazquez and Goya. By far the greater part of the work of these two men is sheltered under this roof. It is said only fifty pictures of Velazquez exist beyond the borders of the Gallery.

Much has been written of Velazquez in English. Because of this it is necessary to devote a few words to his life and career, a life uneventful when considered as detached from his art. Born at Seville in 1599 he studied painting at the age of thirteen. In 1622 he came to Madrid, and by the following year, when he was only 24, was already on the road to fame. He spent the greater portion of his years in the company of Philip IV, whose mediocre countenance he has made immortal by the magic of his art. His painting, "Las Meninas" (the Maids of Honor), has been acclaimed by some authorities the greatest painting in the world. Personally, I dislike such sweeping heaping up of praise. I think it is a difficult thing to say of any painting. Aside from this, it is a great picture.

"The Picnickers" by Goya at The Prado, Madrid

The world owes much to Velazquez. In the realms of art such men as John Philip, Fruse, Sargent, Whistler, and Sir Frederick Leighton made pilgrimages to the Prado, to mention only a few of the great moderns. And undoubtedly they have been influenced in various ways by his canvases. Yet, unlike most masters, Velazquez cannot be said to have founded a school. He stood alone, unique, unapproachable. Velazquez' work achieved such grandeur that a period of decline in Spanish painting came after his passing. Then out of the countryside, a region blank and

Portrait of Goya as an old man by his friend Vicente Lopez

barren, came a sturdy peasant whom Nature in her capricious way had touched with the flame of genius. This was Goya—Goya the defiant of ancient rules and academic traditions, the Hogarth of Spain, the painter of the people, a man among men. More than Velazquez, more than Murillo, more than any other Spanish yielder of the brush, Goya is the painter of Spain. Velazquez was the companion of royalty, had kings for his patrons, and hence so many of his pictures have a smacking of sameness. But Goya, though he lacked not in later years for the patronage of rulers and the great, was of the people.

He was a roisterer, a comrade of vagabonds, and so his heart was near to the little happinesses and the heavy sorrows of the poor.

He was born in 1746 in Fuendetodos, a dreary little village composed of a few houses and a church, in the hard land of Aragon. In the church are still dim paintings said to have been painted by him when twelve years old. Goya, returning to the place when he was seventy years of age, remarked that they were very bad pieces of work. The village was a desolate spot and remote, a hard soil in which genius still saw the light. It is one of the ironies of life that a priest, Father Felix Salzedo, was the person who discovered the afterwards so anti-clerical Goya. The good father while passing through the village one day saw Goya drawing pigs on a whitewashed wall. He persuaded the parents to send the boy to the city of Saragossa to the school of old Luzon. But Luzon was very strict. Goya had his own theories of art. He rebelled against the discipline of the school and went everywhere among the people, sketching the simple things of life. He was no plodder, but a furious worker all the same, moved always to creation by seemingly overpowering impulses. He had no patience with the academic painters who insisted every hair and particle of their models' features should be composed in a picture. He cried loudly: "Color does not exist; neither does line. What does exist are the sun and shadows." Naturally he did not mean these statements to be taken too seriously. It was just an exaggerated form of speaking against the older schools of painting, for there is no finer colorist than Goya, particularly his greys.

THERE were no painters of note in Spain when Goya was born. And that two peasants in the grim land of Aragon should produce a genius of the brush is a curious point in the career of this man who, though he rose to be the lover of a duchess, still always retained something of the crudeness and violence of his native soil.

He was forever having adventures. In Saragossa, while a pupil of Luzon, he led a gang who worshipped at the Pilar against a gang from the Parish of St. Louis. In this encounter three men were killed with knife-thrusts. Goya was sought by the police as the leader. So he fled to Madrid and worked as a bull fighter. Here he often engaged in fights, and once was left for dead from a knock on the head and knife-wounds. But his great, sturdy frame was not to give up life until far past the alloted span. His connection with the bull ring gave him the opportunity to travel that would otherwise have been denied him through lack of money. With a bull-fighting troupe he journeyed to Italy. It was from these years of his life that he got the actual experience for that marvellous series of drawings which fill one very long room in the Louvre.

But though peasant-born, and retaining some of the manners of the country till he died, Goya was not without charm of manner. And he mingled with his genius a peasant shrewdness. Probably his desire to climb the ladder to a place of equality with the great ones of his land, may have had something to do with his marriage to Josefa Bayeu, sister of a painter who was a favorite at court. In any case, through the introduction of his brother-in-law he made good connections, so that at thirty-two years of age he was securing valuable orders. Goya was strenuous in all his ways of life. He fathered twenty children. He worked until he was eighty-two, and he left no less than 500 portraits alone. He was forever restless, a man of moods, whose work was wild, impulsive, inspired. Under the urge of the imaginative power of the moment he would hurl his colors upon his canvas by the strangest of means. Sticks, dish-cloths, even sponges he used on occasion. His palette-knife may have been employed as often as his brush. Sometimes he would cover a canvas broadly and roughly with color, and then work upon it with his thumb.

PAINTERS before the time of Goya, and many since, have given to the world pictures depicting the glorious side of war. But Goya hated war. He was the first great painter, probably, who did. And he did not stop at that. He, unlike his fellow painters of the past, did not care if his treatment of the subject was unpopular. He went ahead and showed war in all its ugliness. Showed the unhappiness it brought; showed its inhumanity, its utter negation of all human ideals. He devoted a whole series of drawings to depicting the various horrors of war. And in none of these pictures do you see the exultation of glory, the false heroics of charging officers with brandished swords glorying in the death of the enemy. No; Goya would not have painted a popular picture of war for all the money in Spain. And this antipathy in Goya was not because he was either a weakling or a coward.

He was big and strong. He looked, indeed, not unlike a sturdy English country squire. That he had no objection to, nor fear of personal encounters is proven by his life. But men in great numbers making concentrated efforts to kill

Continued on 40

The Velazquez Room in the Prado, Madrid

View of the ancient Spanish City of Saragossa, by Velazquez

An incident of the French invasion of Spain, by Goya

She saw the fulfillment of her dream! The answer to her prayer! She saw a great, strong, beautiful man with a mouth that smiled in a way to set any poor female's heart fluttering and palpitating

The Wooing of Bill Biggs

The Story of a Whirlwind Christmas Courting

By Bev. Struan

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

CHAR is a verb; active—distinctly active. However, in accordance with the accepted usage of the word, I herewith use it as an adjective, in stating the fact that Mrs. Chilton L. Quigley was a char woman.

Mrs. Chilton L. Quigley also "kept" roomers. She kept them in the first-floor-front, and the ground-floor-front, the latter being that room which, when "the home" should be all paid for, would blossom out as Mrs. Chilton L. Quigley's front parlor. At the time of which I write, it was the abode of an extremely cranky old lady who had gone away to spend Christmas with relations, who felt that their invitation was a laudable expression of the Christmas spirit. The first-floor-front was recently vacant, the roomer having taken his leave and his broken heart to parts unknown, when Mrs. Chilton L. Quigley had, with an uncontrollable giggle, declined to enter with him "the state of holy matrimony."

It was with the reasonable ambition to hasten that happy day of affluence and dignity when "the home" should be unencumbered ("with the plaster offen the roof," as she elegantly expressed it), that Mrs. Chilton L. Quigley charred and kept roomers. The dream of a paid-up home for herself, her son Chilly ("short for Chilton, after pore Paw"), and her daughter, Gracie, was built upon what seemed a firm foundation of ceaseless labor and thrift. It seemed to Maria Quigley that nothing could destroy that beautiful dream; the bare possibility of such calamity was unthinkable. For fifteen years she had labored for its fulfilment, using the insurance money which was left over after "pore Quigley's lovely funeral," to make the first payment.

Gracie had been three years old then, and Chilly was five, and Maria Quigley faced the world with a big responsibility, a very few dollars, a small body well used to hard work, and an indomitable spirit. She was in her twenty-fourth year.

Funny things are dreams! Some people despise them; call them visions, and the dreamers, impractical visionaries. Perhaps they show thereby a true wisdom, for it sometimes seems, we must admit, that no matter in how practical a way the dreamer sets to work to make the dream come true, Fate takes a cruel delight in bringing about a rude awakening to the fact that a dream is *only* a dream.

So it was with Fate and Mrs. Chilton L. Quigley, and one Christmas morning found her weeping bitter tears, "the home" in ruins about her. The house, you understand, was intact. It was "the home" which Fate had razed to the earth before her very eyes—her horror-struck and grief-stricken blue eyes.

Now, why, in the name of all that is just and equitable, should this happen to Maria Quigley—a worthy, Christian char woman who knew her place and said her prayers, and never—by any chance—referred to her humble self as a lady? Her hard life had been as exemplary as human life may be, yet there she sat alone and wept on Christmas morning, and prayed a little prayer which was really more expostulatory than prayerful: "O God, if you'd only gave me a hint that this was comin', I might of thought up somethin' to pervent it"!

On her tear-stained little face was the indignantly-baffled look of defeated motherhood; a look which surely would have touched the hearts of her children had they been there to see.

They were not there this Christmas morning, however; hence the flowing tears, the bewildered prayer, and the emotions, as aforesaid, on the face of "Maw" Quigley—blue-eyed, tender-lipped, pink-nosed (blame the tears for that), wiry, and plump and wee.

Perhaps the situation is not yet clear; very well, then: the home had been labored for, so that Mrs. Chilton L. Quigley might have her children always with her; the back-breaking work had been persisted in with the firm conviction that said offspring would, when grown to man's and woman's estate, work for her as she had worked for them, and, when the last payment on the house was made, she would cease from her labors forthwith, and live forever and a day—in a home, *sans* roomers—a home for all three of the little famly, supported by the earnings of the young people.

YES, that had been Maria Quigley's dream which, she had so fondly believed, her children had shared with her. However—young Chilly had been doing very well indeed, working in a grocery store for four years since he left school. His wages had greatly helped in making payments on the house. He had begged his "Maw" many times, to give up her hard work, but her reply had always been: "There ain't goin' to be no peace of mind fer me, Chilly, ner no let-up on the charring, till the plaster's offen the roof"!

Then—the monotony of Chilly's days had eaten into his soul, and he adventurously "chucked his job" and went west on a harvesters' excursion. He had stayed on to work for a time with the farmer, but his letters assured his "Dearest Maw" that he would be home for Christmas. And now—in a rather incoherent epistle he "guessed" he'd "stop in the West" after all—it was the only place for him—and he was "dead stuck on" the farmer's daughter, and he wouldn't have a chance in the world with her, if he didn't "stick around." His dream-castle: a homestead, with his Mary, some day, to share it. (A laudable ambition, but one in which his "dearest Maw" evidently figured not at all.)

Gracie? Gracie was working, too; in a store—behind the ribbon counter. On Christmas Eve she had come home, pink-cheeked, palpitating, and thrilled to her selfish little soul! Her "boy-friend" had called her up at the store, was to come for her, it seemed, early Christmas morning and would take her to spend the whole of Christmas day with his "folks" on a farm, five miles or so from town. As she ironed her best dress and put her hair in curlers, Gracie chattered excitedly: "He wants I should see the farm, Maw. He's sick of the store, and his paw's makin' good money and wants him home—partners—like. Aw, yes—Jim means business, all right. You should of saw his face when he give me the compact fer Christmas. I guess he wants I should know the old folks, cuz I reckon we'd have to live with them a spell."

Jim "mean business"? Quite evidently, and "Maw" would perhaps have realized the fact before this, were it not that she had looked upon Jim with the same friendly interest which she had felt for the boys who had, a few years ago, carried Gracie's books home from school. It hadn't occurred to her that her baby had passed the age at which she, herself, had married "pore Paw."

Yes—she had been seventeen when she became a married woman, and Gracie was now eighteen, no less—and she was going to lose her. This morning, as Maria Quigley wept, so great was the loneliness in her heart that she almost wished that she had not so positively—indeed flippantly—refused the matrimonial offer of the first-floor-front. Her children had sufficed for her happiness; her children and her dream, but now—both—all were going—going—gone! She pondered upon the possibility of recalling her erstwhile suitor, but her very soul rebelled. A picture of him rose before her eyes; an anæmic-looking, pig-eyed man of fifty. "Lookin' fer all the world like dressed pork, hangin' in a butcher-store," she thought. "And he ain't good company, at that."

It is quite possible that, with the going of the "home" dream, which was a mother-dream, there had arisen from the deeps of Maria's subconscious mind, another vision—a dream of her very-young girlhood. A girl is not a normal girl who does not dream of a princely lover—stalwart, good to look upon, and strong and tender. It is quite possible that this beautiful dream, kept in abeyance for so long, had now come to the fore, and made it possible for her to consider the porcine first-floor-front as lover and husband.

In "pore Quigley" Maria had thought—child that she was—that she had found her ideal. Her dream died hard, but it died. Thoroughly awake before long, she courageously dismissed the ideal from her conscious mind, faced the reality of selfishness and confirmed alcoholism, and made the best of it as she was seeing it done by other women every day. She was a good wife while he lived, and she wept when he passed away, but it may be said that, in looking into the future and dimly hoping that the Lord would send her a good man so that she need not spend the years to come in unutterable loneliness; neither did it occur to her to wish that Chilton L. were not dead, nor did she hope that another, like him in any particular would cross her path. No! Maria Quigley's thoughts vaguely drifted on the road to yesterday's unfulfilled ideal.

Maria Quigley was given to half-articulate little prayers. Now, in snatches, she prayed one—"O Lord—if you'd see fit to send me a man . . . one with looks . . . one as would be good company—and kind . . . If you could, then I needn't to feel so bad about the children."

"The turrible part of it is," her thoughts drifted on, "I don't know a single man as *would* be good company — and anyhow — no matter what your station in life, when you near the age of forty, all the likely ones have been snapped up." She wept again!

AS MARIA QUIGLEY paid to cruel Fate, the tribute of her tears, Destiny passed along her street; Destiny, busily engaged in shaping the course of action of a small boy and a tomcat! The latter leaped to the small verandah of number eighteen Heath Street, pursued by an icy snowball fired by the former.

Had the cat chosen the haven of number sixteen or number twenty, this story would never have been told, for a story worth the telling demands a happy ending, and feline "Thomas" and his pursuer, in conjunction with number eighteen are entirely responsible for the events which follow.

Crash!—in the parlor-to-be.

Mrs. Chilton L. Quigley's small person took a flying leap along the hall; stood in the doorway. The icy snowball trembled on the old lady's couch, and a window pane was scattered in fragments on the floor.

Hatless, coatless, and with fire in her eye; out the front door dashed Maria! Down the street she sprinted after a fleeing figure. She seemed to fly—but not as an angel flies—unless it were an angel of vengeance. Her quarry slipped on the icy sidewalk and fell prone! Then—wriggling and struggling, he felt himself yanked to his feet by a small arm, made muscular by many years of scrubbing.

"You come back with me," a wrathful voice ordered, "till I get my hat and coat, and then you'll walk me right to yore home and yore paw, and yore paw will have that windy fixed before this day is done, or I'll know the reason why"!

"Aw, leave me be"! expostulated the breathless, agitated, and writhing youngster. "It won't do you no good to come to my house—they're all at church but me, but Pop will be home for dinner, and I'll tell him—honest I will. Say, Missus, lemme go, and I promise he'll put in the window today, his own self—fer that's his business"!

Mrs. Chilton L. Quigley's fingers were stiff and blue with cold; an icy wind cut through her thin dress. Her hold on the boy loosened. He darted away. As she again gave chase, he yelled in panicky tones: "Lemme go, and you'll have your window in today—honest you will"! Then he ran down the street as if pursued by all the furies.

Maria Quigley was too cold to continue the race. She hurried back to number eighteen, entered the bedroom-parlor and, taking a blanket from the absent roomer's bed, she hung it over the curtain-rod, in an effort to keep out-of-doors the "good, old-fashioned Christmas weather."

"His paw will come—I *don't* think"! she muttered. "My land! More expense! Don't I wish I'd licked that young one, good, while I had my hands on him"! Then she remembered the snowball, gathered that of it which remained and carried it to the kitchen sink. with a clean kitchen towel, she returned to wipe up the pool of water which it had left on the couch.

Had Maria been a profane soul, she would have, probably, relieved the sorrow and the exasperation, the wrath and bitterness which filled her tender little heart (so unaccustomed to such guests), with a few well-chosen words. Her temperament being what it was, however, she could only "blow off steam" and throw aside, in a measure, the tragedy of her loneliness, and the infuriating incident of the broken window, by working. The sore-hearted little woman scrubbed and cleaned and dusted, just because she couldn't bear to sit with folded hands and think about herself—and the children—and Christmas and the broken window.

As Maria worked, her thoughts became rather pleasant ones, somehow. Vaguely she pictured her house with a lord and master to rule therein—not like "pore Quigley"—not like anyone in particular—just a hazy picture of human warmth and kindliness to enfold her from the terrors of growing old alone. She made the house immaculate and shining—in the spirit, perhaps, of a certain wise virgin, who once kept her lamp trimmed and burning, to receive the bridegroom when he should come.

Perhaps—subconscously—she knew——

In the afternoon, Maria's heart ached sorely again, as she stuffed, and put into the oven, the chicken which was to have been the *pièce de resistance* of the Christmas dinner for herself and Gracie. She also put on to boil, the plum pudding which was to have been the fitting climax to that rare feast. She was doggedly determined to eat a Christmas dinner—alone or not—eat it if it choked her! Then she dressed for the evening service at her church, in her best dress of a lovely light blue. It was a Christmas present from her Chilly, who had sent the money from the West, for his "dearest Maw." Then——

A sharp ring at the front doorbell. Maria Quigley's heart missed a beat. Had some neighbor seen Gracie so gaily driving off in the early morning and, knowing that she was alone, come to ask her to join a friendly family party? There were tears of expectancy in her eyes as she ran downstairs to answer the doorbell.

MEANWHILE—the tomcat, aforementioned in this story, had gone home, down the street, for a nice, hot dinner and a nap behind the stove. He had slipped out of the house, later, for a little constitutional in the deliciously frosty air. Just at this time, he was running along the fence between numbers eighteen and twenty when he saw, standing at the door of number eighteen, a quite ordinary sort of working man, with a small tool-bag over his shoulder, and a pane of glass under his left arm. Yes, "Thomas" saw a commonplace individual, bigger than the average man, perhaps, but not distinguishable in any particular way from the common herd of humans. "Thomas" saw, in fact, exactly what we should have seen, had we been walking along that fence.

"Thomas" noticed that the awkward human thing (so unmistakably of the most ordinary type of awkward human things) was pressing a button beside the door, and that a bell was ringing somewhere, faintly heard, inside number eighteen. Then the door opened, he saw, as he decided that it was a bit chilly, after all, for a stroll, and went home.

As I say, the door opened, It was opened by Maria Quigley, and Maria looked once straight into the eyes of the man, and said: "Oh"! in a tone of complete awe—for Maria saw before her very eyes, her girlhood's ideal made real! She saw the fulfilment of her dream! The answer to her prayer! She saw a great, strong, beautiful man with gentle brown eyes, a perfectly lovely nose, and a mouth that smiled in a way to set a poor female's heart to fluttering and palpitating—no less! As if this were not enough, his voice was deep and melodious, and with a lovely chuckle somewhere in its depths as, raising his hat, he spoke gently: "One would have to be blue-eyed, of course, and with golden hair——"

"What—wh—what"? stammered Maria, almost stunned by the wonder of this man's charm.

"I mean—to wear that color, and look like summer sunshine in a blue sky, on a winter's day"!

Maria cast down her eyes and she blushed; then she noticed the pane of glass beneath his arm. "Oh! You—you've come to mend the broken window"? she asked, and there was sudden tragedy in her voice—for this must be, no Prince Charming come to pay a Christmas call, but only the father of the mischievous little brute who had smashed her window!

"I take it real kind of you to come right away—Christmas day, and all. Not having a man around the house, a lone woman is so helpless when a windy breaks or anything"! murmured Maria with the sweetest smile, as she led the man to the prospective parlor. (How her heart was beating; no one had ever told her before that she looked like summer sunshine in a blue sky, and, with luck, he might be a widower.)

"Well, now," said the man cheerily, "Christmas day ain't the ideel day for a broke window." Then his face clouded. "It ain't as if it was a real Christmas to me, anyhow. It's kind of a lonesome Christmas."

Maria Quigley's heart missed a beat! Her mind worked fast. "Lonesome'? Mebbe he was a *fresh* widower! How to find out?

"Lonesome? Well, now; think of being lonesome at Christmas! And it such a lovely day—with the sun shinin' on the snow and all—a grand day——"

"For them that has the heart to enjoy it, Ma'am," said the stranger, sadly. "Might I ask the favor of your garbage pail for this here broken glass"?

Such a polite-spoken man!

The garbage pail, after a few minutes of swift work, was brought to him, immaculate and freshly scalden, and the dialogue continued: "Say—you needn't of cleaned it out, Ma'am."

"Oh, it wasn't no trouble; just some potato peelings, and the skins of the onions that went into the chicken dressing. It was cleaned good this morning. You was saying you was lonesome——"

"Terrible lonesome"!

"Now ain't that grievous—on Christmas, too, Mr.——"

"Biggs is my name but—" (he grinned broadly)—"for the convenience of my friends, I'm named Bill." (Again he smiled that all-embracing smile, but Maria spoke primly.) "Mr. Biggs, you was sayin'——"

Busily, and in a workmanlike manner, Mr. Biggs mixed his putty, and replied: "I was sayin' that my friends call me Bill."

"But Mr.—Mr. Bill—I—I never knew sich a man in all my born days! Do you generally make friends all of a sudden-like"?

"If I done, would I be so lonesome this Christmas that I'd be glad of a job to put in some of the draggin' hours of the day"?

Maria Quigley took a deep breath, and went into action with no delay: "Well, now—so lonesome as that? I remember the first Christmas after pore Quigley was took—

Continued on page 43

"Then what did you get married for Mr. Biggs?" It was Bill's turn to be bewildered, "why I--I never married." (Horrors!) "But that boy--your son?"

The Coming of the Prince

A Christmas Story

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

Author of "Esmeralda," "In Search of Arcady," Etc.

Illustrated by J. Clymer

"AND so at last the Prince came in his state carriage of gold, and the Ogre, seeing his strength, did not dare to keep the Princess . . . ."

Libby-Ann read it slowly, savoring each romantic sentence. Tonight there was no one to laugh at her for taking pleasure in so childish a book; and that fact was the one comfort of the situation. For the solitude was dreadful, and the snow had even crept in under the doorsill; Libby-Ann could see it from her crouched position on the hearth. It had filtered through the chinks of the east window, too, cutting the blackness of the night beyond into fresh silhouettes at every new drive of the jeering gale. The house was full of strange, untoward noises; of cracklings and creakings, as of ghostly footsteps, or—worse yet!—of trespassing human feet.

"Did not dare to keep the Princess. . . . ."

A shutter banged distantly, and Libby-Ann started from her seat trembling. Then she pulled herself together.

"Of course it's nothing"! she said aloud. "I know it's nothing. None of the noises are anything but *noises!* Still. . . . ."

She glanced apprehensively over her shoulder as the lonely little building trembled from attic to cellar. It seemed the very heart of a maelstrom, whose malignity was centred upon herself. Libby-Ann defied it with a laugh that had a sob of sheer loneliness and terror perilously close behind it. Then, crossing to where the supper lay spread upon the red-and-white checked cloth, she turned the dull flame of the swinging lamp above it a trifle higher, glanced at the clock, whose solemn face told that the hour was well past ten, and then gazed mournfully at the untouched food.

"He won't be home tonight"! she said. "'Tisn't possible now. Something must have happened! Oh, isn't it just *awful* to have such a Christmas Eve"!

A shutter banged distantly, and Libby-Ann started from her seat trembling, then she pulled herself together

A log fell in the grate, and Libby-Ann jumped. Eat? Impossible! As well put the things away and be done with the pretense! Picking up the butter-dish and the cake, she started boldly for the kitchen. It seemed a mile away, a mile terrifyingly full of treacherous shadows. But she kept bravely on, until, just as she reached the door-sill, there came a lull in the wind, and over vague distances of snow-muffled, silent lands, a faint sound. Doubtful of her over-strung imagination, she stood still, rigid with listening. Silence. Then it came again, between the low moanings of the gale; a faint tinkle of little bells, distant as yet, and hardly perceptible except to anxiously straining ears, but of blessedly human significance. Libby-Ann set back the cake and the butter hurriedly, and took down the lamp.

"Father"! she exclaimed in a tone of relief that was a confession of all the agony of nervousness which, for hours past, she had been denying to herself. "Father! He's managed to get back after all"!

And then she shuddered involuntarily, the grim atmosphere of her difficult parent seeming to move into the house ahead of him at the mere mention of his approach. Yet it was better—far better, than this being alone with the terrifying nothings which women find in a house at night.

She placed the lamp at the unshaded east window, tapping away some of the snow that he might see the lights the better, and then went about straightening the things on the table, listening—but vainly, now.

He must have been in the hollow when I heard him," she murmured. "I'll just put the coffee back on the hob. . . ."

As she did so, the book of fairy-tales lying open on the hearth-rug caught her eye. With a swift gesture she gathered it up, listening again and holding on to the book as to a friendly hand that soon must be relinquished. Again the bells! Nearer now. They were coming up the hill-road; they were turning in at the lower gate. In another instant he would be there"!

"Where was I"! Libby-Ann breathed anxiously. "Oh, yes! 'And so at last the Prince came in his state carriage of gold. . . .' That was it"!

She slipped a marker between the pages, and closing the volume with a snap, hid it under the cupboard by the hearth. A faint "Hullo"! came from within, almost inaudible through the storm, which had increased again. The call was utterly unexpected. What could it mean? Father never called. He would simply stable Bess and come stumping in, silent and morose and hungry. Again came the call; something about "Who, ho! the castle"! At least that was what it sounded like.

Liby-Ann looked at the clock. Close to eleven! What on earth could the call forebode? Never before in all her nineteen years had a stranger visited the lonely mountain farm at such an hour. Something must have happened to her father! In an agony of fear she crossed to the side door, undoing the bolts with trembling fingers. As she opened, a fierce blast of icy air entered joyously, scattering the ashes on the hearth and playing havoc with the lamp flame, which promptly danced to its piping. And with the wind came the words, unmistakable this time:

"What ho! The Castle"!

Libby-Ann looked cautiously around the edge of the door, her beart beating furiously with a terrible (yet lovely) sense of something tremendous about to happen. And there in the stable-yard was an incredible sight.

The Prince had arrived in his golden carriage of state!

At any rate, it was a golden carriage. Of that there could be no vestige of doubt. It was about the size of a small house, and square, and its sides, even under their heavy burden of snow, glittered with gold. A pair of huge white horses, caparisoned in crimson and little silver bells, drew the coach, the reins by which they were guided passing through an aperture in the front to the warmly lighted interior, in which sat a wonderful young man. He smiled at her, showing a gleam of very white teeth. It was a splendid smile, and it set her heart beating anew, in a strange, expectant sort of a way.

Behind him, and around him in the interior of the car, or whatever it was, were innumerable objects, forming a sort of decorative background; little shelves, boxes, glass cases, on which the light of the lantern that swung from the ceiling shone glitteringly. Indeed, the whole thing glittered and swam before her eyes, as she stood rooted to the spot, unmindful of the cold and the snow that eddied in about her feet.

"Snow Princess, is the barn door open"? shouted the young man.

Libby-Ann could only nod, speechless.

"All right, then"! the young man cried, gathering up the reins with a beautiful, sure gesture. "I'll put 'em up, and be right in. Come on now, Pegasus; come on, Phœnix! On, my brave steeds—one more pull, and then a feast, and blessed sleep"!

The horses, who had stood like statuary figures of fatigue, pricked up their ears at the command of his silver voice, and the whole gorgeous affair lunged forward through the encumbering snow. As it vanished around the corner of the house, Libby-Ann caught a fleeting glimpse of an illuminated sign which said something about popcorn; but it was meaningless to her dazed eyes.

THEN through eons of magical time she waited, dumb and motionless, once the door was mechanically closed. Finally the sound of his

Don't give her this for Christmas

but

see that she has it for a Happy New Year

IF she is like most women, Yuletide gifts of automatic ash sifters and self-wringing mops, no matter how useful they are, will never fill her heart with glee!

If we dolled up Fels-Naptha Soap in holly and ribbons, and advertised "Give your wife this welcome help for Christmas", some husband might do it! Perish the thought! We're against it! We believe Christmas is the time for frilly, fussy, gay-hearted gifts!

But after Christmas, to take every trace of turkey gravy off her best tablecloth and lighten each washing all through the year, your wife should have Fels-Naptha.

And Fels-Naptha will do it because Fels-Naptha brings her *extra help!* Two cleaners instead of one. Good golden soap blended, by the exclusive Fels-Naptha process, with plenty of naptha.

You can *smell* the naptha! And naptha, you know, is the safe, gentle cleaner used in "dry cleaning." So when your wife does the wash with Fels-Naptha, she gets naptha, the dirt-loosener, and soap, the dirt-remover, working together — dissolving the dirt and carrying it away—making the clothes fresh and clean without hard rubbing.

Fels-Naptha does excellent work in either machine or tub. It washes clean in cool, hot and lukewarm water, or when the clothes are boiled. And Fels-Naptha's mild suds are kind to your wife's hands!

So remember—not on the Christmas list, but on the grocery list. And now go out and get her something as sweetly feminine as an ostrich feather fan—and a Merry Christmas to you.

FELS & COMPANY, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

© 1928, Fels & Co.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

approach, stamping on the porch, electrified her into action, and, flying to the mirror above the mantel, she snatched one fleeting, despairing glance at her white little face and smooth hair, so tightly brushed back. It was dreadful—*dreadful!* The Prince had come at last—and caught her in calico! If only she were not so plain, so unornamental, so hopelessly unattractive. Of course no one ever noticed *her*—but perhaps, if only she had thought to rush upstairs and put on her lilac-silk with the sprigged pattern. . . . Well, it was too late for that now!

He flung the door wide, brushing off the snow from sleeve and breast, shaking his woollen cap, and baring his yellow head, on which the curls grew rough and vigorous. Then he came in and closed the wild night out, shooting the bolts with care. Somehow the sight of it sent thrills of delightful terror up and down her spine. Then he made her a grave bow of salutation, his twinkling blue eyes taking her into his confidence and challenging her imagination, her sense of play, her capacity for finding life a great, wonderful, joyous game.

"Dear Princess of this lovely stronghold," said he, "is the lord of the castle at home"?

"He—he is not"! she stammered, smiling and blushing. "The storm—he must have stayed in Middletown for the night.

The stranger gave a low whistle. "Middletown"! said he. "That's where I was bound for when I lost my way in the snow—and, incidentally, the trade I might have had at the shopping-centre tonight, along with it."

"It's twelve miles over the mountain," said Libby-Ann.

"Then it's plain I can't get there tonight"! he exclaimed, making a wry face. "Great Scott! And tomorrow is Christmas! I promised my mother, too, that I'd be home for sure. But the horses are dead-beat, and so am I; The Ark is pretty heavy . . . Lovely Princess, is your royal mother visible"?

Libby-Ann shook her head. "My mother is dead," she said simply. "There is no one here but me."

Instantly his manner changed. "Forgive me"! he said gravely and sweetly. "Here I come rushing in with my fooling and nonsense, never dreaming that you were alone. Please forgive me—I only talk that way to keep the world as beautiful and gay as I'd like to have it. I'm not crazy, really. I—I apologize"!

"Oh, don't"! said Libby-Ann, suddenly, breathlessly. "Go on that way please! I understand"!

"You do"? he exclaimed, coming a step nearer. "You don't say! Good! But now, about my staying . . . maybe the horses can go on . . . why, I never thought of there being only a lone girl. . . ."

"Of course you'll stay," she replied, her hands twisting nervously under her apron in fear lest he vanish into the night as mysteriously as he had come.

The stranger seemed to hesitate, advancing doubtfully from the door toward which he had instinctively taken a few steps.

"Well, if you really don't mind," he began, smiling again.

"A Wilton never turned away a guest yet"! she assured him proudly, innocently. "Of course you can have the best chamber. And—and you must be hungry, too. There's supper and coffee all hot," she added timidly.

He laughed his silver laugh that was like Christmas bells for gladness.

"You *are* a Royal Princess, for sure"! he cried, slipping out of his greatcoat. "I knew it at first sight—indeed, as soon as I saw your castle on the hill, with the light beckoning in the window! Coffee? With pleasure, your Highness"!

He drew up the chair which she indicated, making a delightful grimace over the food like a pleased boy, as she uncovered it. He seemed perfectly at home and at his ease once more, the slight shadow of his hesitation wholly vanished.

"I'm fiercely hungry," he confessed, "but *not* so hungry that I'm going to turn cannibal and begin on you, so you needn't look so scared, child! Cheer up, and smile at a poor wanderer. Honest, I'm a perfectly desirable citizen; a good, respectable merchant, though not exactly what you might call steady, seeing that I move about a good bit, shop and all. But otherwise in good standing, I can tell you truly. So don't be afraid, Princess—smile a little"!

She brought him the coffee from the hob, holding the hot handle with her apron, her gray eyes wide, her timidity melting. For he was irresistible as the west wind in summer, so full of romance and gentle sport.

"Feast well, O Prince"! she said shyly, half shamefacedly, scarce knowing herself. "Feast well; the Ogre will not be home tonight"!

He dropped his fork in surprise, and his laugh rang out again, full of delight and encouragement. "Well! I'm blessed if you don't really understand"! he cried, springing up to help her. "Here, let me pour that! Aren't you going to eat, your Highness"?

"I—I guess maybe I will," she answered. "I wasn't hungry before, because the house is so—so *alone*, with Father not getting back, and all, but now——"

"I know," he nodded. "House all creaks and groans, and your heart jumping up and down"! He arranged a chair for her. "Now you sit here, and let me do the waiting."

'But that's the woman's work"! she protested, though feebly. He had such a queer yet charming way of sweeping matters along, and making the oddest things seem all right.

"Not in my world, it isn't"! he said firmly. "In my world the Prince serves his lady, always, and the meanest task is an honor when it's performed for her"!

"How lovely"! sighed Libby-Ann. "But—but—"

"But what"? he asked. "Go on. Say it! You have got to get the habit of *saying* things. That's half the fun of thinking them. Go on—but what"?

"But are you *real?* Libby-Ann burst out.

"Am I real"? he retorted gaily. "Just watch me get after this wonderful pie"!

"Is it really wonderful pie"? she asked solemnly. "I—nobody ever said anything nice about my cooking before."

'They didn't"! He seemed astonished. Then he took a swallow of coffee, set down the cup, and regarded her almost seriously. "It's magnificent pie," he declared. "And I'm a good judge, too, for my mother is *some* cook. But what makes you ask if I am real? Was it my appearing so suddenly"?

She nodded. "Partly," she said.

"And what was the rest of the reason"? he wondered, very frankly, with simple curiosity. "Please tell me"!

She could deny him nothing. If he had asked for the sun, she would have gone after it. Slowly she got up and went to the cupboard, from beneath which she drew the red-bound fairy book. Somehow she could not help doing it. She did not exactly want to, and yet she felt so sure that he would understand! Opening it at her marker, she placed it before him on the table.

"'And so at last the Prince came in his state carriage of gold'," he read aloud; 'and the Ogre, seeing his strength, did not dare to keep the Princess.' . . . ."

With a sudden blush she snatched the book back,

Continued on page 37

"Am I real?" he retorted gaily, "Just watch me get after this wonderful pie!"

LADY LAVERY, *famous beauty, has a chastely elegant dressing table (left). A priceless Venetian mirror hangs above pale pink ruffles. Between quaint Chelsea candlesticks stand jars of Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener. Of them Lady Lavery says:—"I have always used Pond's Creams! Now I use the new Cleansing Tissues so silky and fine, and the Freshener, too, ideal with the Creams."*

THE VISCOUNTESS CURZON'S *dressing table (right) reveals the restrained taste of a long line of aristocrats. Gold-topped vials and boxes emblazoned with the Curzon crest are grouped around Pond's Two Creams and Skin Freshener. Of the Pond's method Lady Curzon says, "It's a straightforward way of keeping fit—one can do it all oneself, at home or wherever one may be."*

FOUR DELIGHTFUL DRESSING TABLES

characteristic of their lovely owners

WHAT dressing table does not reflect the personality of its lovely owner? It mirrors her taste, her discriminations, her little indulgences. In terms of creams and lotions, perfumes and powders, and many another dainty mystery, it is eloquent of her very self.

But all dressing tables supply one need—they help a woman care for her looks!

Because Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams, Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are of such dependable worth, they are found on the dressing tables of lovely and distinguished women everywhere. They are their choice for quick, convenient daily use *at home.*

This is how you, yourself, should proceed with the daily use of these four famous preparations made by Pond's:—

Cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream at least twice a day, always after exposure and every night before retiring. Apply the cream generously with upward, outward strokes, over face and neck, allowing its penetrating oils to soak into the tiny air passages and dislodge the grime and powder.

Then use the inviting new Pond's Cleansing Tissues—snowy-white, large, fine—to remove the cream and the loosened dirt. For extra scrupulous cleanliness repeat these two steps.

Next, if it is a daytime cleansing you are having, flick on Pond's Skin Freshener, briskly. Notice how it tones and firms your skin—the healthful, tingling glow it engenders.

Then for protection and to serve as a foundation for powder, apply just a little of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives a magnolia-petal quality to your skin, a finish that makes your powder last for hours and hours. Read the inviting offer and mail the coupon below.

MRS. RICHARD P. DAVIDSON, *granddaughter of the late Mark Hanna of Ohio, has a dressing table (below) which expresses the youth of its vivacious owner. Taffeta bouffant hangings are matched by green jars of Pond's Two Creams. Mrs. Davidson says, "I have adored Pond's Creams for years."*

MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT'S *dressing room for guests is graced by a lovely old French* coiffeuse *(below). Chinese porcelain vases are accompanied by green jars of Pond's Two Creams. Mrs. Vanderbilt says, "Through a multitude of engagements Pond's will give you the assurance of being your best self."*

FOUR DELIGHTFUL AIDS TO BEAUTY

Pond's Cold Cream keeps lovely faces exquisitely fresh and deeply cleansed. Pond's Cleansing Tissues—soft, ample, remove cold cream in a dainty way. Pond's Skin Freshener—a new, delightful tonic for the skin—tones, invigorates, refreshes. Pond's Vanishing Cream guards fragile skins and affords a velvety base for powder.

•

MAIL THE COUPON WITH 10¢ for package of Pond's 4 preparations—Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener and Vanishing Cream.

Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Limited, Dept. M, 166 Brock Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ Province_____

All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co. of Canada, Limited

IRISH LUCK

By

Constance Travers Sweatman

"*REMEMBER* her number"?

"Maryland 40375."

"Telephone directory's wasted on you"! Terry grinned, taking the receiver off its hook.

"Eye-memory; numbers — useless little things I've seen stick in my mind; everything sensible falls out"! Muffled words, around an orange-colored lipstick with which she was outlining her pretty lips, peering in the cheap mirror under the eternally lighted bulb in the boarding-house hall.

"Tell Mrs. Coulson that Mrs. O'Hara's just leaving," he said into the telephone. He hung up the receiver and turned to admire his graceful wife.

"Does this tacky old suit look *too* awful"? she asked anxiously, bending like a sapling in a gale, to get a glimpse of the back of her navy tailored suit. "The skirt shines terribly"! She pulled at her skirt, twisting the back to the side where she could see it, and revealing a line of hip and the back of a knee that caused her husband to tell her:

"If the trusty little old suit were falling off your back, you'd still look like a million dollars! Bet there won't be a girl in the fashion show today with a figure that can touch yours."

"Silly"! she retorted with happy eyes, kissed his ear, and ran down the worn steps of the dingy boarding-house in which they stayed on and on, nearly a year now, waiting for Terry to find his "chance." Advancement in the advertising office in which he occupied a negligible niche, was slow in coming. Routine work only was his portion as yet, though he still believed in himself. Ideas he had a-plenty; but they were not the concise sort of ideas that were useful in advertising. They would not stay put. They covered too much territory, ran about of their own volition, gathered unto themselves litle bits of disjointed plot, little glimpses of romance, worked themselves into fantasies that had no special point. Sometimes they even ran into lines and rhythms, and turned out to be poetry, that had little to do with hosiery or prize beef.

The gay O'Haras kept body and soul together somehow, but financially they were inclined to slip backward. A picture would tempt them, and they would hang it in their hideous double bedroom, and walk around it, revelling in it, knowing that something else would have to wait till it was all paid for. Little "unavoidable" expenses such as that kept bobbing up.

They found that love in a cheap boarding-house and love in part of her mother's comfortable cottage, were two very different matters. Better, in some ways; far, far worse, in others. But after a year, they still believed that the ways in which it was better outweighed the ways in which it was worse. It was better in this: Joyce's mother had never ceased during their sojourn in her house to bewail the fact that her only daughter, the pride of, and sole reason for, her life, had married a blue-eyed, laughter-loving, whole-souled young Irishman who could not boast the possession of one cent over and above enough to keep them alive, covered, and under a roof.

Joyce O'Hara stood her mother's outspoken disapproval of her adored Terry as long as she could, then she flew into a spirited revolt one rainy night when the three of them had dined to the tune of the mother's gloomy reiteration of her opinion of a man who would ask a girl to marry him on nothing at all.

"Nothing at all"! Joyce blazed, and stamped her pretty foot. "Nothing at all? *Look* at him. There isn't a girl in town wouldn't be *thrilled* to have him for a husband. They can have their old ugly husbands with their grouches and their money! I've heard enough! Nobody's going to criticize Terry"! And in an hour they were gone.

It was worse in this: Joyce's mother who was all bark and no bite at all, had fed them wonderfully, and washed and mended, and kept them in the pink of comfort for so small a sum it was ridiculous; but she could not stop talking.

Being healthy and happy and young, they got along, assimilating with their fine unspoiled digestions every puckered prune and every soggy gray potato served them by their acid landlady. And in their chilly room, they laughed and loved and gallantly concealed from one another their growing anxiety for their future.

She had wanted to go back to her "job," manipulating a comptometer to the tune of eighty dollars a month. But Terry's pride was in arms over that. Not while he knew it, *his* wife wasn't going to earn her living! That *would* be hostage to the enemy! Her mother *would* have a right to say he couldn't keep her.

So she twiddled her thumbs in the boarding-house, doing odd favors for the landlady when the rent was a few days overdue, chopping and changing her scanty wardrobe so that she might still "look like a million dollars" to her laughing loving Irish lad.

She met Mrs. Coulson at the corner. A new-found friend, this "widow," Mrs. Coulson, stimulating when she was not completely devastating—as when she said one day in their early acquaintance: "*Marry* for love, without an income, is a crazy thing to do, dearie! Once a man's got you and gets used to you, he doesn't thank you for falling for him! You gotta remember what it says in the Bible, dearie: "When the wolf comes in at the door, love flies out-a the window' "!

This Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Coulson had two tickets for a fashion-tea in the department store in which Terry grappled with necessity. She had offered to "treat" Joyce O'Hara. "Want to pick up ideas for hats——" (A kind friend had set Mrs. Coulson up in the millinery business.) "And a person can always get new ideas for fixing up their old clothes to get a kick in 'em, from these French women. You gotta hand it to the French. They sure have cornered all the savvy in the world when it comes to clear *chick*"!

"That suit don't owe you anything, but it sure looks good on you"! the plump "widow" said heartily, without a trace of envy appraising Joyce's superb young body that gave the old suit its fine distinction.

In the great tea-room they found seats close to the peninsula of platform which ran down the room into the sea of women—old, young, fat, thin, ugly and beautiful, wistful and overbearing, who waited impatiently for the old gold velour curtains to part and reveal the newly-discovered "Madame L'Aigle" who was to give her first fashion talk today.

Joyce's afternoon was ruined by her vivacious companion's first remark as they waited: "What are you giving hubby for Christmas, dearie"?

Joyce withstood the shock just long enough to answer brightly: "I just *can't* make up my mind"! —then down she went into the black gulf that yawned at every mention of Christmas—down and down and down, knowing there was no bottom to the gulf.

For, two days before, Terry had found on his desk the dreaded green slip which told him that he would not be needed again until February the first. Quite fair and in order, for a day's notice was the established rule at the store. But established orders and landladies sometimes made insoluble mixtures.

And that Wednesday morning, their landlady had told her with semi-polite finality, that, appreciative and all as she was of Joyce's many small favors in sponging and pressing, in looking after the children of an odd evening—business was business, and bills were bills, and the O'Hara's rent was already a full month overdue. And much as she hated to put people out, as it were, at the Christmas season, there it was! And if the hundred dollars coming due on December the twenty-sixth weren't forthcoming — well — of course — Mrs. O'Hara knew how it was—when a person's husband went off and left a person with two kids to support——

One hundred dollars. She might as well have said a million. And *just now*, with the inevitable terrifying joy that was scaring them both to death, and filling their happy hearts with delicious horror and delight! That was sending them window-shopping, and shyly pricing fluffy bassinettes, though "*Laundry baskets make the darlingest beds*"! said Joyce, obviously preferring laundry-baskets.

MADAME L'AIGLE led forth a titian-haired model with great calm red-brown eyes, and flung over her russet gown of softest velvet a red-fox fur. "Froughout ze ensemble se mellow tints of autumn leaves"! sang Madame in her odd sweet tenor, throaty but distinct. The languid model teetered on high bronze heels along the platform, sleek hips undulating rhythmically, her long fingers, decked with topaz in great platinum settings, spread disdainfully, as she half-turned, chin held high, most haughty and exclusive!

Mademe L'Aigle herself next appeared in slinky supple black from top to glittering toe. "Black has so *manee* posseebileetees! In black, a woman ees, according to what ees eenside ze woman, either dowdy—deestinguish' — or dangerous"! Whereupon she pulled her saucy hat a mite further over one flirtatious eye and for the benefit of the intent women watching and envying her, said blandly: "For *some* women, and for some 'ats—*one* eye is plaintee"! Looking as devilish as possible, she retired.

A large-bosomed woman beside Joyce wheezed to her red-faced companion: "It's just a matter of having money enough——"

Money! *One hundred dollars!*

Oh, they could have their furs, their dangerous hats, their glittering crystals — she didn't want them! She wanted only, by some magic, to slip

Continued on page 70

Santa Claus' Partner

By H. H. Fariss

Did you know that old Santa Claus
Has a partner? Well, it's true,
And if you'll keep the secret
And cross your fingers, too,
I'll tell you how last Christmas Eve,
When they s'posed I was asleep,
I laid awake to watch for him
And take just one little peep.

I must have dozed for a minute,
For when I woke up, a sound
Came from the parlor, like moving
Toys and lots of things around;
I called to Sister and we crept
As quiet as we could be,
And saw Santa Claus—and Mother,
Fixing things upon the tree.

We scurried back and jumped in bed,
Closing eyes and ears up tight,
But when we went to sleep we dreamed
Of that Christmas Tree all night;
From top to bottom it was gay
With candles and dolls and toys,
Drums and skates—and just everything
Sure to please all girls and boys.

That Christmas I'll always remember,
We had lots of fun, you bet,
But that was when Mother told me
Something I'll never forget;
She said "Son, this is my secret,"
And whispered low in my ear,
"Mother is Santa Claus' Partner,
And she helps him every year."

The complete satisfaction which is created by

A New Kind of Motor Car Value

. . . . value which is measured not only by the dollar but by the finest of fine car standards, as well

Whenever a man or woman thinks of any General Motors car, it is perfectly obvious that he or she thinks of it as the finest car in its field. Back of this attitude toward all General Motors cars, is the fact that they actually bring you a *new kind* of motor car value—value which money alone cannot measure.

For this new, different value is largely the result of superb designing and fine, artistic craftmanship; of unexampled success in attaining the intensely desirable advantage of surpassing beauty and comfort.

Such value can result only when practically limitless resources are placed at the command of engineering and artistic genius of the highest order—as is the case with the Fisher Body Corporation.

It is Body by Fisher which has enabled General Motors cars to triumph over the obstacles which formerly restricted to highest priced cars, the finest in motor car style.

You see the result in the superb style, comfort and value of every Body by Fisher. So evident to all are these superiorities that each month new thousands of men and women are attracted to ownership of the General Motors cars listed below.

CADILLAC . LASALLE McLAUGHLIN-BUICK OAKLAND . OLDSMOBILE . PONTIAC . CHEVROLET

BODY by FISHER

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LTD.

The Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

Reading Time

TO THE young man who is prepared to further his ambitions by making use of the many good books available today at low cost, any season of the year may be regarded as reading or as study time but the winter season is perhaps more to be regarded as affording a special opportunity for those who realize that reading furnishes the mind with materials of entertainment and of knowledge.

"Reading without purpose," says Bulwer-Lytton, "is sauntering, not exercise. More is to be got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge, than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee; a king's garden none to the butterfly."

"Reading is to the mind what exercise is to the body," wrote Addison, and because this is undoubtedly true, the Problem Page is this month devoted to a discussion of a number of new books which the editor has had an opportunity of examining during the past few weeks. The regular series in this department will be resumed in January.

Common Sense Grammar

GEORGE FREDERICK GENUNG is the author of a new book on grammar, The Working Principles of Grammar, that is as attractively bound and printed as many a modern novel. It is published by the Home Correspondence School, of Springfield, Massachusetts, and presents the working principles of grammar on the level of the common understanding, so that it may be read with attention and interest. Its aim is grammar not as a cram, but as an education.

In an introductory passage, the author remarks that "Grammar is one of those elementary things, like spelling or keeping accounts, which it is not so much a credit to know as a shame not to know.

It is to speech what manners are to conduct. We do not arrest a man for raw or awkward manners; we do not, if his character is sterling, cut his acquaintance; but we have to apologize for him, and perhaps excuse ourselves for keeping such company.

It is much the same in refined and educated society, with a man who habitually uses bad grammar. His speech is tolerated, but it has not the hall-mark of good usage and good taste.

Care for one's grammar is the first step toward clean and orderly thinking. Our thoughts are vague and confused until they are put into words, and it is with these words, their functions, their relations, their order, that grammar is concerned."

One more quotation will serve to create additional relish for the author's style:

"Words in a dictionary are dead; like stuffed animals in a museum. They are fulfilling no function; they are merely there, in alphabetical order, to be defined and studied. It is only in sentences, vitalized by someone's constructive thought, that they become living things, acting intelligently together and helping one another in conveying a common idea.

It is through words that "ideas have hands and feet." It is in this light that we are to survey the domain of grammar. We are to range over a field peopled with these living words; each of these having something distinctive to do, and all working in co-operation. It is solely by their function, as words in action, that we are to estimate their values."

If you like this style of writing and think that grammar thus explained will be helpful and interesting to you, the publishers will no doubt be pleased to send more information about this book.

For Sunday Reading

FOR Sunday reading and for week-days too, the books of Pickering & Inglis, well known religious publishers of 229 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Scotland, are always to be recommended. Many of the books of these publishers are especially prepared for group leaders. Among recent publications are Seeing Greater Things, From Dawn to Sundown, Phillipian Studies, Seventy Best Bible Stories, and Church History.

Seventy Best Bible Stories is a reference volume for leaders and teachers, by George Goodman. Introductory sections include advice to the teacher and suggestions on giving addresses. The seventy selected stories are set forth under a special teaching arrangement and are followed by interesting notes and by outlines suitable for blackboard reproduction. An index of subjects, and a textual index as well, will prove helpful to the class leader in planning his work for presentation to groups.

Church History is dealt with in two volumes, the one dealing with the first thousand years of church history, and the second with five hundred years of vital church history. They are to be followed by a third volume covering the past five centuries. So many anecdotes and human interest stories are related in these books that the reader is carried from page to page hardly aware that he is reading history.

Impressive is the account of Martin Luther when faced with persecution for his stand on religious matters. "Do you expect," he was asked, "your princes to take up arms to defend you—you, a wretched worm like you? I tell you, No! And where will you be then—where will you be then"?

Mark the answer—

"Then, as now, in the hands of Almighty God."

Business Administration

THE Southwestern Publishing Company, Third and Vine Streets, Cincinnati, Ohio, has published for young men who expect to make their way in the field of business, a compact volume entitled: "Business Administration."

The author, Mr. James O. McKinsey, who is a certified public accountant, believes that every student has need for information concerning business activities. Regardless of what his life work may be, he will be concerned with business affairs. If he enters the field of commerce, the necessity for such knowledge is apparent. One cannot perform a task intelligently unless he understands how it is to be done. He will perform it more intelligently if he knows why it is being done. The one who hopes to succeed in business must know the what and why, as well as the how of business affairs.

Each chapter of this 304-page book is followed by a problem section designed to test the knowledge of a student. A few of these problems are presented here. If the reader thinks that the answers are worth knowing, it might be well worth his while to procure a copy of the book.

James Smith contends that since he plans to be a professional man he is not interested in business affairs, and does not desire to study any subjects dealing with commercial activities. Do you think he is correct?

Mr. X says: "My business is different from others and I must work out myself the way in which it should be run. It does me no good to study the way in which other businesses are conducted." Do you agree?

Mr. Brown says: "This is the day of the specialist. Success comes to the man who knows one thing well rather than something about a great many things. I want my son to be a bookkeeper—therefore I want him to study bookkeeping and nothing else while in school." Do you think he is correct?

Why might a banker be more willing to lend to a partnership than to a sole proprietor?

The seller may establish the price of his commodity (1) at the market (2) at less than the market and (3) at more than the market. Illustrate concretely when he should do each.

James King has just organized a business for the sale of a certain product. He is in doubt as to the best method of sale to use in marketing his product. How should he proceed to solve his problem?

A Language Guide

ANOTHER book from the press of the Home Correspondence School is entitled: "Writing Good English," by Dr. J. Berg Esenwein. It is a guide book based on reason rather than on rules and undertakes to show how chosen words are built into the most expressive forms.

The thirty-three chapters deal clearly with such topics as sentences and their kinds; building sentences for variety; the paragraph; the whole compostion; the growth of words; discriminations in the use of words; figures of speech; punctuation; and the right preposition.

In order that the reader may test his knowledge of the chapters, each chapter is followed by a section headed For Thought and Practice. Many interesting problems are included in these sections and readers who work through them will no doubt find them very helpful as an aid to good expression.

A very complete index enables the student to find quickly information on any point of interest, and a final section contains one hundred general selections for study and practice, from the masterpieces of English writers. There is also a chapter on spelling in which is included an extensive and useful list of words commonly misspelled.

Economics for Canadians

ECONOMICS for Canadians is a new book from a Canadian firm, Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd., 70 Bond Street, Toronto. It has been written especially for junior students by Ralph Evans Freeman, who is professor of economics in the University of Western Ontario. It is of convenient pocket size and should prove exceedingly useful to students of public affairs. As a handbook for small study and debating groups, as well as for individual and class students, it should provide much useful material for study and discussion.

The subject of economics is not easy to write about in simple language but Professor Freeman has made a special effort, and has succeeded very well, to discuss economic problems in such a way that a man with ordinary education can follow the arguments and reasoning. The fact that Canadian illustrations are used throughout the book, gives the subject an interest that is not always to be found in works on economics.

A complete index provides ready reference to such topics as agriculture, apprentices, arbitration, banks, capital, charity, communism, dividends, exchanges, education, fur trade, hours of labor, interest, land, money, natural resources, old age pensions, poverty, pools, rent, tariffs, taxes, unemployment, vocational training, and wages. Diagrams and tables are provided for purposes of explanation and study.

We take the liberty of quoting the opening paragraph. If you find it interesting, you will no doubt find the whole book interesting.

"To be economical means to be thrifty. It means choosing between different ways of spending income and deciding upon the purchase of those things that will yield the greatest satisfaction for the money. The term 'economics' is derived from Greek words meaning the control of the household. It is important, as everyone knows, for the head of the household to administer his resources economically, to make the family income go as far as possible toward meeting the requirements of the home. The business man is faced with a similar problem. He must choose between the various things he might buy to assist him in business and choose the workers, machines, and other aids to production which will enable him to reap the greatest profit."

Economics for Canadians contains 297 pages divided among ten chapters. Any young man might, if he chose, give himself a very helpful course in this important subject by reading one chapter a week for ten weeks.

INFORMATION

Hydro-Electric development in Canada represents a total investment estimated at over $875,000,000, while her water-power development approximates 5,000,000 h.p., which represents only 11 per cent. of the total hydro-electric resources of Canada.

The Light and Power Companies of Canada

AMONG the great and useful industries of Canada are her Light and Power Companies, operating in all places where man has advanced far enough to utilize modern conveniences.

Power generated at the falls is of no use to the ultimate consumer until it has been relayed to transforming stations and distributed in such a manner as to be usable by factory or home in any quantity desired; enough to run a loom, or heat a curling iron.

In spite of the great sums spent on this equipment, the cost to the individual is insignificant compared to the service performed, for the presence in the house of the electric wire means not only light but also the ability to use all modern electrical equipment.

From Halifax to Vancouver, our Light and Power companies are operating day and night for the benefit of the public.

The Northern Electric Company wishes to pay tribute to the tireless and unremitting efforts of our great utility companies to aid and encourage better living conditions throughout the Dominion.

Northern Electric
COMPANY LIMITED

Equipment for Transmitting Power and Sound

This is Number Three of a series of advertisements dealing with Canada's leading industries.

242

The Smileys Regulate Christmas

By Frances Bailey

THE falling snow folded a fleecy scarf about the patient grey shoulders of the old Smiley house. It threaded frosty stars and spangles through the ragged spruce trees by the white picket gate, so that they twinkled and blinked quite festively in the little golden paths of lamp-light that wavered forth from the low windows. "Come in out of the snow and night," beckoned the lights, and the big house spread its wide wings seconding the invitation.

Inside, the promise of warmth and coziness was fulfilled. A splendid fire was crackling in the big fireplace, and the dancing light played into every corner of the pleasant old living-room, mellowed and hallowed with years of comfortable use. In the big easy chairs on each side of the hearth, sat Mr. and Mrs. Smiley. They had lived together for forty years, but they were still happily content to spend the evening without the aid of books or games. The house was quiet tonight, the Smileys were unwontedly quiet; buried in thought, memories, perhaps, for this year they were alone in their large house where their five children had been born and reared. Alone, and Christmas was almost upon them!

Suddenly Mrs. Smiley leaned over and gave the logs a vicious poke. Her fair old face was flushed, and not entirely from the heat. Her husband glanced at her questioningly. He seemed always to know when she was disturbed. Was she thinking about other Christmases when the children were little? How pretty she looked! The firelight made a rosy halo of the silvery hair that clustered in soft thick waves about her brow. Then she was looking at him, and her mouth didn't look tremulous, as it did when she was remembering. It looked very determined.

"John"! she exclaimed desperately, "do we have to ask them all this year? There's getting to be so many of them"!

"Elizabeth Ann Smiley"!

"Well, last Christmas it made you feel just the same way," insisted Mrs. Smiley, not very lucidly.

"I'm deeply shocked"! said her husband, but there was a twinkle in his dark eyes under the thatch of shaggy brow as he added rather plaintively: "They'd all come anyway. Think of course you expected them—just forgot to mention it."

"I knew you felt the same way about it"! exclaimed Mrs. Smiley triumphantly.

"Well—it isn't that we don't want them. One family at a time, they're the loveliest children in the world——"

"Thirteen grandchildren this year—counting the new baby—five of our own children—and four in-laws! It's getting to be too much"!

"I believe they would enjoy a Christmas in their own homes," said Father Smiley, feeling somehow ashamed. "Or, if they didn't move down here for—almost a week, wasn't it—last time"?

"Over a week. They stayed for New Years! And they only do it to please us—so we won't be lonely"!

"It sounds that way, when they talk," admitted her husband, "but I notice we aren't the ones who always have to have the tree in just the same corner of the same room. And the grandchildren's stockings hung just where theirs were——"

"Twenty-two stockings—and we only had five"!

"They think we like it——"

'If they didn't take it so for granted," protested Mrs. Smiley, "and manage it all for us."

"We've spoiled them, I guess. Now they think *all* our lives are in our children." They exchanged amused understanding glances.

"Yet their own children aren't the *entire* universe to them," Mrs. Smiley murmured.

"Now," said her husband, "it's sort of like it was when we were first married. Only better—for we've had so many memories together."

Mother Smiley twinkled at him. John had always known how to say the nicest things! "Well, that's settled," she said briskly. "Christmas in their own homes is right and proper. It will build up traditions for their houses, the way we did for this."

"But — how are you going to do it"? asked Father Smiley doubtfully.

"We'll just have to forestall them." She was very determined, now that she had gotten up her courage to broach the subject. A gleam of excitement warmed the gentle grey of her eyes. "We'll accept an invitation to spend Christmas with some friends of ours"! she decided; "I'll write all the children tomorrow."

"Spend Christmas away from home"! exclaimed Father, and his face looked lugubrious. He was dreading the annual deluge as much as his wife, but Christmas away from home! Was it worth all that"?

"We needn't go," smiled Ann. "The last minute I could have an attack of something. They seem to expect it of me—at my age"!

"And — there's Robert——" Robert was the youngest son, and the only unmarried one. "It would be awful for Robert to spend Christmas in a boarding-house."

"One of the others can have him. I'd love to have Bob come home—but if we did, what would the others think"?

So they began to make their plans with a zest that had been noticeably lacking in the last few years, when Christmas meant an influx of nine adults, and any place from ten to thirteen children for several days.

The next day, her letters off, Mrs. Smiley broke the news to Katie, the cook: "You can have a holiday this Christmas, Katie. From breakfast-time on, plan to do whatever you like. There won't be any guests in the house."

"Heavins be praised"! shouted Katie. "If it wasn't fer the trouble an' all to you, I was about plannin' to have some kind of an attack, this year. 'Not again can I stand it, I says to Matt, with them all swarmin' into my kitchen, and Katie, could you do this, and Katie could you do that, and, Katie, there's a good recipe you might try for lunch, and the ones with the new babies botherin' the life out-a me with the bottles and diapers and all—not that they ain't all purty youngsters an' as sweet as the mothers theirselves when they was little——"

"Well," cut in Mrs. Smiley, knowing that Katie could go on thus indefinitely, "you see you won't need to have an attack after all. Be sure you leave a full larder, that's all I ask; roast a turkey, the day before—and a ham. Have some mince and pumpkin pies—fruit cake—cranberry jelly, you know. Oh, yes, you'd better have some salad dressing—and fresh lettuce. I'll see to the fruit and nuts and raisins."

"But I thought you was going away," said Katie staring.

"Well—we may be back in the evening—and have a few friends in," Mrs. Smiley felt herself blushing a little.

"You're expectin' some o' them to show up anyway"! said Katie firmly. "And if they do, I'll stay around, and see that they don't run you ragged."

"Oh, no—they all know we won't be here"!

"Not even Mr. Bob? I saw his girl down the street last night. She sure is one swell looker—I'll bet if that Bob could-a taken a look at Elsie like I seen her, he wouldn't stay away from this town fer Christmas. Mistletoe an' all——" Katie had been with the Smiley family a good many years, and her familiarities were overlooked.

IT WAS the day before Christmas, and Father Smiley came into the living-room rather sheepishly. He went over to the fire, where he stood warming his hands, and looking over at Mother from under his brows.

"Well, John, what have you done now"? And John admitted that he had brought the biggest Christmas tree he could find, and was having Matt bring it in.

"Some way, it wouldn't seem like Christmas without a tree. Might as well have it in the same old corner, I suppose," he added self-consciously. "It'll look kind of nice, even if it isn't decorated much."

"Why, I have all the decorations in the attic," said Mrs. Smiley, not meeting his eye, "I might as well get them and we can put them on as soon as you get the tree fixed."

It was the first time they had fussed over the tree, themselves, for years. "How quiet the house seems"! said Father. "I'm glad I thought of this tree; I'm enjoying fixing it, aren't you"?

"Yes. Wouldn't it be nice to have all the children—if they didn't take everything out of our hands so? They think they're saving us trouble, I suppose. Why, last year, Edith even wrote me telling me what her children would like for Christmas, so I wouldn't make a mistake in buying the presents and get them something they already had"! The doorbell rang, and the two Smileys climbed down from the chairs they were standing on. Katie had gone out, so John Smiley went to the door.

"Two more boxes"! he called, "from John Junior and Edith. That makes one from each family." He brought them in and put them under the tree.

"We'll open them tomorrow," he said. "What'll we do to celebrate, now that we are free to do what we please"?

"Why," said Mother, looking at him a little queerly, "I don't know, I'm sure. Someway, I hadn't thought of that'! She laughed a little, but it didn't sound very jolly. "We'll do whatever we feel like doing—when the time comes, regardless"! she said defiantly.

"Well," said Father, making a sudden decision, "I have to go down town till about five. Don't go snooping around in the bureau drawers while I'm gone."

When he had left, his wife settled down to thinking over the way he had acted. How sort of forlorn John had looked when he asked what they

Continued on page 34

Christmas Toys Bring Christmas Joys

By William Thompson

Sleepy heads jump out of bed,
Hearing Santa's bells and sled,
Bringing candy, mice and rats,
Dolls and cotton pussy cats.

Then he's off, I'm sure you know
He has very far to go,
And how tired he must be
Riding over land and sea.

But he only works one day
And has all the year to play;
That's the reason all the while
On his face you'll see a smile.

Happiness he gives to you,
This to others you should do,
Don't just smile when Santa's here;
Keep on smiling all the year.

Gift Suggestions

...for the T.C.S. *(Tired-Christmas-Shopper)*
...Planning-Time = 13 minutes!

Have you your pencil ready, and your list beside you? ... All right, then ... COMMUNITY PLATE suggests for Christmas, presents for Women of Discrimination ...

At the left: The new 'jeweled'-handle knives, of Community Plate (exclusively!). Like those the Very-Fashionables have been bringing back from Paris, they add a bright accent of beauty to the table, and everywhere cause an excited stir of comment. Five patterns—three colors—$15.00 for six (DeLuxe Stainless blades).

At the right, (top): The Modernist tea set of Community Plate—the PATRICIAN-MODERNE design—a brilliant native version of the new art. The silverware of tomorrow—a sensation today. $50.00 (3 pieces).

And—below the tea set: the GROSVENOR salad fork—slim as a lily, smooth as a bluebell's chalice. For the younger woman who is 'assembling' her silver. $8.00 for six.

Beside the salad fork: an orange-spoon that shows the loveliness of the PATRICIAN-MODERNE *tableware* ... contingent planes, geometric patterning. $7.00 for six.

Below: Luminous in its reticent beauty—a double vegetable dish in the PAUL REVERE pattern. the Colonial tradition at its purest and best. $25.00 for the pair.

At extreme right: An enchanting child's cup in the BIRD OF PARADISE pattern ... for any lady under six. First aid to godparents and bewildered uncles. $5.00

Most welcome of all, perhaps: a complete new service of table silver ... the essentials for six covers at $39.25. The lovely *Modernist Chest* of blue, black and silver is free.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD.
NIAGARA FALLS CANADA

At Your Jeweler's

NOTE: These *'Jeweled'*-handle knives cost no more than the regular Community *silver-plated* handle knives.

COMMUNITY PLATE

Also makers of TUDOR PLATE

A Gift as popular as Christmas — Waterman's

ONLY the proven worth of more than forty years of demonstrated merit could bring to Waterman's writing instruments the tremendous popularity they enjoy at every Christmas Season. Then, it is, they become the "Ideal" gifts for thousands. Offered in an almost limitless variety of styles, they fit the purse and the taste of everyone. Practical gifts, they continue daily reminders of the givers throughout years. And Waterman's new No. 7 is particularly practical at Christmas time, because, if necessary it can be so easily exchanged by the recipient for another which will suit him perfectly. No. 7 is the vehicle for Waterman's new principle of scientific pen point selection—a notable contribution and a genuine boon to the popular practice of "fountain pen giving."

The new color line too is a great favorite with its rich two-tone effects in Ripple-Rose, Ripple-Blugreen, and Ripple-Olive. Made of Stainless Hard Rubber, the all-satisfying material for fountain pen holders, they are a new triumph to Waterman's genius.

$7.00

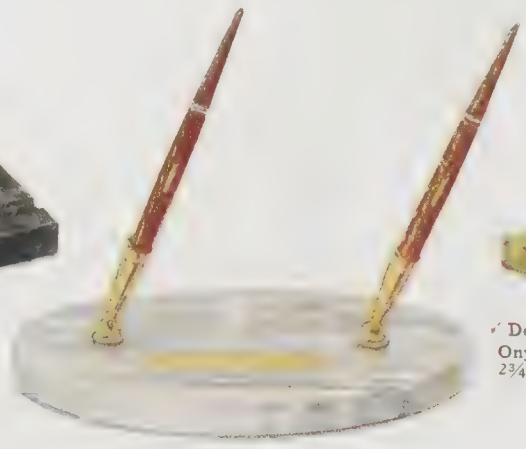
Number Seven

The perfect gift pen. Easily exchanged for one to suit the style of writing of the recipient.

Two-Tone Color Pens and Pencils

Offered in three colors, two sizes (large $5, small $4) with pencils to match ($2 and $1.50) they delight the eyes as well as the hands of youth and age alike.

Desk Set No. 6267
Marble or Onyx Base,
Size 4" x 6"
Price with No. 67 desk pen
$15.00



Desk Set No. 6467—Onyx or Marble Base.
7" x 10" with name plate. Price complete
with two No. 67 Desk Pens - $30.00

Desk Set No. 6062½
Onyx or Marble Base
2¾" x 2¾". Price with
Pen - $7.50

Gyro-Sheath Desk Sets

Waterman's new Gyro-Sheath Desk Sets are rapidly becoming the choice of prominent business executives and women of fashion everywhere. To an extraordinary degree they combine artistic beauty with practical utility. Equipped with No. 7 pen points fitted to gracefully tapering colored holders, the principle of scientific pen point selection is thus applied to Desk Sets for the first time. Waterman's products are on sale at all Waterman's dealers and Waterman's dealers are everywhere. Use Waterman's inks in Waterman's pens.

L. E. Waterman Company, Ltd. 263 St. James St. West, Montreal

Chicago Boston San Francisco New York

Waterman's

Come Let Us Read A While

By Sheila Rand

Sheer Beauty

ONE of the happiest occupations I can imagine would be that of Bellringer for Bookland. I would like to be chosen to hold this job. In one hand I would hold an enormous bell, bigger than the muffin man's, and I would tramp the highways and byways ringing loudly this bell until people gathered round me to know what all the noise was about, then I would say: "I have just read a beautiful book which all must read who would be happy. It is called . . . "

This is exactly what I wanted to do after reading "Precious Bane" by Mary Webb. I think it must have been published two or three years ago, but I have only just read it. It is a Shropshire story. It has the qualities of Thomas Hardy and Sheila Kaye-Smith, together with a beauty and tenderness entirely individual to Mary Webb, the author. I have not as yet been to Shropshire, I knew nothing of Shropshire customs and legends, I had never before tried to put myself in the place of a girl with a hare-shotten lip. Until I read "Precious Bane" I knew nothing of sin-eaters, of the quaint customs Shropshire folk uphold at the betrothals, weddings, funerals, harvestings and spinning "festes." Yet, as I read on and on, I found nothing curious or difficult in this book. I felt as if I had lived all my life at Sarn, and that I belonged to these people. Prue Sarn, with a hare-shotten lip, might have been my own sister, with whom I had been brought up, so thoroughly did I understand her speech and mode of expression and viewpoint. Surely this is a great literary feat. Had Mary Webb not been the genius she is, how easily this story might have irritated or bored the poor Londoner who knows nothing of the beauties of Shropshire. I beg all those of you who have not read "Precious Bane" to do so now. There are descriptive passages so beautiful that I feel inclined to copy them out and keep them in a book wherein I treasure exquisite passages of prose and poetry.

A Star Arose

MONTEFIORE, writing of St. Paul, says: "Everything which is connected, or which may be linked up, with a great original genius like Paul, has its interest and fascination. It may be doubtful whether this interest and fascination can ever pass away. For Paul had too deep an effect upon the thought and religion of the Western World for his personality and opinions ever to become matters of indifference to all those who fall within the limits of European influence and civilization."

Donn Byrne must have been of this opinion when he wrote "Brother Saul," which I have lately read, and re-read and recommended to all my friends, who love fine fiction. Truly "the interest and fascination" of Paul must have descended upon Donn Byrne, and enveloped him and seeped through his very blood before he could have painted the picture he has given us in this remarkable novel. Here we see Saul, a young Jewish lad, afflicted with fainting spells and aching eyes, which foretells his epilepsy of later life. Here we see Saul's curious love for the sea and ships; his amazing geographical knowledge, his intuitive understanding of a seaman's duties. Clever touch this, stroke of genius on the part of the author to account for St. Paul, much later, writing descriptions of the sea and storms unrivalled for vividness and accuracy.

Here we see the different types of Jews, the Roman-born, the Persian, the Greek. We meet the Pharisees. We are given insight into Ranninic Judaism such as Saul, the boy and youth, would have absorbed. We are shown the cold, purely intellectual "religion" of the Rabbonic Jews, as compared with the warm, personal, half-emotional half intellectual teachings of those who spread the Word of the Man of Nazareth. A marvellous clash in temperaments is portrayed by Donn Byrne, who creates a sister for Paul, as bitterly opposed to the "Roman" Jew as Saul, in his youth, was opposed to those who vowed that the Messiah had come.

What tenderness and what harshness lie between the covers of this book. What brilliant hues and what sombreness. Mental quibbles and heart-throbs. A world in spiritual chaos. Man in search of truth. Saul converted; Saul lovingly re-named Paul by the huge Barnabas, Paul the lover of the Prince of Peace, yet forever flourishing the sword. A noble achievement is "Brother Saul."

East or West, Home is Best

THIS well-known maxim is not inappropriate to a very remarkable novel that I have just finished reading, "East, Side, West Side," by Felix Riesenberg. Whether or not this novel is autobiographical there is no doubt but that the author has boxed the compass in New York, for he describes with insight, understanding, sympathy and realism both East Side and West Side of the Melting Pot's largest city—New York.

Those who have read, and I hope the number is great, "Adam's Breed," will remember how the author narrates for us the life history of a young Italian waiter, the illegitimate son of a poet. In "East Side, West Side," we have for a hero a boy born and bred up on a river boat, who at the age of sixteen cannot read a single word. Just when his mother is planning to get him off the boat and on to land into a school by hook or crook, disaster overtakes them; the boat is wrecked and all aboard are drowned, with the exception of this young John Breen. We next see him as an inmate of a poor Jewish family in the East Side. Within a few hours of his arrival in this hitherto unknown territory he is discovered to be a wonderful fighter. Had he not been quick and strong with his fists he would have been killed by the gang that set upon him. Thereafter he is hailed as the "Fighting Lipvitch" for the kindly Jewish family tell the neighbors that this boy who has suddenly appeared among them is a relative. We watch John Breen, for that is his real name, during the next few years working in an East Side clothing emporium, and then becoming a professional boxer, until, at the age of nineteen or twenty, I should think, he has his first reading lesson. The chapters descriptive of the wakening of John Breen's mind through becoming acquainted with the printed word are very marvellous and very beautiful. I know of nothing in modern fiction that so describes the power and beauty of the printed word as this.

This is a long book, and I have no intention of giving you further details, and it is all interesting. Just as our Soho waiter in "Adam's Breed" was the illegitimate son of a poet, so John Breen discovered himself to be the illegitimate son of a Fifth Avenue dude. But John Breen's discovery brought nothing but misery; John Breen had a couple of years' tender association with the father who has never acknowledged him. Also he owes to his father his University training. Yes, John Breen goes to University, and there we will leave him, because this is a book you must read for yourselves. It is magnificently written.

Robust Fare

"THE WAYWARD MAN," by St. John Ervine, is an excellent story. After reading two of Martin Armstrong's introspective, atmospheric, sex-complex treatises, artistic though they be, it was a great relief to find myself among people engrossed with such prosaic matters as household necessities, with toys at Christmastime. There is something about "The Wayward Man" that startles one; it seems almost to belong to another generation. The author, were he to read this remark, which in nine cases out of ten he would not, might resent it, but if he did it would be because I have expressed myself badly. I am trying to pay "The Wayward Man" a compliment. It is every bit as clever as the very modern novel, but it is so much more wholesome. Mr. St. John Ervine has a story to tell, not a psychological analysis to make. Not that his book lacks psychological interest; it does not. It is a fine portrayal that he has given us of the wayward man, Robert, or Darkie, as he was affectionately called. He was wayward from the cradle. His mother, a dominant woman with almost a Hebraic matriarchal strain in her, did her best to subdue Darkie's waywardness, but all she achieved was to help him to make a fearful mess of his life. Delightful reading are the chapters devoted to the descriptions of the shops in Pottinger's Road, of Mrs. Dunwoody's shop in particular. Thrilling to read of Robert's childish imaginings, of the gradual settling and hardening of his emotional nature. How brilliantly Mr. St. John Ervine has portrayed the entire Dunwoody family. We really live with them. We feel that we know the self-effacing, unimaginative, hard-working, honest Alec, and the impulsive, headstrong Matty, the rather colorless Margaret, the tempestuous Darkie, and the strong-willed mother, Mrs. Dunwoody. We leave the shops for several years, because we are bound to follow Darkie in his life as a sailor. What robust scenes there are now. The third section of this novel, which seems to fall into three well-defined movements, was to me the most interesting, because we have now left boxing-rings and storms at sea and brutality and drunkenness, and we are confronted with the most interesting of all human spectacles—the reaction of one temperament upon another. Brenda succeeds in marrying Darkie; she had made up her mind, as we all knew, from the time she was a young girl, and with this marriage the death-knell of Darkie's individuality and freedom is tolled.. What happens to him I am not going to say. You will thoroughly enjoy reading this story. And what a magnificent story for a motion-picture film!

December

By Mary Matheson

December is a soldier
Marching through the snow,
Stalking through the woodland
Where the Northwinds blow.

He tramps through the meadows
Broken-hearted, wise,
Knowledge of the Summer
Shining from his eyes.

Memories he carries,
Borne of every clime
—Does he aye remember
One glad Christmas-time?

—When the little Christ-child
Came with joy untold
To the earth receiving
Myrr, frankincense, gold.

Surely he remembers
And would have us know
We can share the Christ-child
Of the Long-ago,

Bringing to Him offerings
As the wise did then
While glad hosts were singing
"Peace good-will to men."

December is a soldier
Broken-hearted, wise,
But his heart has healing
In our sacrifice.

The Unbroken Song

By

Ruth Anderson Walker

THERE are times when words are not enough. There are moments when our hearts are so full that mere speech seems cold and even the most beautiful words fail to express what we feel. Because of this, in times of great emotion, people since the earliest ages have expressed themselves with music. Songs have been made to fit every one of the great occasions of human life from its beginning to its end. The mother tells her love for her child with a lullaby. The worshipper has his hymns; the lover, serenades; the patriot, songs in praise of his country; and in the old days, in Scotland and Ireland, there were great "keening" songs, or laments, that were sung over the dead. But of all the occasions when music and song are a joy and a necessity to the soul, the holy tide of Christmas is the greatest.

For this festival of hope and gladness the finest musicians have been inspired to composition, but the real tradition of Christmas music antedates our great composers. It goes back to the tale of how the shepherds saw the star and heard the angels singing. Ever since then music has been an inseparable part of man's celebration of the anniversary of Christ's birth.

It has been picturesquely said that the angels were the first carollers when they sang to the shepherds on Nativity night: "Glory to God on high and on earth peace to men of good will," but historians tell us that the special type of Christmas song which we call a "carol" probably originated with the gentle Saint Francis of Assisi, in the Middle Ages, and from his followers the carol sang itself across Europe. At any rate, we know that carols were sung in the old religious plays of that time and were particularly loved and sung in England and Scotland—

"Aback of the North, where Yule is Yule,
And winter snowy and summer cool,
And windows shine in the firelight,
Folks are carolling into the night."

(These verses might have been written of our own Canada!)

Christmas music, however, does not belong to one country alone. It is universal, and Longfellow reminds us of this fact when, telling us of how he listened to the bells chiming, he thought how

"The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men."

Yes, all countries celebrate the great day. British children hopefully hang up their stockings and sing "God rest you, merry gentlemen." German children, gathered about the glittering fir-tree on Christmas Eve, sing "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht." Little Hollanders sing while they wait for Saint Nicholas to fill their wooden shoes with goodies; and in Italy, still, shepherds come down from their pastures on the hills to the villages on the Holy Eve and play their pipes as once other shepherds did, near Bethlehem. Each country has its special Christmas custom, but in all countries music is a part of the celebration.

There is hardly a Christmas poem to be found that does not take it for granted that Christmas Day means a day of music—glad and glorious music, for, as one very ancient song tells us, "There was mickle melody at that child's birth"!

Let us look over some of the great Christmas poems and songs from the old times until today, and notice how the great tradition of music runs through them all.

According to one of the very oldest of Christmas songs, "The Cherry Tree Carol," the Angels were first heard by Joseph:

"As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel sing:
'This night shall be born
Our heavenly King'."

Joseph was on his way to Bethlehem, and on the hillsides near that little town—

"Shepherds of old were sitting in fold and stars
were out in the sky,
Shepherding folk with the shepherd's pipe, and
played as the stars went by."

It was to these shepherds that the angels came next, and a famous Italian poet says that then "A song divine filled all the heavens wide; 'Peace upon Earth'! the thrilling message came." And the Shepherds put down their own pipes and listened to the angels for "the heavens seemed to ring with glad hosannas." Milton, too, tells of the shepherds, and how

"Such a music sweet,
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal fingers struck."

It was the Seraphim "harping in loud and solemn choir" and making "Such music (as 'tis said) before was never made."

Robert Bridges, the Poet Laureate of England, tells us how, hearing on one frosty Christmas Eve the pealing of bells, his thoughts sped back to keep that first Christmas of all,

"When the shepherds watching
By their folds ere the dawn,
Heard music in the fields
And marvelling could not tell
Whether it were angels,
Or the bright stars singing."

And another poet of today puts his words into the mouth of one of those very shepherds and lets him tell of hearing the music. The shepherd says:

"Out of the midnight sky a great dawn broke,
And a voice singing flooded us with song.
In David's City was He born, it sang,
A Saviour, Christ the Lord. Then while I sat
Shivering with the thrill of that great cry,
A mighty choir a thousandfold more sweet
Suddenly sang, Glory to God, and Peace—
Peace on earth . . . ."

Thus it was not only the star that led the shepherds to the manger, but it was also the music of heaven.

NOR does the tradition of music end when the shepherds reached that lowly stable and knelt in worship before their newborn King. The sky was still filled with "glad hosannas," and a more human song was added to the heavenly choir. Mary was singing a lullaby to her baby:

"Lulla, lulla, lullaby, Sweet Babe, sang she;
And rock't Him sweetly on her knee."

The tender thought that upon that blessed night Jesus' mother sang Him to His first sleep has touched all the hearts in the world, and, as some of those hearts belonged to men who could make verses and songs, they have written of Mary's lullaby. In one of these songs, written hundreds of years ago, Christ's mother sings:

"Now sweetest Lord, since it be so, that all things
are Thy will,
I pray Thee grant me now a boon and make my
wish fulfil,
That child or man
That will or can
Be merry on this day,
To bliss them bring
And I shall sing
Lullay, by, lulley-lay."

In another such old song, "Our Blessed Lady's Lullaby," Mary sings her love and praise to her Child and adds:

"And let the ensuing blessed race,
Thou wilt succeeding raise,
Join all their praises unto mine,
To multiply Thy praise.
Sing lullaby, my little Boy."

Shepherds piped on the fellsides by Bethany, God's angels sang to them and to Joseph from the heavens, and Mary sang to Jesus—but the tradition of music on that first Christmas of all is still incomplete. There is a legend that on every Christmas Eve at twelve o'clock the gentle beasts kneel down in their stalls in memory of Him who was born among their own humble kind. Most of us know this pretty legend, but there is another one about the animals that is not so well known, but which completes the tradition of the first Christmas music. This legend, repeated in a modern carol, tells how the shepherds came to the stable and found Jesus sleeping in his manger bed. They were filled with awe and dared not approach the Babe, but Mary called them to come near, saying: "Come hither, sirs, he is so sweet and small"—

"Whereat the blessed beasts with one accord
Gave tongue to praise their little blessed Lord,
Oxen and asses singing in their stall;
The King of Kings he is so sweet and small."

And so, you see, truly "There was mickle melody at that Child's birth"!

OTHER carols, which do not describe the music of that first Christmas, continue the story by telling how the music of that holy day has gone echoing like an unbroken song down through all the years that have followed. Back in the Middle Ages folk went singing the "Carol of King Cnut," and from the words we may know something of how Christmas was celebrated in those far-off days:

"O, Merry rang the hymn
Across the fenlands dim,
From Ely Minster then
Rang out across the fen,
The good monks' merry song,
And rolled its aisles along,
And echoed loud and long,
Sing Joy the day,
Sing Joy, my masters, sing,
And let the welkin ring,
O Gloria"!

Here again we have in every line the proof that Christmas was an occasion for joyous

Continued on page 41

Make Gifts of Music This Christmas

Place Your Order Today. *Pay for Them After the New Year.* *What Could be More Acceptable!*

Pianos, Player-Pianos, Victrolas, Organs, Band and Orchestral Instruments, Victor V. E. Records and Player Pianos Rolls

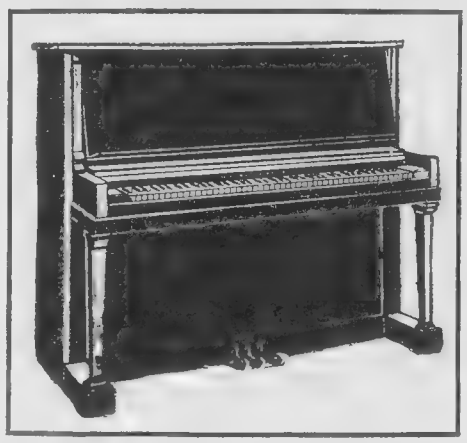
Gifts that will recall the giver, Gifts that will give enjoyment all the year round, Gifts that are most acceptable. Our easy payment plan makes the payment of these gifts a simple matter—a small cash payment and the balance on terms to suit your convenience.

NEW PIANOS ON EASY TERMS

Xmas Piano Specials

Ennis Bungalow Style

in either mahogany or oak, free stool and freight prepaid to your nearest station, at a saving of over $50 to $75 on instruments purchased elsewhere. Pay $25 now—have your piano shipped now, or for Christmas — balance payable $10 monthly. Half yearly or fall payments arranged on one quarter cash payments if you prefer. This piano possesses rich, resonant tone, splendid design and finish specially priced at $395



Other Piano Specials

Canada (student special) $325
3 ft. 8 inches high walnut or mahogany.
Canada formerly $385 .....$345
Ennis "Colonial" $415
Bell "Studio" reg, $445 .....$425
Bell "C" Reg. $495 .....$445
Nordheimer "G" Reg. $685..... $625

Used Piano Bargains

Large assortment all overhauled and in good condition from .....$235 Up

Orthophonic Victrolas

Your home will never be complete without one of these splendid Victor Orthophonic Victrolas. The machine that created a higher standard of musical reproduction. We carry a complete selection of these instruments and Victor V.E. Records.

Prices from $115 (As Illustrated) to $385

New Victor Radio

SPECIAL

There is a new world of entertainment awaiting you in the new Victor All Electric and battery operated receivers—Each unit built to meet the most exacting requirements.

PRICES FROM

$77.50

We also carry a complete line of—DeForest Crosley, Marconi and Sparton Radios

Saxophone Outfits

Silver plated E. flat alto saxophone outfit, complete with case and all accessories.

Special Price
$145
$20 Cash
$10 Monthly

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Let our new catalogue assist you in making gift selections. Information and illustrations regarding such renowned bands and orchestral instruments as **Conn, Ludwig, Boosey, Vega, Bacon,** Etc.—Easy Terms arranged.

WRITE TODAY for descriptive folders and catalogues regarding easy payment terms—but be sure to state what particular instrument you are interested in.

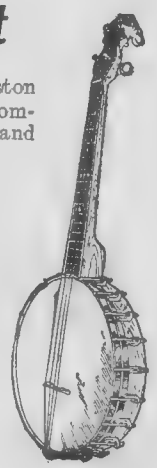
Monthly list of player piano rolls and Victor Records mailed on request. Carrying charges prepaid on orders from $5 upwards.

GIFT SUGGESTIONS Volumes of the classics and vocal albums $1.75 to $5.00, handsomely bound—complete selection of teachers supplies—popular sheet music and orchestrations.

Tenor Banjo Outfit

Ludwig kingston tenor banjo, complete with case and all accessories.

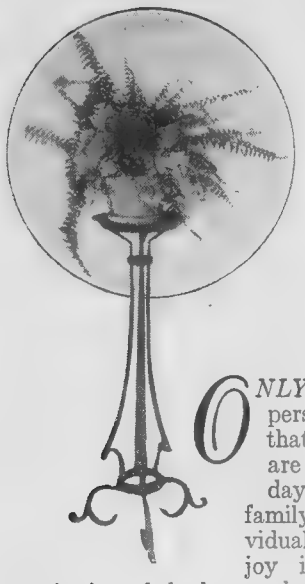
$105
$15 Cash
$8 Monthly



WINNIPEG PIANO CO LTD

333 PORTAGE AVE.

HOME OF THE MASON RISCH—CANADA'S BEST PIANO



A GIFT TO THE HOUSE AND THE FAMILY

To be Enjoyed Throughout the Year

By Katherine M. Caldwell

ONLY a very argumentative person will dispute the fact that people in general are more "house-proud" to day than ever before. The family, collectively and individually, finds very positive joy in the decorating and equipping of the house—both in the general rooms and in the personally claimed rooms or corners.

Thus, "the House" has been added to our Christmas lists. The family will combine, sometimes, to give it a present that will bring pleasure to everyone; perhaps it is a new radio, one that will not only gather in the good things from the air, but will add distinction to the room it adorns, since the radio set has graduated from its more or less ungainly stages, to the status of a beautiful piece of furniture. Maybe one of the wonderful new phonographs has been for some time a family ambition—or the luxury of some really gorgeous records.

If creature comfort is a goal on which all are agreed, could anything supply more of it than a deep-cushioned new chesterfield or davenport? Or an easy chair or two? If the gift-of-comfort is designed for one special person, then by all means let it bear the marks of careful selection; a long-bodied chair for the man who is long of limb; a small, soft-cushioned chair for Mother, with arms just the right height to support *her* arms when she reads or does a bit of sewing; a cunning replica of grown-up chairs for little Bess or young Tommy—you can get them in reed or fibre, with dear little fitted cushions, in rocker or armchair style; or painted and decorated wooden chairs that surpass in prettiness anything we used to find available for children.

Telephone Set
Telephone stool and table, in walnut

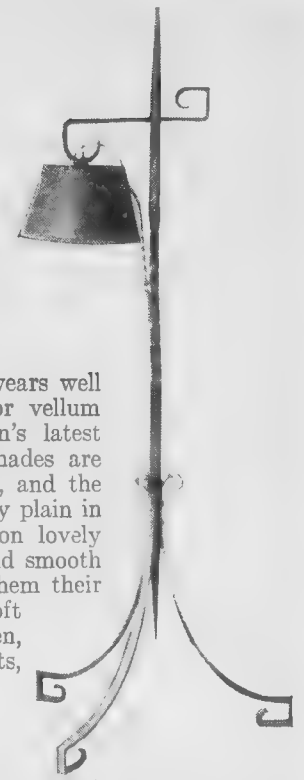
IF A table is in order, there is such a wealth of types that if you know just exactly what rôle you would have your table fill, you can get one that might well have been built to your order. End tables, that fit snugly against the arm of sofa or chair, ready to share the moment's activities with you, come in an infinite number of styles, from the neat little walnut table pictured on this page, to delightful wrought-iron tables, with marble, tile, metal or lacquered top. Occasional tables appear in new styles constantly. My eye was caught recently by a very attractive type at an unbelievably low price; there was a little folding stand of black wood, slender as bamboo; when the stand was open, it supported a brass tray that reminded one of a pie-crust table-top; the metal is heavy and charmingly etched and down below, a second and smaller tray is supported by cross-pieces. The ten-inch size sells for about $3.00 and a fourteen-inch top, big enough for small tea equipment, was priced at about double that.

Pictures, mirrors and photo frames may invariably be included in the list of useful and decorative presents for the house

I have seen little tables with painted colored tops in red or green, on an iron stand, priced as low as a couple of dollars; others of hand-wrought iron with Italian mosaic or tile tops, at from twenty to thirty dollars in a somewhat larger size.

Dear little pie-crust tables in mahogany or walnut, with a three-footed pedestal delicately carved, started at $15.00 and ran to about $45.00 when I priced them recently. Of course, console tables and library tables soar from trim simplicity to great heights of beauty and commensurate price.

The indispensable tea-wagon has added greatly to its original usefulness, by acquiring drop leaves, which can be raised to make a luncheon table of very good proportions, quite adequate for from two to four people. I know one such tea cart which is wheeled into a sunny window every morning for about nine months in the year, and breakfast is a matter of gay color and sunshine; and on a summer mid-day, it rolls to a shaded verandah, where luncheon includes anything that may be going in the way of a cooling breeze. You will note in the illustration that the handle folds down, that there is a glass-bottomed tray which fits the top and which will always carry "spillables"; one thing our illustration does not show, is a drawer at the other end for the silver. A fern stand (especially if someone will collaborate and fill it with ferns and flowering plants, is a real joy-bringer. We show one in Queen Anne style, that is made of walnut, and a single iron stand which, being hand-wrought, is sure of a welcome. A companion piece to the latter is a stunning wrought-iron lamp stand. It is of a type which fits perfectly into the average liveable room, and it wears well the plain parchment or vellum shade which is fashion's latest favorite. New lamp shades are always a welcome idea, and the *newest* of these are very plain in treatment—depending on lovely color and good lines and smooth workmanship to give them their distinction. Chintz in soft and dashing colors, linen, silks, and even velvets, are drawn straight and tight over the wire frames which have first been covered with silk or handkerchief linen in a glowing color that will make a cheerful light when the lamp is turned on. Instead of the fringes, beads, etc., of past years, these shades are simply bound with a piece of the same material or with corded ribbon or a narrow velvet in blending color. Plain and pleated shades are shown in parchment, in heavy papers and in glazed chintz.



End Table
A conservative type of end table

I have fallen completely in love with a shipment of tiny footstools just arrived from Europe. They are made of chestnut wood, their cushioned tops covered with genuine needlepoint, and they sell at from five to eight dollars. Lamp shades seem to suggest another important group of accessories—cushions. These, too, have developed quite a new personality. The modernistic trend is very noticeable in some of them—many of the most expensive types of imported cushions. Italy is sending cushions covered with suede, two or more colors being used, put together in what is really patchwork style, in the squares, oblongs, and triangles beloved of modern design. The same type of thing is worked out in felt and very excellent effects are attained when soft and carefully blended colors are chosen. One antique dealer recently showed a group of cushions which he confided to me had been made from an old silk patchwork quilt which had given out here

Tea Wagon
The new type wagon has drop leaves, a glass-bottomed tray, folding handle and a drawer for silverware

Walnut Fernery
A walnut stand to be filled with ferns and plants

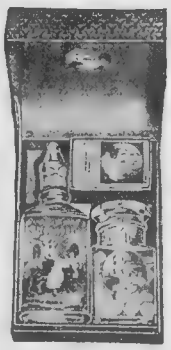
Furniture pictures by courtesy of the T. Eaton Company, Ltd.

Continued on page 84

From England
- the Land of Yuletide and Holly

THERE'S an air of Old World charm . . . a breath of Merrie England . . . luxury . . . in any one of Yardley's famous Old English Toiletries.

The exquisite daintiness of these delicately scented creations bespeaks the good taste of the giver. May we suggest that you use the following list to aid you in your Christmas shopping.



No. 70—Gift Case
Lavender Perfume, Sachet and Smelling Salts, $2.50

No. 93—Gift Case for Men
Lavender Talc, Shaving Bowl and Lotion $2.50

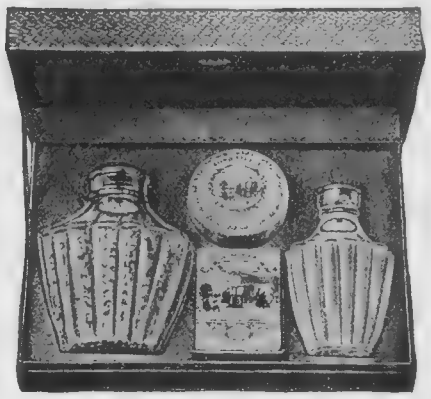
No. 74—Gift Case for Men
Lavender Talc, Shaving Stick and Lotion $2.00

No. 1917—Gift Case
Lavender Perfume and Compact Powder
$2.50

By Appointment To H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

No. 898—Gift Case
Lavender Perfume, Face Powder, Soap, Talc and Bath Salt Tablets $3.50

No. 84—Gift Case
Lavender Perfume, Talc, Sachet, Soap and Face Powder $5.00



No. 53—Gift Case
Bond Street Perfume, Bath Salt Crystals, Face Powder and Talc
$6.50
Also in Jessamine O'Devon

No. 85—Gift Case
Lavender Soap, Bath Crystals and Bath Dusting Powder
$3.75

No. 83—Gift Case
Lavender Perfume, Face Powder and Soap
$2.25

No. 77—Gift Case
Lavender Perfume and Soap $0.85

Lavender Soap
$1.00 a box of 3 cakes

No. 75D—Gift Case
Lavender Perfume, Soap and Compact Powder
$3.00

No.79BJS—Gift Case
Handsome genuine green leather box, containing Bond Street and Jessamine O'Devon Perfume and Lavender Compact Powder
$6.50

'No. 76—Gift Case for Men
Lavender Talc, Brilliantine, Soap, Shaving Stick and Lotion $3.00

No. 94—Gift Case
Lavender Bath Salt Crystals and Soap
$1.50

Yardley's

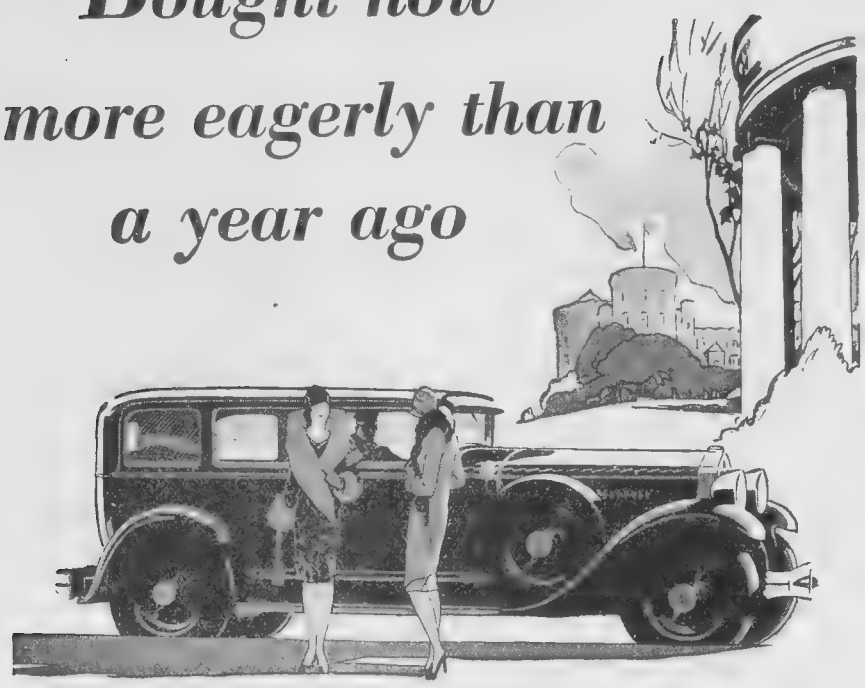
8 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, ENG.

Use this advertisement as your shopping guide. Clip it out and take it with you. All leading druggists and department stores can fill your order at once from complete stocks.

CANADA:
358 Adelaide St. W.
Toronto, Ont.

U.S.A.:
15 Madison Sq. N.
New York, N.Y.

Bought now more eagerly than a year ago



There is significant **meaning for every motor car buyer in the news that the public today is buying the Century Hupmobiles with accelerated eagerness. ¶ People can be swept off their feet by striking new design—if it is truly beautiful; by fine finish, by luxurious interiors. But only for a little while, if the externals represent the sum total or even a major part of the car's attractions. ¶ With the Century Hupmobiles, the public knew from the first that the dashing new beauty is really the outer dress for a mechanism as sound and true as a motor car chassis can be built. For the goodness of any Hupmobile—the wonders of its performance and the faithfulness of its daily service—never need explaining. ¶ So the Century Hupmobiles started with a priceless and impregnable advantage. Not only do they hold the special Hupmobile market, but they have firmly established themselves in the markets both above and below their own price line. ¶For the Century Hupmobile Six and the Century Hupmobile Eight are more than merely beautiful. They are value without a peer—in their "tailored-metal" smartness, in their sound quality, and in their super-excellent performance. ¶ Forty-two body and equipment combinations, standard and custom, on each line. Six of the Century list prices: $1800 to $2190, plus delivery charges. Century Eight list prices: $2470 to $2870, plus delivery charges. F. O. B. Windsor.**

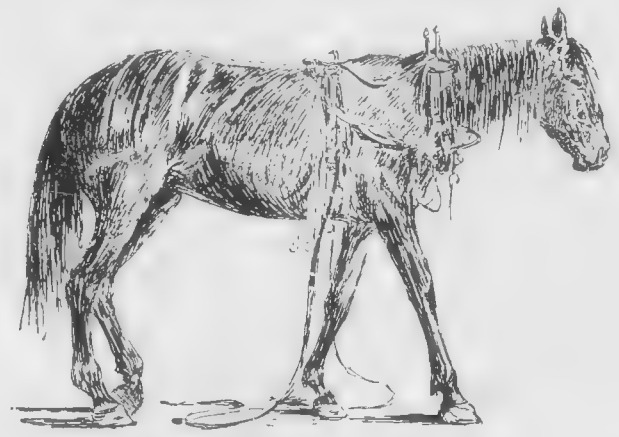
Hupmobile Century Six and Eight

The Old Pedlar and His Horse

By E. G. Bayne

("Never a man so old but he has had a youth and dreams.")
—Chinese Proverb.

THEY plodded down the street for the last time, though, to be sure, they didn't know it was the last time. How should they? A winter afternoon and a day of little business. Thin slush on the streets that were rapidly freezing and a raw and gusty wind that sent stinging snow-particles into the face and presaged a cold night. Old Isaac, ancient, ill-shod, and half-blind, stumbled every ten yards, caught himself up again with difficulty, and jogged on, with his breath coming in labored wheezes and his old hoofs finding their way mainly by force of long habit. The venerable figure on the seat of the wagon was bent low over the slack reins, his long beard buried in his breast. He, too, seemed incredibly ancient, part-blind, wholly pitiful. An old man and an old horse.



Old Isaac, ancient, ill shod and half blind

Afterward, friends—he had a few—citizens and neighbors recalled having seen them passing on that last afternoon.

Little children comfortably coated, capped and mittened, sent playful snowballs after the pair and called out in their shrill young voices the familiar taunt: "Rags!—bones!—bottles"!

Mrs. Doblitzky, ironing at her kitchen window, happened to look out as the old man went by. She rested her iron a moment to gaze sympathetically, and shook her head.

"It will be a bitter night," she said to her old father sitting snugly by the fire, "God send the poor old junkman has a good bed and a little heat.

Mrs. Rosegarten, throwing a paperful of garbage from her back door, noticed the old man and his horse going down the lane.

"Come tomorrow for a bag of rags," she called. "I give you also a dinner."

It was quite possible that he failed to hear her, for it was known that he was getting deaf.

Two goys, which is to say, Christians—standing idly on a street corner, had seen the old man and his horse too, marking their appearance and speaking of it for want of a better topic.

"Rags! Old dirty rags, and germs"! one said scornfully.

"Poor devil. Wonder how he contrives to eke out an existence," the other, more humane, observed.

"Save your pity for those who need it. I'll wager," the first speaker declared, that the old fellow has a sockful of money buried away in some safe place."

"Not the proceeds of junk"! the other cried, incredulously, with a laugh.

"No. The proceeds of bootleg, probably," was the reply, and turning, they went on.

And so at last the old man and his horse reached home. A very furtive little home it was, in a lane off a lane. A shack that was mostly stable. The old man lighted a guttering candle and placed a panful of oat-scrapings before the nag, which only snuffed at it wearily and left the half, dropping to the ground presently as one whose tired legs refused longer to bear him. Shuffling to the cupboard the old man drew forth his lonely crust of dark bread and the odoriferous herring saved from the day before and these he mumbled as he pored over his greasy account-book, the candle close by.

He mulled over his day's collection of rags dumped out on the ground at his feet. A rich Jewish lady had given him the greater part and from amongst these some leaves from an old book dropped out. A book written in the Hebrew. He found two leaves that fitted together and blinking at them with his eyes very close to the print he began slowly to read the prose-poem he had found.

Through a chink in the boards over his head a frosty star twinkled down at him and from the street came the sound of sleigh-bells.

It was the eve of the "goys'" Christmas. And it was cold, oh, so cold, in the old stable. The nag in the corner shivered incessantly.

"Semer Le Simchas Tore," he read. Which means "Song of the Rejoicing of the Law." Familiar words—words that warmed and companioned him so that he couldn't hear the cruel, wolf-toothed wind nor feel the bite of the cold. Words that were as food to his body and a garment about him. Swaying back and forth he sat among his rags as he had been wont to sit in the synagogue, his lips moving slowly while his eye followed the printed lines. What memories the words called up! What dreams!

"The Holy Law Written Upon Parchment has been our consolation in our poverty. All the world we have lost—the Temple has been lain in ruins, in ruins the land which we have inhabited. Even our tongue we have forgotten. We have lost our kingdom and our priesthood; only our faith is left to us. God in our hearts, the Law in our hands, we went from land to land, suffered many tribulations, yet have lived through it all by means of The Law Written Upon Parchment.

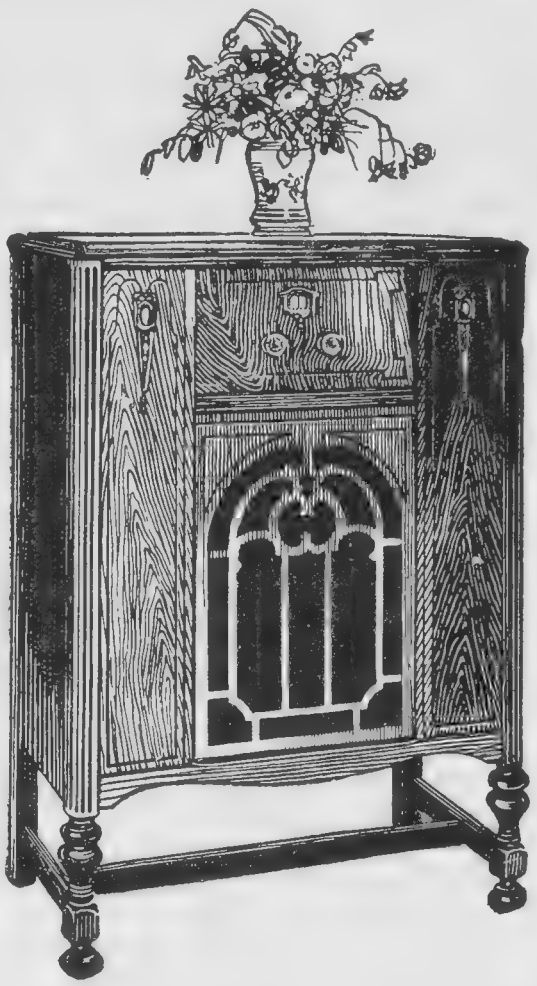
"In the very beginning, a long time ago, when we still were of some importance we sat at home and did not lodge in strangers' houses. Woe unto us when our hosts become our masters. How did we live? How did we rest? Oh, you had better not ask. Two thousand years of torture and vexation. Seventy-seven gloomy generations surfeited with sorrows. We have suffered all, given away all, our money, honor, health, lives—as Hannah once her seven children. And now? Is it any better? Do they leave us in peace? Have they come to recognize that we Jews are also men like all others? Shall we no longer wander about in the world? That I do not know; I canot tell you. This much I know: there still lives the old God above, the old Law below, and the old faith; therefore do not worry, and hope in the kind Lord and in The Holy Law Written Upon Parchment."

Memories — memories! An old man and his dreams!

Far from this friendly land his thoughts had wandered, back, back to the scenes of his tumultuous youth. Once, lifting his head, he saw the star that peeped in at him out of the night sky. It appeared to beckon him and he stared up at it in a strange fascination. The nag whinnied feebly. The old man drew closer to the animal for their mutual comfort, piled rags about it and himself and resumed his dreaming. He

Continued on page 77

MASTERPIECE OF MARCONI RADIO ENGINEERING



Living Reception!
with clearer, truer *Selectivity*
on the *New*

MARCONI RADIO

Designed and built by Marconi Engineers to new fine standards. Revealing a vivid, living "presence" in reception such as Radio never offered before. Providing easy One Dial Operation with sharper and more accurate selectivity.

Four Condensers tune all circuits for you, bringing you the desired program with clear cut certainty. Bringing it with all the delicate shading of realism, through the wonderful Temple Air-Chrome Speaker, the most perfected reproducing unit ever devised—a built-in feature of the New Marconi Receivers.

A radio worthy of Marconi. Giving more than Radio ever gave in performance, appearance and value.

Three Supreme Instruments

A 6-Tube Battery Operated Console. A 6-Tube Batteryless Console that operates by merely "plugging in." And a wonderful Combination Instrument—the DeLuxe "Therm-ion-ic" Phonograph and Radio—offering 7-Tube Batteryless Radio with electric reproduction of recorded music.

FEATURES

—Six Tubes including Power Radiotron. One Dial Control. Scientifically Shielded Circuit.

—Illuminated Indicator showing station wavelengths in metres and kilocycles.

—Four Straight Line Frequency Condensers tuning all circuits—assuring vastly finer Selectivity.

—Scientifically constructed Audio Transformers giving finer tonal realism.

—Built-in Temple Air-Chrome Speaker reproducing all audible frequencies with living vivid "presence."

—Output Choke, removing the D.C. from the Speaker and vastly improving the tone quality. Protects the speaker windings.

—Practically uniform amplification on all wavelengths.

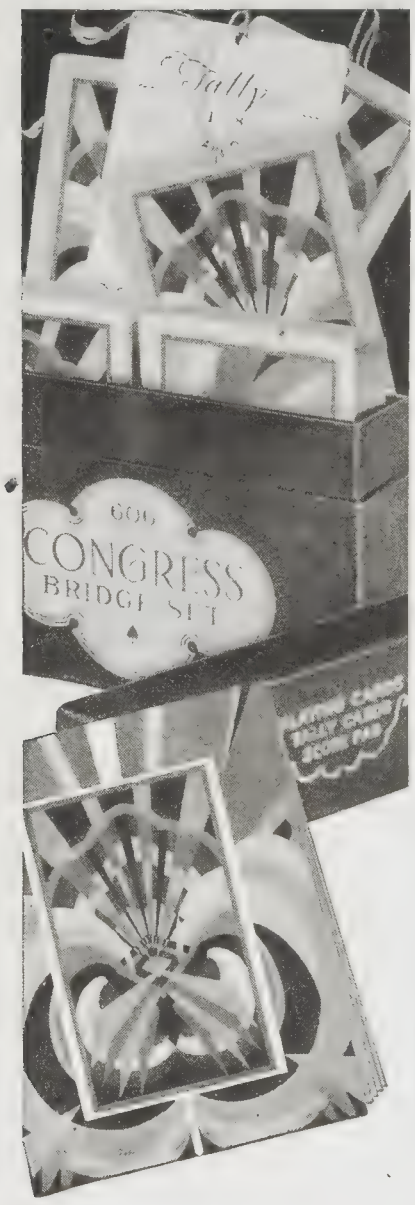
—Cabinet by McLagan.

Specially designed for use with genuine Marconi R.V.C. Radiotrons—Five U.X. 201A Tubes and One U.X. 171A Power Radiotron.

CANADIAN **MARCONI** COMPANY

VANCOUVER TORONTO **MONTREAL** HALIFAX ST. JOHNS, NFLD.

Owning and Operating Radio Station CFCF at Montreal.



JUST OUT!

Matched Bridge Sets

for parties, clubs, gifts and prizes

The smartest things for all gala Bridge games are these colorful matched sets, including two mated packs of beautiful Congress Playing Cards, four tally cards and a score pad; all of harmonious design in full color with gold edges. Single table sets packed in a decorative gold-stamped telescope case; or three sets in a special package for large parties, gifts or prizes. Many new designs, including the modernistic. At your dealer's . . . or write us if he hasn't these new sets in stock.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.
Dept. L-2, Windsor, Canada

Co-sponsor with Auction Bridge Magazine, New York City, of

BRIDGE *by* RADIO

Easy Lessons in Auction Bridge, 120 pages, complete instructions, and the latest official rules—10c postpaid.

Most modern playing card factory in the world

CONGRESS *and* BICYCLE
PLAYING CARDS
MADE IN CANADA

The Smileys Regulate Christmas

would do to celebrate. Well, she simply wouldn't have him spending a lonely Christmas. She had had the idea of inviting in some of their old friends, anyway. Why not make it a regular party? She went to the phone, and called up an astonishingly long list of their contemporaries before she found six couples who could manage to rearrange plans already made. They promised to come to dinner and spend the day with the Smileys. She told them Katie would be out, but they'd eat at two — sort of picnic — like old times." They all seemed enthusiastic. "It'll be just like old times"! she heard again and again. "We'll bring some provender along — and really celebrate"! "And after dinner can we dance the Virginia reel and be as frisky as we used to"? There won't be a single child or grandchild there to object, you're sure"? Mother hung up the phone with a sparkle in her eyes. Her party was going to be a grand success! She would keep it a surprise for John. Let's see, if she hurried, she'd have time now, to go down and buy favors for each of her guests—she'd put them on the tree! What fun! What was Christmas, anyway, if you didn't celebrate? And these people, her own age—were as anxious for a little undignified fun as she.

She hadn't been gone very long, when Father came in, looking both guilty, and slightly unhappy. He had called up Bob in New York and asked him if he couldn't come home for Christmas after all, Mother had decided to stay home, and couldn't Bob come down. Elsie Drale was in town and looking prettier than ever——

But Bob said he couldn't come; he had made plans that he couldn't very well break—he didn't tell his father that these plans involved a sly young thing who called herself Cleo—she was known as Maggie O'Brien in her own home town—Bob had resisted the wiles of the popular Cleo for some time, but when he had been thrown on his own for Christmas, and Elsie had written him a fearfully snippy letter—why, he had reacted by phoning Cleo. That wily young person had sized this up as her opportunity, and so casually cancelled her other engagements. Bob, you see, was making quite a little money in the city, as well as being an extremely good-looking and likable chap. He didn't tell Father that he and Elsie had had a quarrel; Father liked Elsie—thought everything of her—Bob knew he even hoped—Bob just said he was sorry he couldn't get away.

"Well"! thought Father Smiley as he hung up his hat and coat, "Why can't I phone Elsie myself. She can bring a young crowd around in the afternoon, and make it seem sort of jolly in the old house. He made sure Mother wasn't around, then he went to the phone.

Elsie said she'd be busy till about three, but after that she promised to come over. A crowd? Well, she certainly could! Would twenty be too many? Their bunch were going to get together Christmas anyway — too bad Bob wouldn't be home——

Father just got away from the telephone, smiling and rubbing his hands, when Mother came in, laden with bundles.

"Hello"! said Father, "I thought you had done all your shopping"! An idea struck him. Why not slip out and buy some knick-knacks for Elsie's young people. Twenty, didn't she say? And he could put them on the Christmas tree. So after dinner he disappeared mysteriously and went out on an eleventh-hour shopping expedition.

Meanwhile, in New York, only a couple of hours away, Bob was doing much the same thing. During dinner, he had worried about his father's telephone message. He had sounded so disappointed—and it would be lonely for them! He wondered if he should go down, if Elsie—no, by jing! He'd show her! He wouldn't come running home to her, even if—— He wondered if that bounder from Boston who was so keen on her would be there—anyway, Bob was going to stay in town—and celebrate, and celebrate, and CELEBRATE!

But he didn't want Dad and Mother to be lonely. Beastly shame, their planning a trip like that, then Mother getting laid

Continued from page 24

up—perhaps one of the girls could arrange to go down. So he called Josephine and Ruth. One had company coming—the other was going to her husband's people. Then he called Edith. She said the baby had a bad cold and she didn't want to leave her, or take her out. Perhaps some of the others—— As Bob came away from the phone in disgust, he ran into an old friend of his, just in town for the holidays, a chap always looking for a good time, and plenty of it.

"Bob, old scout," he had said, "you'll have to take me on, tomorrow. Christmas alone is a washout. You live here, practically. You must know a couple-a flossy dames that would help put the Christmas spirit in two willing bachelors." Bob had an impulse, and followed it.

"I've got one, all dated up," he admitted. "And she can probably furnish another couple. She's a popular little soubrette, and I'll blow you to the best celebration there is in town—if you will take her off my hands."

"Whoa—not so fast—what's the matter with her"?

"Nothing. If you don't want her, there are a dozen that will be tickled. But I've just had a phone from my old man. My mother isn't well, and they want me to come home——" So it was arranged to the satisfaction of everyone except a certain Cleo. When it was explained to her that the substitute was a handsome Californian—simply rolling—her murmurs ceased, and she graciously acceeded to the change. So Bob, with a singing under his top left rib, went about buying a lot of Christmas junk to take home with him next day. And he told himself that he didn't care if he didn't see Elsie at all! But he knew he would see her.

CHRISTMAS MORNING! How quiet the house seemed! Mother Smiley didn't know whether she liked it or not. This was the first Christmas morning for over thirty years that the old Smiley home hadn't rung with children's calling and laughter. "Merry Christmas Granny! Merry Christmas Grandaddy"! Excited rushing about, then racing down the stairs to see who would be first at the stockings.

Well, anyway, they could get another nap, and needn't get up till they got good and ready. She heard some quiet tip-toeing going on downstairs—didn't sound like Katie—couldn't be anyone else—and she dozed off again.

Then, Mother Smiley couldn't sleep any longer, so she got up and slipped on her woolly wrapper and bedroom slippers. She decided she'd have breakfast before she got dressed, a thing very unusual for her. She made a wry face, funny kind of Christmas—no one to say a word to you—Father was shaving.

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas! Mother! Dad"! Suddenly a great voice boomed through the house. "Come down and see what Santa Claus brought"! And Mother was engulfed in Bob's huge embrace, and—I hate to admit it—was actually crying on his shoulder. She was so glad to see him. And there was Father in his bathrobe with his face all covered with lather pumping Bob's hands and blowing bubbles of lather with his "Merry Christmas."

"Managed to get her after all," laughed Bob. "Little old roadster made it down in ninety minutes! Not so bad! Thought I couldn't possibly get away when you called——"

Mother looked at Father.

Father coughed. "I—I phoned Bob yesterday," he began, embarrassed, but Bob interrupted him.

'Come on down and look into your stockings"! he laughed. "We can talk down there.'

"We didn't hang up any last night," said Mother, "just the two of us here—" And this time Father was really embarrassed.

"Well, I did," he exclaimed. "Just for fun — couldn't remember when there hadn't been some stockings hanging in front of that fireplace on Christmas! 'Fraid old Nick might feel hurt, so I hung our——"

"Well, he filled 'em," said Bob, grinning. "I just took a peek in there. Couldn't help it. Christmas tree and everything"!

The three of them had breakfast together and had a gorgeous morning examining the packages that had been stuffed into the stockings, and opening the boxes from the children—Mother remembered about the company coming just in time to hurry up and get dressed.

Then things began to go with a zip. The twelve guests arrived, and the "girls" busied themselves helping Mother to get the spread ready. There was a lot of laughing and talking necessary, so it took a long time—and the "boys," those sixty-year-old boys—insisted that they had to do something to get up a proper appetite. They went out and built a snow-man in the front yard, and, of course, ended up by snowballing each other. Bob, grinning broadly, had disappeared. He'd be around later, he had said, when it was safe for a mature, dignified man like himself——

The feast was merry from the start, and soon grew hilarious. These young oldsters had known each other a long time—and there was many a ripe joke at each other's expense. There were no children present to disapprove—or grandchildren to be demoralized, and they all knew that their innate dignity was secure enough to stand the test.

After dinner, Mrs. Spriggs sat down at the piano, and the others lined up for the Virginia reel. They had just gotten well started, when Elsie and her friends burst in, bringing not only a holiday mood, but more baskets of eats.

"We thought we'd stay for supper," explained Elsie. "What fun you're having! Do you mind if we join in—we'll stretch away out into the hall"!

So they started again, and Elsie, rosy and very beautiful, was just going down the centre with Father Smiley, when the outside door swung open, and there stood Bob. Elsie didn't know he was home. She stopped dead and stared at him. For just a breath everyone else stopped too, catching a thrill from the tenseness of the emotion which held these two young things silent, staring at each other. Mrs. Spriggs, aware of something amiss, stopped playing and swung around from the piano. Mrs. Spriggs was a facetious person, and not very sensitive. She wasn't impressed by the little drama before her.

"Why, she's stopped right under the mistletoe, Bob! Better be quick or your dad might get there first"! There was a little gasp, and a ripple of laughter. Bob, his cheeks burning, strode over to Elsie, and gave her a smacking kiss, while everyone applauded madly. He knew she was furious, but he gave her no chance to make a disparaging remark; he put his arm around her, and danced her forcibly down the long rows—out into the hall, and on into his father's den.

They didn't come back until the dance was over and the lights had been switched on the Christmas tree. What had happened in the den was never fully revealed, but it seemed to be perfectly satisfactory to the two participants. Elsie's blue eyes were like stars, and Bob had developed an extremely proprietary manner. Bob insisted on being Santa Claus, and managed to find presents on the tree for everyone, as Father had provided for the young people, and Mother had presents for her crowd.

Continued on page 74

S W I F T

While they often use it for special occasions, many housekeepers value Premium Bacon most of all for the goodness it adds to every day cooking. They know that the distinctive savor of Premium always gives vegetables and other foods a new richness which makes them more tempting than ever before.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Look for the branding—"SWIFT"

Premium Hams and Bacon can now be identified not only by the brand "Swift's Premium," but also by the distinctive marking of the name "Swift" in dots on the side. This means of identification insures the discriminating consumer and protects the dealer. Look for the identification when it is being sliced by the dealer.

Cabbage Italienne with Premium Bacon

Hollow large cabbage to hold 3 cups cooked rice, 2 tsps. chopped onion, 1½ cups tomatoes, ¾ cup strong grated cheese. Place in baking dish with 3 cups water and 1 tbsp. salt. Bake in moderate oven (375°F) until cabbage is tender (about 1½ hours). Lay strips of Premium Bacon over top and bake until crisp (about five minutes). Serve with broiled Premium Bacon. (Centre of cabbage may be used for slaw.)

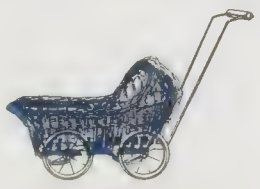
Swift Canadian Co.
Limited.

"Famous for Brookfield Butter, Eggs and Cheese"

Land of Hope and Glory

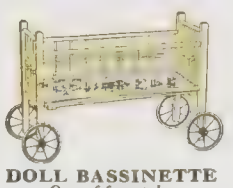
BLACKBOARD
Twelve Sizes

NO greater problem arose out of the war than the salvage of those men whose bodies and minds bore the scars of battle. Industry overnight absorbed a hundred thousand men—agriculture reclaimed its great quota—but across Canada the problem cases arose. There could be no "Old Soldiers Home" in this fair Dominion—but here were men unable to work steadily in factory or shop — men whose disabilities did not tie them to the hospital cot — men who seemed left out — with no place to go — partial pensioners—idle hands. Vetcraft Shops have gone into your homes — found articles there imported from other countries — have improved them and offered them to you at a fair market price. The unemployable returned soldier is today happy at his work — proud of the product of his bench. You too will be proud to have Vetcraft Shops handiwork in your home.

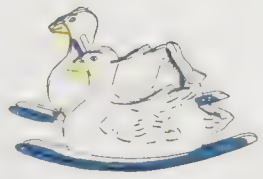


DOLL CARRIAGE

TABLE
One of ten styles and sizes



DOLL BASSINETTE
One of five styles



SWAN SHOO-FLY
Seven other patterns

The merchants of Canada, your local furniture store and toy shop, stock the products of the Vetcraft Shops. Will you remember to ask for Vetcraft next time you buy kitchenware, juvenile furniture, toys that last. Just ask to see Vetcraft.

TABLES
CARTS
DOLLS BEDS
KIDDIE CARS
FERNERIES

VETCRAFT SHOPS

WHEELBARROWS
BEDS
PLAY SLIDES
ROSE ARBORS
BEDSIDE TABLES

HALIFAX MONTREAL HAMILTON TORONTO WINNIPEG VICTORIA VANCOUVER

The Coming of the Prince

holding it tightly to her breast, as the crimson mounted her burning cheeks.

"Hello!" said he, as though all at once he beheld her through new eyes. With the color in her face she was as nearly pretty as her tightly bound hair permitted.

"I was reading it when you called," she stammered.

"I see!" he nodded, that new consciousness still burning in his eyes. She was perfectly well aware that he was really seeing her for the first time, and vaguely wondered why. He held out his hand for the book. "Let's have it back," he begged. "It looks like a pretty story: I'd like to know how it ends."

"Oh, no!" cried Libby-Ann, hastily. 'That is, the end is no matter. I was just trying to show you how I came to wonder if you could be real and how it was that I could understand the—the game!"

"Because you live just in fairy-tales!" he said softly. "Poor little girl!"

'You have to live that way, up here on the farm," she murmured.

"Yes, I suppose so," said he. "But then, you have to anywhere. Life is a little dull, you know, unless you make it interesting!"

"Dull?" cried Libby-Ann, dropping the last vestige of her self-consciousness. "Not your life!—wandering about from place to place. Why, it must be wonderful, seeing the gay towns and the happy people, and the theatres, and everything! I'm sure it must be different from anything here!"

"I'm not so certain," said he, slowly. "I've seen a lot of places, that's a fact; and I haven't seen your nearest village. But I'd like to bet that it's no different from the rest."

"Oh, but it is!" she assured him. "Middletown Corners, five miles on—that's the nearest place—is awful! The people are so—so prim and disapproving, and never have a good time. It's an awfully mean little town. Nobody could be really happy with only Middletown Corners!"

He pushed back his chair from the ravished supper-table, a light shadow of seriousness over his fine eyes. "Just the same, it's probably very little different from the rest of the towns!" he declared. "For the people in them are much the same the world over. It's only that there are fewer of each sort of people in the small place. And people like you and me are in the minority everywhere; there are only a few of us, and never enough, even in the big cities, to make us feel the strength of a majority. We're always the odd lot, and, in a way, we're bound to feel it. But that doesn't matter. Believe me when I tell you this: it isn't the place you live in that makes for happiness—it's the way you live! The town doesn't matter. Think! Why, if you were to move away from here tomorrow, you'd take yourself along. And your inside life would still be your real life! What folks really mean when they say they want to leave a place where they couldn't succeed in living happily, is, that they want to run away from themselves. They want to leave themselves behind, and it can't be done!"

"I expect that's true," said Libby-Ann. She looked across at him as though in a dream, and somehow in that instant her fear of her father, of her lonely life, of that dreary round of housework, melted into nothingness, and a new, brave feeling flooded her veins like wine.

"I too, used to have the idea that roving would help," he went on after a little pause; "that if I went away things would be better with me. I had a good start in life; the opportunity for a college education. And I made a bad mistake. I didn't make good, as I should have done after all the sacrifices mother made to give me my chance. I was always dreaming, loafing, and I couldn't study. Somehow the idea of the university and a profession didn't interest me. And when the time came,

Continued from page 18

I couldn't pass the examinations, and there was no more money for tutoring—and later, when I saw how disappointed mother was in me, and how the friends and neighbors talked, I thought I'd get away, that the town was no place for me, and that I'd have to go to some better place to make a decently happy life for myself. Well, I've succeeded pretty fairly. I make a good living, too, and can take care of mother now. But it wasn't because I took my body away from home that I succeeded. It was because I learned to live inside my body. And by doing that the very best I could—I got along."

He finished off with a sigh and, rising from the table, went closer to the hearth, piling on new logs. Spellbound, Libby-Ann followed. And when he found a seat close to the blaze, she took a place opposite him on a cushion. The lamp had flickered and burned out, leaving the room with only the firelight, neither of them noted the fact. The corners filled with shadows, crouching and mysterious, and across the low ceiling other shadows of a gayer sort danced in company with the flames. The air was sweet with the warm odor of the crackling pine and the smooth smoke of dry applewood. The glow of the fire was reflected on Libby-Ann's cheeks, and her gray eyes were very wide. Some mystic and tender spirit had crept into the room, enclosing the two of them as though in a mist. Her heart beat so so that it almost pained, and yet she would not have had it otherwise! Presently he spoke again:

"I'd like you to know my mother," he said dreamily. And the words seemed to increase immeasurably their intimacy. "She is so dear, so wonderful and patient. She is like one of the wise women of the Bible—'She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.' Often I see her in my imagination, when I'm driving my shop over the quiet roads, and there is no sound but the birds, and the rustle of hidden creatures in the little silver bells as they pull me along woods, and the tinkle of my horses in my 'state carriage of gold.' And there she is, waiting for my return, always so glad to greet me with her quiet 'Well, my son!'—I'd like you to know her!"

Libby-Ann said nothing, but leaned a little closer to the fire, a queer, tight feeling in her throat. A strand of her hair came unfastened and, falling over her shoulder, curled along the curve of her flushed check. With a quick gesture she tried to replace it; but instantly his hand was on hers.

"Don't!" he begged, in a husky voice. "It is beautiful like that. You are beautiful!"

"No, no!" said Libby-Ann, faintly. Then the rest of her hair followed the first strand, so that her face was enveloped in a surprising cascade of little curls. And Libby-Ann, looking into his eyes, saw that she was a woman. That strange, intoxicating mist was enwrapping them closer now. He bent near, taking both her hands in his, his face very grave, his silver voice low and vibrant.

"Oh, lovely little imprisoned Princess!" said he. "How strange that I should have travelled so many roads, and never found true happiness before! I thought that I was looking for success, for peace, for a thousand different things, while all the time I was really searching just for—you!"

She felt herself being drawn toward him, very slowly, nearer and nearer, into those great, strong arms. And, then sudden and terribly beautiful as a lightning bolt, their lips had met.

FOR an incalculable period the world spun under her, and the raging storm without seemed a puny thing to the storm within her. At last he put her away, almost roughly, and arose. Trembling, she watched him, feeling transformed, glorified. With a heavy movement he passed a hand over his eyes. "No!" he muttered, placing the table between them, as if he feared to touch her. Then he spoke to her. The room was almost in darkness now, the red coals on the hearth serving more to shadow than to reveal his face. "It is late," said he, sharply. "You must go to bed."

She was stunned, jolted heavily back to earth. But bravely, though wonderingly, she faced this sudden change. "But your room—I must make up the bed . . . . " she began.

"Never mind me—I will sleep here!" he replied briefly. "But please, will you go now, at once—I—please!"

"Very well," said Libby-Ann, deeply wounded and terribly confused.

She lit a candle, and went to the door with leaden steps. He followed, opening the door for her. Then he stopped her with a gesture, and by the candle's light she saw that though his lips were set, his eyes were miraculously tender still. "Little Princess!" said he. "What is your name?"

"Libby-Ann," she told him; the homely sound of it seemed to typify all her drab existence.

"Elizabeth-Ann!" said he, smiling now. "Two of England's queens!"

"And what is your name?" she asked.

"My name is Freedom Day," said he.

Then he kissed her hand, just in the manner of the courtly Prince he looked, and shut the door behind her softly . . . .

The Christmas dawn was clear and cold as Libby-Ann, her curls caught up beguilingly in a snood of blue riband, crept quietly down the stairs. Far off in the east the crimson sun was sending advance rays over the glistening fields of snow, tinting the heavy-laden branches of the trees with rosy hues, gleaming on icicled eaves and frosted hedge-rows. The world was intensely still, intensely glad, as though the whole universe laughed for holy joy.

Very softly Libby-Ann entered the kitchen, bending swiftly and silently over the soon cheerily crackling stove and the preparations for breakfast.

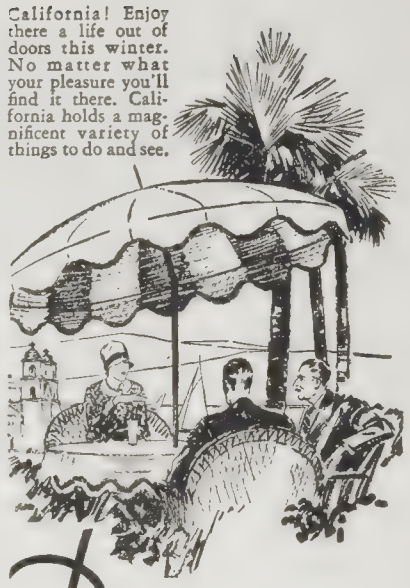
Then, when all was ready, she tapped upon the door of the living-room, smiling to herself the while. There was no response. With apprehension creeping over her like an icy cloud, she waited a breathless moment, and knocked again, louder. Still the intense quiet, broken only by the snapping of the kitchen fire. Then, with a desperate movement, she opened the door.

The living-room was empty!

Despair swept over her like a storm. Gone! He was gone! Impossible! After last night, after the beginning of life for her! With stumbling feet she managed to reach the east window, and looked out.

There on the smooth new snow lay the evidence, damning, irrefutable—a heavy wagon-track, and the mark of horses' hoofs, breaking the sparkling surface, leading away—away over the brow of the hill, clean-cut and clear, into the distance, into the shining, unknown world. With a heavy sob she buried her face in her arms, and kneeling there by the frosted glass, the cold light shining full upon her, she wept as though her heart would break. Time passed, unreckoned, hideous, she could not live, she could not! But at length she gathered her miserable little body from the floor and turned to the mirror above the cold hearth. From it her tear-stained face stared back at her out of a tangled mass of curls.

Continued on page 41



California! Enjoy there a life out of doors this winter. No matter what your pleasure you'll find it there. California holds a magnificent variety of things to do and see.

Between you and California

There's a fascinating journey by train

Add to the enjoyment of a winter in Southern California's gay, scenic playground, the pleasure of exploring the whole Pacific Coast. In quick succession its pulsing cities—Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland,—unfold their thrilling treasures. Then, on to California.

Between Portland and San Francisco Southern Pacific's SHASTA ROUTE discovers for you the spectacular scenic beauty of Oregon and Northern California. Five fine trains, appointed for your comfort, over this route.

Your stay in San Francisco—hospitable, gay, world-loved—will seem all too short.

From there, National Parks, famous resorts, Southern California, are easily and quickly reached by Southern Pacific.

If more convenient, go to Minneapolis and from there over the direct GOLDEN STATE ROUTE to Los Angeles. Then return via the SHASTA ROUTE. Thus, seeing half of the United States and the whole Pacific Coast.

Write today, or ask your local railroad agent, for new illustrated booklets and further details.

Southern Pacific

E. J. HENDRY, *Gen. Agt.* Vancouver, B. C.
C. M. BIGGS, *Gen. Agt.* Seattle, Wash.
J. A. ORMANDY, *Asst. Pass. Traffic Mgr* Portland, Oregon
R. K. SMITH, *General Agent* 125 So. Third St., Minneapolis, Minn.

DECORATIVE VALUE QUALITY UTILITY

70% Highest Quality Aromatic Red Cedar Heartwood Panels ¾ in thick

Note the ¾" Red Cedar panels shown in white

This moulding inside the lid assures a tight fit, making chest dust proof and damp-proof

This tray has proved very convenient as a container for small articles

The lock-tight corner construction makes for greater rigidity and strength

"Red Seal" Cedar Chests are the standards of excellence wherever chests are bought and sold all over Canada. They are the acknowledged leaders everywhere. "Red Seal" Chests introduced the three-fold values of house decoration, quality in construction, finish and design, and utility—a place in every room in the house.

Now comes an added Value—extra thick Red Cedar panels. Internationally known experts have been investigating the value of Tennessee Red Cedar, and in conjunction with the Better Business Bureau have laid down the recommendation that ¾-inch panels make the ideal Chest.

We are glad to take the lead in conforming to the specifications of these experts, and from now on "Red Seal" Cedar Chests will carry the Certificate of Value. *Look for it and assure yourself of a genuine "Red Seal" Chest.*

Dealers all over Canada carry "Red Seal" Cedar Chests. There's a design for every need.

The Honderich Furniture Company, Limited
Milverton Ontario

RED SEAL Cedar Chests

THE HONDERICH FURNITURE CO. LIMITED MADE IN CANADA Red Seal CEDAR CHEST Reg. MILVERTON ONT.

RH-86

The Christmas Disturber

By Jean Mitchell Smith

"SANTA CLAUS!"

The voice was clear and childish. It appeared to emanate from the fireplace. Mrs. Webb seated at breakfast in her small apartment on Christmas morning looked up from her cereal in amazement. Frills, an orange Persian, lapping a saucer of cream turned startled eyes on his mistress. Tucks, a Scotch terrier, dropped his biscuit and barked. The equilibrium of the household was visibly disturbed.

Mrs. Webb rested her eyes on the picture of a small boy in a silver frame on the mantle-piece. It was a likeness of John, her only child who had passed on at the age of five.

"I must be dreaming!" she told the picture, "or perhaps it's the effects of that rich fruit cake and rhubarb wine I took at Mrs. Reid's last night. . . ."

Mrs. Webb was a plump, energetic little woman in her middle forties. She had been a devoted mother to John, but after his death she seldom or ever took time in her self-centered life to respond to the smiles of the children of the neighborhood. Tucks and Frills were her chief companions.

She had converted her rambling old house into a number of apartments or suites on the death of her husband. She made a rule never to rent them to families with children. She argued that the cost of the wear and tear of adventurous little hands and feet would considerably diminish her profits.

"Yes, I must be dreaming!" she repeated, "for everybody in the house is away for Christmas." She looked again at the smiling golden-haired boy on the mantel and sighed as she resumed her breakfast.

"Santa Claus!"

There it was again! This time wistfully, Mrs. Webb's coffee cup rattled to its saucer. Tucks was barking and sniffing about the coals laid for a cheery afternoon fire. Mrs. Webb rose from the table and hurried into the hall. A moment later she stood on her porch steps looking at the sunlit world above and around her. No sign of life on the early morning street: no footprints in the fresh snow on the garden walk.

"Mur—ee Krismus!" The syllables were labored. The greetings seemed to come on a sun-laden breeze that caught at a strand of her brown silver-threaded hair.

She looked up quickly and gasped as she suddenly perceived a small boy of six or thereabouts poised on the edge of the roof of the house. A pair of black, fearless eyes set in a small pinched face smiled down at her.

Before she could summon her presence of mind he had swung himself to the roof of the porch.

"Don't move till I fetch a ladder!" She begged excitedly as she disappeared into the house. She appeared presently by way of the garden, dragging an old tree ladder which she propped against the porch.

With the ease of an acrobat he grasped the topmost rung and proceeded to descend. It occurred to Mrs. Webb that she had never seen him before. His threadbare suit and broken boots, both two sizes too large stirred her heart to pity. Midway to the ground, she reached up and caught him in her arms.

"My—what a fright you gave me," she panted as she set him down. "Whatever made you climb up on my roof, young man?"

His rigid little mouth quivered slightly.

"Santa Claus—He never came last night," he said slowly. "I thought he might of got stuck in your chimney."

Mrs. Webb caught her breath sharply. "Why you poor lamb.—She took him by the arm. "Come into the house and get warm."

A little later she learned that he was Jimmy, the son of widow Ray, the laundress who had died the week before.

"So you climbed out of Miss Brown's window on to the roof?" she gasped, "whatever took you up to that top-floor, anyway?"

Jimmy looked up quickly. "I promised mummy before she went to daddy that I'd take Miss Brown's laundry back."

Mrs. Webb winked back a tear. "You didn't know that Miss Brown had left town for the holidays," she said gently.

He nodded. "She told mummy and me where to find the key if she wasn't home." he explained.

"And so you went in, and decided to wait for her, and no doubt fell asleep, I expect."

After Jimmy had eaten a very hearty breakfast that morning, Mrs. Webb dressed to go out.

Jimmy picked up his cap. "Have I got to go now?" he asked wistfully. Mrs. Webb smiled. "I would like you to stay here and make friends with Tucks and Frills till I go down town and see what Santa Claus is about." She lifted a small crystal bowl of violets from the table and set them on the mantel beside the picture in the silver frame. "It is ten years since my little boy went away. I expect Santa forgot to call here when he didn't find you at home last night."

She returned an hour later carrying several bulky parcels. She was breathless, but radiant. She found Jimmy sitting on the fireside stool with Frills on his knee and Tucks snoring blissfully at his feet.

"Santa was so sorry to have missed you," she informed him, "but he has sent you a complete outfit of clothes and a messenger will be along shortly with a big stocking of candy and games and books."

His eyes danced. He put Frills on the stool and got to his feet. He gazed at the parcels speculatively.

"Do you think Santa sent me the kind of clothes that are bought in a store?" he asked eagerly.

"They are brand new, dear." Mrs. Webb seated herself on the stool before the newly lighted grate, and drew him down beside her.

"Jimmy—" She looked at him gravely, "The man who looks after homeless little boys says that you can spend Christmas with me."

Jimmy suddenly hung his head. Two big tears clouded his eyes and finally splashed on the silky head of Frills who was bumping and singing for caresses.

Mrs. Webb raised his head ever so gently. "Aren't you glad, dear?" He looked at her tearfully. "Couldn't I stay forever an' ever—like I was a Christmas box"?

Mrs. Webb smiled up at the picture of little John, and suddenly hugged him to her.

The Christmas Spirit

By Verna Loveday Harden

The Christmas Spirit! 'Tis a wondrous thing.
It tints the sordid streets with rosy glow;
It makes the bells their gleeful carols ring,
And makes goodwill through ev'ry heart to flow.

The Christmas Spirit! 'Tis a kindly thing,
It gives to heavy hearts a taste of joy;
It teaches silent lips a song to sing;
It brings the eager child a longed-for toy.

The Christmas Spirit! 'Tis a lovely thing.
It lights dull eyes, illumes the sombre face;
How many wand'rers does it homeward bring?
How many fancied wrongs fore'er erase?

The Christmas Spirit! 'Tis an holy thing
The Blessed Babe is in our midst today.
The gifts we give, the praises that we sing,
Not half our adoration can convey!

The Story That Never Grows Old

By Rev. Andrew Roddan

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW recently astounded the world by his declaration that he was going to have Christmas abolished by Act of Parliament, because it was more of a nuisance than a blessing.

So far nothing has been done about it, and Christmas is here with us again.

The world is nearer being Christian on this day than on any other day of the year. In a remarkable way it reveals the potential good will that is ever latent in human nature, as it seems to overflow in the spirit of service at this season of festivity.

The story of Christmas is the story that never grows old. For nearly two thousand years, mothers have told this story to their children, and it has not lost its interest for young and old. Our pagan forefathers listened with awe and wonder as the first missionaries recited this story of good-will.

In the halls of the nobles of the Middle Ages, and in the humble homes of the serfs, they would gather to hear once more the story of Christmas.

Today, wherever men on the face of the earth have made their homes, Christmas has a real meaning to all. In Sydney, Australia, where it may be one hundred in the shade, they will pack their Christmas hampers and bathing suits and have a good time on the beach.

Away up on the edge of the Arctic Circle in the lonely outpost of the North West Mounted Police, where it may be near one hundred below zero, they will enjoy their dinner amid the eternal ice and snow, and listen with keen interest to all the messages of good cheer from their friends, over the radio.

In barrack room, on board the man-of-war, on tramp steamer and merchant ship, as well as on the luxurious ocean liner, Christmas will be remembered. Even war with all its bitterness and bloodshed through the ages, has not been able to destroy this noble sentiment.

So men forgive and forget and the world grows young again as this festive season draws near.

Of course there are still some people who think that the only joy they can experience is that which they get out of a bottle or gorge, and they forget that a Christmas with Christ left out, becomes only a pagan feast, but there are multitudes who turn to the Bible story and who find the deepest satisfaction in this wonderful revelation of God's love for humanity.

It is a story of great charm, because it is centred around the mother, the child, and the home, and from these sources our greatest inspiration comes, when linked up with a living faith in God.

The great artists of all the ages have been inspired by meditating on this story, and Raphael, Murillo, Dore and others, have expressed their sentiments on canvas to inspire others. Thanks to the Bill Posters' Association of America, multitudes of people on this continent will experience a real pleasure looking at some of the beautiful representations of the Birth of Christ as they pass along the street.

Thousands have been lifted up to higher planes of thought as they have listened to The Messiah, in concert halls, churches, or over the radio. Every father ought to read on Christmas Day the immortal Christmas Carol by Charles Dickens, the story of the Spirit of Christmas, of Old Scrooge, and of Tiny Tim, and repeat that benediction: "God bless us every one."

It is the story of great simplicity. In spite of the fact that the Wise Men of the West have been perplexed about the problem of the Incarnation and the Virgin Birth, and that some of them by a wave of the hand, and a raising of the eyebrow, have ruled the supernatural out of court, like G. B. Shaw's resolution, nothing has been done about it, and humanity still loves the story just as it has been told down through the centuries.

You will remember that the direction given to the Shepherds was not, "ye shall find a King on His throne, a Commander at the head of His army, or even a Prince in His palace, but "a Babe in a manger." That was God's way of dealing with humanity then, and it is His way of doing things today. When men are thinking of battalions and battles, God is thinking of babies, and by a new spirit of youth He is going to redeem the world.

Away with all scepticism, all sham and hypocrisy in face of such sublime simplicity. 'His name shall be Emmanuel God with us."

"O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray;
Cast out our sin and enter in;
be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas Angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel."

It is the story of a great preparation. God had a plan for the redemption of humanity, and when the time was ready he made it known to the world. It was in the fulness of time that Jesus was born. God never hurries, He always does the right thing, at the right time and at no other time. This is true in the world of Nature around us. Seed time and Harvest, Summer and Winter all teach the same truth. The world was morally and spiritually bankrupt when Jesus came to bring a new spirit to redeem it from destruction.

Greece had passed her Golden Age; Rome was decadent, and dying. Religion had grown cold, formal and lifeless, the world was ready for a new Leader and He came as the Babe of Bethlehem.

Of course the world did not want Him, and there was no room for the little family at the Inn, but, as if Divinity and Humanity should stoop to meet the lowest need, he was born in the stable and nursed in the manger. The merchants, and travellers from afar, the soldiers of Imperial Rome took no notice of what was going on; they did not know that the whole course of the world's history was being changed, and that the world's most wonderful story was being written that night.

Times have changed, and all the pomp and power of ancient Rome have vanished, and even the names of her greatest emperors are but a faded memory. The name of Jesus still lives and His memory cherished by countless millions of men and women, and all the charm and beauty of His wonderful birth have not been dimmed by the passing years.

This Child is the contemporary of all the ages, the inspiration of the great works of philanthropy and mercy.

This story never grows old because it is the story of good will and peace, and it will continue through the ages to lift the thoughts of men to higher things, and bring them into fellowship with God.

Once again a tired world turns from all its cares and worries, all its selfishness and sin, all its bitterness and hatred, all striving and struggling, all its grabbing and getting, all its clash and clamor of class and creed. What for? To share again a great common experience of refreshing joy and peace as told in this old new story of Christmas. I think Edgar Guest has expressed the sentiment which stirs the human heart at this time in his beautiful poem, "Home for Christmas":

Home for Christmas, home once more
To greet the Mother at the door.
The sounding of the Christmas chimes
Will bring us back to cherished times,
And Bethlehem's Star still high above
Will lead us home to those we love.

Home for Christmas, hushed the town;
Joy has no need of high renown.
Love asks not fame, to teach us scorn
Of pride and pomp the Christ was born.
And Christmas wheresoe'er men roam
Calls every weary wanderer home.

Home for Christmas, weary men
Whisper that simple phrase again.
Used ill or well by life they turn
To where life's candles brightly burn,
And putting all their cares away,
They hasten home for Christmas Day.

Now is the time to PLAN *for* SUNSHINE *in* WINTER MEALS

And that means plenty of fruit — *but remember, there's no time when dependability counts so much as when you order in quantity lots!*

A suggested assortment of Del Monte Fruits for any pantry shelf

Apricots	Sliced Peaches
Halves	Crushed Pineapple
Peeled Halves	Sliced Pineapple
Sliced	Pineapple, Diced
Blackberries	Plums
Royal Anne Cherries	*De Luxe*
Gooseberries	*Egg*
Whole Ripe Figs	*Green Gage*
Muscat Grapes	Fresh Prunes
Loganberries	Dri-Pak Prunes
Bartlett Pears	Prepared Prunes
Halves	Red Raspberries
Melba Halves	Strawberries
Peaches	Fruits for Salad
Halves	
Melba Halves	
Banquet Halves	

and a wide selection of DEL MONTE Preserves and Jams

Plan for winter NOW!

For real "health-and-enjoyment" insurance—for real convenience—there's nothing better than a pantry filled with fruits.

And no time better to get exactly the varieties you want! New pack goods are just arriving—and many grocers are making special prices for quantity lots.

Just remember one thing! Dependable, uniform quality is the secret of real enjoyment. And the best way to be sure of quality, even before you buy, is to specify the DEL MONTE label you know so well.

For the DEL MONTE organization has been tested and approved by millions of housewives—over the course of many years. It is simply your representative, out in the orchards of the world—the world's largest canner of fruits—selecting, grading and canning for you with the same careful, personal attention you would give the job yourself.

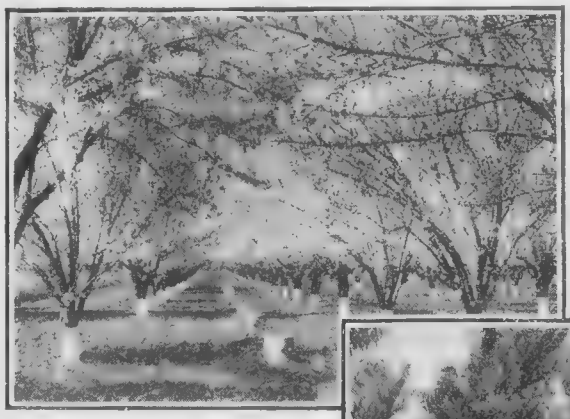
The quality you enjoy in DEL MONTE begins right in the fields and orchards, with the growth of fruit especially suited to canning needs. Thousands of acres of Hawaii's finest land are devoted to the production of DEL MONTE Pineapples alone. The DEL MONTE organization owns and operates, for its own cannery requirements, the largest peach and apricot orchard in the world. Thousands of other fertile acres contribute their best to the DEL MONTE canneries nearby. Picked at the moment of perfection, this selected fruit is canned within a few hours, with all its ripe, delicious flavor.

And one of the secrets of DEL MONTE quality is the way this fresh-fruit flavor is retained in every can. For each variety, just the right syrup has been chosen to bring out the fruit's own characteristic appeal—never so heavy as to "drown" its true goodness—never so light as to be flat or insipid. The result is a combination which has made DEL MONTE the world's most popular canned fruit brand.

And here is another point to keep in mind. As a special convenience, DEL MONTE Fruits are packed in three principal sizes of cans. The No. 2½ can (large) contains selected large fruit—ample for the average family even when guests drop in. The No. 2 can (medium) contains selected medium-sized fruit, an economical size for most occasions. The No. 1 can (small) contains selected fruit, smaller in size, just the thing for smaller families. Some varieties are also packed in the 8-oz. buffet can—a handy size when planning for one or two. The quality of all is exactly the same, the fruit varying in dimension to fit the container, but alike in its own natural goodness and flavor.

Don't fail to glance over the partial list of DEL MONTE Fruits at the top of this column. You will see a fruit selection that any woman might envy, all ready and waiting for your winter enjoyment. And at the same time remember that fruits are only a few of the many DEL MONTE Products which can help to make your meals better, simpler, easier to prepare. This one label covers a whole line of delicious varieties — canned fruits, vegetables, condiments and relishes, dried fruits, raisins and many other foods—all offering endless menu variety—all economical in cost.

Why not stock your pantry *now*—and see that your grocer gives you the *full* assortment the DEL MONTE line affords?



Thorough study of the soil, intensive cultivation and endless care build Del Monte Quality "in" before the canning process even starts.

Only the finest fruits are chosen for the Del Monte label—a quality selection almost out of the question when fruits are canned at home.

Delightful Fruit Recipes—Free

Wouldn't you welcome a collection of recipes selected by America's foremost cooking authorities? You will find them in our special portfolio of DEL MONTE recipe folders—along with many other suggestions equally helpful in winter menus. Free. A post card will do the work. Address Department 37-R California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

SPARKLING conversation — scintillating wit — lively arguments on the topic of the moment—combined with food worthy of an epicure—have made the dinner party one of the most interesting and hospitable forms of entertainment.

But its success and charm depend not only upon the brilliancy of the guests or the flavor of the dishes, but also upon the beauty and comfort of the dining room furniture.

Perchance that added grace may be provided by Owen Sound Windsors or Owen Sound Occasionals—a subtle invitation to prolong the friendly hour—to linger 'round the table in ease and contentment.

Owen Sound Windsors Owen Sound Occasionals

That you may readily recognize Owen Sound Windsors and Owen Sound Occasionals—look for the now familiar Tag attached to each chair.

New—Owen Sound Occasionals

OWEN SOUND CHAIR COMPANY
LIMITED
OWEN SOUND - - - - - - ONTARIO

The Great Art and Artists of Spain

Continued from page 13

other men they personally did not know, nor had anything against. This Goya hated. As artists in the past had given much time to painting war as a magnificent thing, a glorious array of color and action, so Goya, in his day, devoted years to his series of pictures to show that war was unworthy of man. I have chosen one picture here to illustrate this phase of the great painter.

It illustrates an incident of the French invasion of Spain. In the darkness of the night, the only gleam of color the dull yellow glow of the lantern, a French firing squad are putting to death by rifle fire a little band of Spanish patriots, civilian fighters whose only crime was a defence of their dearly loved soil. To accentuate the sad dreadfulness of the scene there looms in the background, dark and calm against the night sky the looming bulk of the cathedral, aloof, serene, above the puny littleness of mankind.

Goya was a very great artist, and an unusual one in his versatility. Unlike so many of the masters he was widely varied in his subjects. His portraits are as supremely great as his battle scenes or his bull fights sketches or his canvases of country life. His portrait of Isabella de Porcel, in the National Gallery, London, which I saw in September, is one of the finest things I have ever looked upon.

Goya it was who received the commission to paint the picture of the Duke of Wellington, to whom the Spanish were everlastingly indebted for his campaign against Napoleon. The Duke was a person accustomed to having his way, and not afraid to speak his mind. So one day while he was sitting for his picture he expressed his disapproval of the likeness. Goya was always quick to take fire. Hardly had the Duke spoken, when Goya rushed across the room to where a loaded pistol lay, and was in the act of taking aim at the saviour of his country when his son Xavier fortunately sprang from where he had been sitting and knocked the gun from his hand. Thus Wellington's life was saved so that he was later to win Waterloo. It is amusing to speculate what a difference it would have made in the history of the world had Goya fired his intended shot.

It is because no adequate biography of this great Spanish painter has ever been published in English that I have here given a brief review of his interesting life. In the hundred years following his death on April 16th, 1818, his fame has continually grown. He was a great man as well as a great painter. Though a child of the people he came to mix with the highest of a land where the class feeling is very marked, yet at the same time mixed freely with the poorest of people, with whom he was always popular. He rose to great wealth and fame. But he was not without his sorrows. All but one of his twenty children died young. He grew deaf, and he died a poor, but voluntary exile in Bordeaux. Today the pictures that are in the Prado alone are estimated at a value of $100,000,000. During the centenary exposition held at the Prado during the months of May and June painters and artists from every part of the world visited Madrid. The exposition was opened in the presence of thirty art directors of museums in Europe and America. At this time, what with the fixed collection in the Prado, and the works of the master on loan, the exhibits were estimated at $169,200,000.

AS the best method in limited space to illustrate some of the finest parts of the Prado, I have chosen to give a photograph of the main Velazquez room. This shows the method of arranging the pictures and the lighting arrangements. At the extreme end is his famous battle picture "The Surrender of Breda." At the left of the doorway, "Las Meninas" (the Maids of Honor). The majority of the pictures it will be noticed are of Spanish royality, to the painting of whom Velazquez gave so much of his time.

The test of a great artist is the amount of response he is capable of arousing in delicate souls. I shall never forget the moment of my entrance into the great circular room containing Goya's panels. Beside me walked Egan, editor of the Irish Review, a mystic and an art lover if ever there was one, and Powers, the Irish playwright, whose life had been devoted to pictures when not writing plays. The two men came to an abrupt halt. A queer ecstasy seemed to fill them. Into their eyes came an exalted light. Egan drew in his breath with a little whistling cry. And then they walked slowly around the room. There were no words spoken. From the panels in this room showing a game of blind man's buff by a lake, some young people having a picnic in a rocky wooded country, a harvesting scene, a man and woman against a background of a tree, I have chosen the picnic because of the effect of countryside calm given in the composition of this picture. Goya's painting of trees was wonderful. Every leaf has detail.

The Prado has some very fine examples of the work of Mengs, Mantegna, Bellini, Rafael, Dindre, Del Sarto, Tintoretto, the Van Eycks, Memling and Van Orley. But I prefer to tell here of only those pictures which moved me most. And it was in the rooms devoted to the early painters of the Dutch and Flemish school that I remained longest.

I do not know how much time I spent before that macabre fantasy of old Pieter Brueghel, entitled "The Triumph of Death." I wonder if the old painter was morbid, or if, on the other hand he took this way of showing how one should value and enjoy one's life in view of the fact that there are so many quick and certain ways that we can lose it. Whatever was his idea in creating this picture it is a remarkable painting, not alone for his choice of subject matter, his method of working it up, but for the remarkable number of distinctive figures he has succeeded in getting upon one canvas. Here to the right of the pictures are battalions of skeletons ready to charge. Beyond them Death on horseback is mowing down the multitude. There are gallows, and wheels of torture and sinking ships. A boatload of skeletons are busy throwing people overboard with grindstones around their necks. A view of the stake adds further pleasant thoughts to the scene. And all these things are given with vivid detail in one little canvas about five feet by three. Indeed, I would give much to know just what Pieter Brueghel meant by it all. But herein lies the fascination of the picture: every person who looks upon it interprets it to suit himself. Each makes his own story. And besides the strange appeal it made to me for its philosophic depth. I give a picture of it here because it is unique in all the galleries I have visited. It is bizarre macabre, but fascinating to contemplate.

Alas, that one could not go on and on telling of the canvases of beauty and strange appeal, and there are many of them in the Prado. But, as I think I said before in one of my articles, there may happen to be some other fellow who would also like to "speak his little piece" in this issue of the magazine, and so I will conclude my survey of the art treasures here by telling of only one other painting created in the long ago, but still today retaining all its pristine glory.

This is La Piedad, by Roger Van Weyden, (1399-1446)

What beauty! The slow-moving centuries have not laid despoiling hands upon this masterpiece in which that ancient Flemish painter depicted his so vivid conception of the descent from the Cross. It hangs in one of the smaller rooms of the Prado. It is a very small picture, and framed with such a quietness and simplicity of dark wood as

Continued on page 42

The Unbroken Song

Continued from page 28

singing, and this is indeed a very happy carol, with its worshipful cry of "O Gloria," and its refrain which commands all to "Sing Joy the day " Another old song, one of the most famous of English carols, "God rest you merry, gentlemen," continues this command to make joyful music:

"Now to the Lord sing praises,
All you within this place,...
This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface.
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day."

This command to sing our greetings to our Saviour is not given merely in the old carols. Tennyson, remembering all the belfries and towers that crown England, bids their happy bells to ring across the snow, to ring in the Christ that is to be. Milton ,thinking of all the voices that ought to be raised in songs of praise on Christmas morning, asks, "Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain, to welcome Him to this His new abode?" And like an eager answer to this poet's question comes Holland's "Christmas Carol," telling of the star in the sky and the song of the angels, and concluding with the response of all good Christian folk:

"We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay; we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King."

We echo the song! To that stable in Bethlehem came kings and wise men bearing gifts to the newborn child: gold for kingship, frankincense for worship, and myrrh for burial. But first of all came the angels, bringing song. And we echo the song. This is still our way of celebrating the birth of our Saviour. because Christmas is a time when words cannot express our emotion and our worship, and so we turn to the great speech of music. And as we sing, we remember that "there was mickle melody at that child's birth," that shepherds blew on their pipes, the heavenly choir sang the message of peace and good-will, Mary crooned a lullaby to her babe, and even the humble beasts were granted the boon of song. We remember, too, how "the belfries of all Christendom" and the voices of all Christian folk have rung down through the ages since that holiest of days and have formed one great "unbroken song." And, so this year of our Lord, let us happily raise our voices at the cheery bidding of this old carol:

"All the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And all the angels in Heaven shall sing,
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas Day in the morning!"

The Coming of the Prince

Continued from page 37

"No use for them now!" she murmured, gathering them up and unmercifully twisting them into their accustomed sleekness.

Resolutely she turned away and, choking back a sob, set about clearing the disordered table. The dreary monotony of her life had begun again. There was the butter and the cake. There was the plate of cold meat, there was.....

Amazed, she picked it up: a huge round box with a pattern of holly on it and tied with a great crimson satin riband which held in place a pair of little gilt tongs. Candy! A box of candy of a size and beauty beyond belief. And, better still, a little note. With shaking fingers she opened it and read.

"Dear!" said the note—and the silver voice seemed to be speaking. "Dear! I have gone off early so as surely not to disappoint my mother. Merry Christmas, and my best box of candy to you. I will be back on New Year's Day, to face the Ogre and to finish the fairy-story. I love you.—FREEDOM."

After a moment the world began going around again, Suddenly the sun came over the hill, and laughed in at the window. Marveling, Libby-Ann lifted the gorgeous box to her breast, crushing the lovely crimson ribands all unheeding. And there beneath it lay the book of fairy-tales, open at her story, the end of which had been lightly underscored with pencil.

"And so at last the Prince came in his state carriage of gold," she read, "and the Ogre, seeing his strength, did not dare to keep the Princess." (Over to the next page—oh, quickly!) "And so they were married and lived happily ever after!"

"Oh!" said Libby-Ann. And all at once she set down the box of candy and the note, and began fluffing out her hair!

Christmas Kinship

By Eva E. Hamilton

Round the world like a chain of love
The line of stockings roll,
Linking across the earth and sky,
Reaching from Pole to Pole.

Bringing the gift of Christmas peace,
The hope in yule-tide joy
To man and maiden exiled far,
To many a girl and boy.

Gladly they herald Santa's gifts
In every shape and size,
Just stockings, but full of magic,
With happiness the prize.

Dainty is this little pair,
Warm from the dimpled toes;
While those of sheer and fragile make
Picture the cheeks of rose.

The next (so shabby, limp and torn)
Call for an extra share,
To cheer a little orphan lad,
Answer a childish prayer.

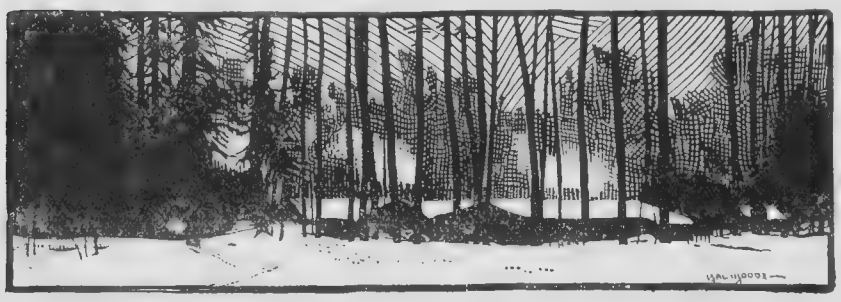
Here's the clumsy one of seal,
From the land of ice and snow.
There's the scratchy one of grass,
Where southern breezes blow.

Next is the sock of bright Japan,
The Chinese maidens too,
While the small child of Brittany
Has placed her wooden shoe.

The old and young, the rich and poor,
Journeying hand in hand,
Trip to the wonderful music
In children's faerie-land.

And Santa calls so sweet and clear,
We haste our part to do;
While memory's eyes grow dim with tears
And hearts beat faster too.

This chain doth reach Eternity,
Lasting joy will bring,
For the clasp that binds the circle
Is Christ the Holy King.



clean...
clean...
clean...

. . . that is what your dentrifrice should do
. . . what Colgate's **does**

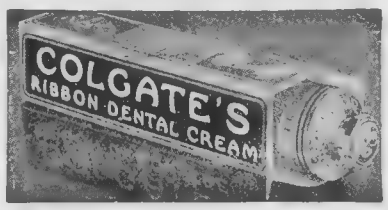
If a dentifrice really *cleans*, it need do nothing else. Medicines, harsh abrasives and strong antiseptics are all unecessary. Leading dental and medical authorities all advise that a dentrifrice should be non-medicated and made to clean.

Colgate's cleanses this dependable way

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream contains the most effective of all cleansing agents, combined with calcium carbonate and and aromatic oils.

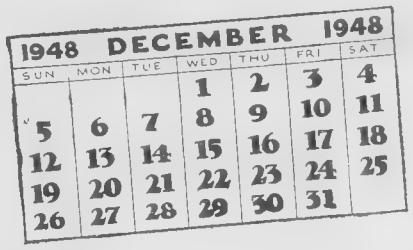
As you brush your teeth with Colgate's, the cleansing foam penetrates between the teeth, reaching hidden surfaces, purifying the mouth and stimulating the gums. The fine calcium carbonate powder helps to clean away mucin and food deposits, polishing the enamel, destroying acids in the crevices of the gum margins, and sweetening the entire mouth.

Constant research and continuous testing of all new theories have failed to show a way to make a more effective dental cleanser than Colgate's.



ALL DRUGGISTS SELL COLGATE'S. MADE IN CANADA BY
COLGATE & CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



Nineteen Hundred and Forty-eight!

Twenty years from today—how will you stand financially? Will you have accumulated enough money to relieve you of financial worries—or will you still be "plugging along," twenty years older, twenty years nearer the day when your earning power will cease—insecure as to your own future—equally uncertain about your family's welfare if you were taken from them?

A Life Insurance Policy is your most perfect form of protection. It builds, easily, a solid reserve of money for the years to come. At the same time it protects your loved ones—from the day of your first payment—against your loss.

Never lose your grasp on your Life Insurance Policy. It is the most important and most dependable pillar in the financial structure of your home life. Never allow it to lapse.

If you have no Insurance or insufficient Insurance, call in the North American Life man today—let him show you what Insurance can do for YOU.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

President: THOMAS BRADSHAW

Chairman of the Board: J. H. GUNDY

General Manager: D. E. KILGOUR

ASSETS $35,608,067

SURPLUS $6,400,567

Head Office: TORONTO, CANADA

AGENCIES IN ALL IMPORTANT CENTRES

IN THE GLOAMING

A good magazine robs the long winter evenings of their terrors and instead provides most pleasant entertainment.

We modestly suggest the Western Home Monthly as a most satisfying fireside companion!

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG

Enclosed find $1.00 in payment for one year's subscription to the Western Home Monthly.

.....

The Great Art and Artists of Spain

Continued from page 40

easily to escape the hurried glance of the average rushing tourist. And yet the true lover of an exquisite artistic conception is at once arrested. His pause lengthens as the power of the old Flemish master grows upon him.

One draws nearer, carried forward almost involuntarily by the draw of something one does not quite understand, by the secret force of a great emotion conveyed by certain canvases. Here, in all truth, is borne out that too often overlooked fact: that by simplicity men attain the supreme heights of art. And here indeed is the acme of simplicity.

Huge white clouds, the aftermath of storm which marked the close of that tragic day, are moving slowly toward the horizon, clearing the sky, majestic announcement of better days to come for the human race. And yet still sorrow lingers here. It pervades not alone the canvas, but the very room around it. One hardly sees the other pictures, perhaps a dozen in all, which here have a place. This tiny canvas, only two feet square, by the genius of this long dead painter, expresses such depths of human sorrow, and the pain of suffering passed, which marks still linger upon the so tortured Christ, that something of the profundity of that marvellous happening creeps over the spectator. Gone is the room. One stands on the bare hill overlooking this land which Rome has conquered. One sees the tear drops falling in this last sad hour; feels the woe of the gathered three.

Looking upon this picture it is difficult to conceive that 470 years have passed since it was painted, for the coloring is as fresh today as upon that one in the dim long ago when Roger van Weyden gave the last brush stroke to one of the finest and most vivid conceptions of this momentous scene which the primitives have handed down to us. It is the simplicity with which he gives expression: by large and melancholy eyes, the inner agony by a few powerful lines upon the contracted forehead. It is said that van der Weyden never painted a smiling face. If such be the case, he was thus eminently fitted by long association with rendering grief to produce this masterpiece, this so exquisite work, the very smallness of which increases its impressiveness.

Christianity owes a great deal to the early painters. They brought it closer more vividly home to a vast number of the most humble people, people unlearned in those rude times in the art of letters. But even the most uneducated could be moved by the power of painting. And none of the early masters have surpassed Roger van Weyden in the clarity and haunting grandeur of the rendering of this particular scene.

So it hangs today, undimmed by time. Its paint is smooth, perhaps smoother today, then nearly half a thousand years ago. Examining it with a magnifying glass, one can actually see into the gaping wounds. Beneath the woman's heavily drooping lids you can glimpse the expression of tragedy in her eyes. It is wonderful. It is terrible. It is beautiful. It is alive.

(To be Continued)

Thou Art Too High

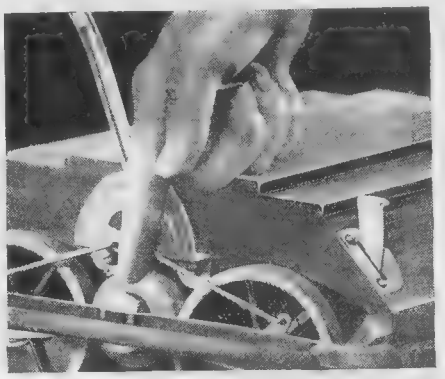
By Georgina H. Thompson

I thought to join the high immortal choir
That through the ages singeth praise to thee,
Thou white-enthroned Goddess Poesie,
To strains of northern harp or ancient lyre.
Yet howsoe'er my fainting muse aspire,
I know full well thou art too high for me;
The mighty tones who hymn thee still must be
Dowered with the tongue of gold, the soul of fire.
But though no more this puny voice of mine
Within thy pillared temple faintly rise,
Still may I enter there with quivering soul,
Before thy shining beauty veil my eyes,
Hear the rich harmonies forever roll
And kneel a devotee before thy shrine.

for Christmas

Get Mother the new improved BISSELL

It sweeps every surface with magic ease



The new "Hi-Lo" brush conrol is the secret

AN astounding improvement has been made in the carpet-sweeper. A new "Hi-Lo" brush control now makes it easy to sweep any surface from the highest-pile carpet to bare floors with perfect ease—with little or no pressure. The need of bearing down on the handle is practically eliminated.

You know how useful your present Bissell is. The new one is twice as good! Your leading hardware, furniture or department store can show it to you. Or why not just phone your dealer and have him send one out—for Christmas! Models with the "Hi-Lo" feature cost no more than before—the price of a few brooms. Illustrated booklet free.

BISSELL Carpet Sweeper

CO. of CANADA, LIMITED
Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory), and Grand Rapids, Mich.

Grandmother Knew

There was nothing so good for congestion and colds as mustard. But the old-fashioned mustard plaster burned and blistered.

Musterole gives the relief and help that mustard plasters gave without the plaster and without the blister Gently rub it in. See how quickly the pain disappears.

Try Musterole for sore throat, bronchitis, tonsillitis, croup, stiff neck, asthma, neuralgia, headache, congestion, pleurisy, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and aches of the back or joints, sprains, sore muscles, bruises, chilblains, frosted feet, colds of the chest (it may prevent pneumonia).

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

GOOD NEWS!

The coupons from the Red, White and Blue wrappers on the NEW bar of

Royal Crown Soap

will count

Double Value

until December 31st, 1928

EXTRA—If you write at once for particulars, we will send you a bonus voucher worth five coupons towards your premium gift.

Address "XMAS PREMIUM" Dept. "H"

The Royal Crown Soaps Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.

The Wooing of Bill Biggs

Continued from page 15

I hope you aint had no recent bereavement, Mr. Biggs?"

Mr. Biggs sadly sucked his thumb where a splinter of glass had cut it. "Meanin' Bill, I suppose? Well now, in a manner o' speakin', I have had a recent bereavement."

Tremulously, Maria spoke: "Your heart is buried in a recent grave?"

Uncertainly Bill replied: "Well now—yes, and no."

Maria disregarded the ambiguity of the reply, and spoke eagerly: "Me too—pore Quigley!—such a handsome man!—He's gone—not recent—like—but gone—and my heart," (she fairly beamed upon Mr. Biggs), "my heart is buried too!"

Maria did not mean to deceive. Had the phrase been familiar to her, she would have, in all probability, explained that she spoke in the Pickwickian sense. She expressed herself in this way with a vague understanding, perhaps, of a great truth which was once expressed by the immortal O. Henry, when he declared: "Now girls! If you want to observe a man hustle out after a pick and shovel, just tell him that your heart is in some other fellow's grave. Ask any widow!"

Bill Biggs had been "takin' notice of" Maria Quigley from the identical moment at which the front door of number eighteen opened, and her misty eyes had looked into his steady ones, and now he paused in his shaping of the new pane of glass to the window; he paused and looked earnestly at her again, and he, too, took a deep breath. So she was the relict of an adored defunct husband? Not so good—but not so bad, either. He spoke slowly:

"You know what lonesomeness means, too, Ma'am?"

"Well, I've always had my children."

"Yes, you're a mother."

"And like to be a grandmother before long!" Then Maria blushed. "Mebbe I hadn't ought to say that, but, you see, my eldest is homesteadin' in the West, and thinkin' of marryin', and my girl is like to be engaged any minute——"

Aghast and bewildered, Bill expostulated; "But, my Lord! You can't be more than forty—and you don't look that!"

"I'm thirty-eight; I was married at seventeen."

"Land o' Goshen! And me forty-four, and—he chuckled ruefully! "Do you know what I was doin' when the lad come and told me about this job? I was readin' the matrimonial ads in the paper—you know the kind of thing? 'Kind-hearted widow—aged forty, five foot two, two hundred and ten pounds, graceful and gay, would like to meet widower with property. Object matrimony!' Can you imagine a fellow getting so lonesome that he'd think real serious of lookin' up a few prospects like that? You see, 'he added earnestly,' I have a good business and I work steady, and I've saved enough for a home, and to spare, for my tastes is simple—but somehow I aint happened to run across a woman who'd be real good company—"

"'Good company?' Why, I was just sayin' to myself this mornin'—" Maria spoke and stopped just as abruptly; then she added: "Why, Bill Biggs, you're too fine a man to buy a pig in a poke like that—no knowin' what you'd get! Maybe a woman as was a heavy hand with pastry or a dirty house-keeper, or one of these here adventuresses!"

"Yes—dirty garbage pails for the rest of my life—or dyspepsia—and the like o' that!" agreed Bill Biggs." "Stew every day of the week, like as not, "he continued reminiscently and gloomily," 'Cause a good roast requires attention!"

"Land sakes! That reminds me, I got to baste that chicken!" declared Maria "Excuse me and I'll be back in a minute."

IN MARIA'S absence, the man's hands were idle, but his mind worked fast. A task confronted him—a greater task and one needing more skill than the replacing of a shattered pane of glass with a whole one; the task of replacing a perfect memory with a highly-satisfactory reality; of disinterring from a loved husband's grave the heart of a widow, and warming it to palpitating life again.

"I must somehow fix it so I can git goin' with her—steady company; then mebbe the rest will follow," he thought. "What a woman!" The smell of roasting chicken was wafted to him, from the kitchen. "And—I'll bet—what a cook!" he added joyously, and his resolve was immeasurably strengthened!

When Maria Quigley returned from the kitchen, there was a certain swagger in her walk. So must a cave woman have walked when she went out to stalk her man. (For of course they stalked them in that day, as they have ever since—see G.B.S.) She had, when basting the chicken, decided upon a course of action which she felt was most unbecoming a prospective Grandma, but— she just didn't care. The man was a widower, of course—that had been made clear, so, while her course might be ungrandmotherly, it was not entirely unmaidenly.

"I guess I'm goin' to ask you to stop for a bite of dinner with me, Mr. Biggs," she said, outwardly calm, but palpitant within. "You say as you're lonesome, and Lord knows I am, too. To tell you the honest truth, I'm so lonesome, and I'm so scared of the lonesomeness that I see ahead of me that it fair gives me the creeps. I thought I was goin' to set down—my children bein' away, one West, and one out for the day—without so much as a cat to keep me company, so I'll be real glad if you'll stop."

"A cat," replied Bill Biggs thoughtfully, "is good company—maybe better than I'd be, but I'll stop and thank you. I had a cat—wish you'd a known it—a lovely cat—but it died Friday, and I'm lonesome without it." He smiled at Maria Quigley. "The kid told me he was goin' off to a Christmas party; he was in a tearin' hurry. Thanks for the invite; I'll surely stay, and mebbe—mebbe we might go to a show to-night?"

A show? In twenty years Maria had not been escorted by a magnificent-male to any show. "Pore Quigley," before he was "took" had frequented what he called "burlekews"—no females admitted. Maria and the children had sometimes been to movies, of course, and Maria had steeped her soul in their romance, but taking the children was not such an "occasion" as if an admiring male person had been her escort.

Maria giggled—actually giggled a gentle and ecstatic giggle. She looked up at Bill Biggs coyly—positively flirtatiously—yet unconscious that she was flirting. It was just the outward expression of that girlhood which, so long subdued in the years of her hardworking womanhood—char-womanhood, was stirring to life again. Then she said, doubtfully; "Well now, I didn't go to church this mornin', and I thought I'd go tonight, but mebbe—"

"Then to-morrow night for the show, and I'd like to go with you to church tonight if you'll let me. I belong to the Church of England Church, myself, but——"

"Why, so do I!" interrupted Maria, joyously. "Pore Quigley was a Baptist."

(Did Bill perceive that Maria was already comparing the points of her first. with her possible-second? No, Bill was a simple soul, and humble. That Maria Quigley, as her blue eyes looked into his brown ones was excitedly telling herself that of course—of course he was a widower, and that he had been sent as an answer to prayer——he was too modest a soul to conceive of any such idea!)

MARIA QUIGLEY left Bill Biggs, to set the table and dish the dinner. Bill finished his job, carried the garbage pail to the back porch, and washed his hands at the kitchen sink.

"Well now," said Maria, with a beaming smile, don't you look as if you belonged in this kitchen, findin' the roller towel behind the door, and all?"

Maria's best dress was enveloped in a huge white apron, and her face was flushed to a lovely pink, as she hovered over the range and made the giblet gravy. The chicken, of a wonderful

Continued on page 44

It Will Melt In Your Mouth
if roasted in the inimitable
"Wear-Ever" *way*

THE "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Roaster is one of the finest "cooking helps" ever designed. You can count on this roaster to turn out a turkey that will "melt in your mouth."

Made of thick, hard, sheet aluminum—it heats evenly and thus cooks thoroughly.

Own this most useful of all utensils. It will assure juicy, full-flavoured roasts during an entire lifetime.

Go to your "Wear-Ever" dealer today and pick the "Wear-Ever" roaster that suits your purpose best—while he has a complete assortment.

"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Kitchen Utensils

WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF CANADA
Limited
TORONTO

Over One Hundred Million "Wear-Ever" Utensils Now in Use

NEW PERFORMANCE

NEW STYLE

OLD DEPENDABILITY

In Dodge Brothers New Victory Six every feature that contributes to comfort, luxury, style and performance has been refined and improved.

Increased leg-room follows as a natural benefit of increased body-length. Generous additions to head-room and seat width are betterments that everyone will value. Likewise the increased size of the new Victory doors, the greater breadth of vision for all occupants.

Victory lines and colors are smarter than ever. The radiator is higher and more massive. Wide, one-piece fenders of improved design are distinctive beauty-assets.

True Dodge dependability is evident in every stress-sustaining part. The extra sturdy chassis frame forms part of the body, replacing body sills and dust aprons. Body overhang and many excess pounds are eliminated, together with many sources of squeaks and rattles.

Every phase of Victory performance benefits by this unique construction. In particular, roadability and riding ease become nothing less than marvelous.

You are invited to treat yourself to a Victory demonstration today.

PRICES—*Touring Car, $1315; Roadster, $1315; Coupe, $1390; 4-Door Sedan, $1455; DeLuxe Sedan, $1550; DeLuxe 4-Passenger Coupe, $1550; Sport Roadster, $1630; Sport Touring Car, $1630; Sport Sedan, $1700—f. o. b. Toronto, Spare Tire Included, Tax to be Added*

DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS
NEW VICTORY SIX

The Wooing of Bill Biggs

Continued from page 43

golden-brown color, gave forth an odor so delicious that Bill's mouth watered. He didn't know which desire was the most consuming—to eat the chicken, or kiss the cook! Durn it all, did ever a little woman look more sweet or cuddly? Yet a suitable age for him, too. How could a feller feel for one of these here slabsided young snips, such emotions as were inspired by a plump, sweet little darling like this?

Love at first sight is a beautiful thing! It has been underestimated by many people, possibly because Fate so often decrees that lovers in this case are not free to love each other, owing to the existence of previously contracted matrimonial bargains. Maria and Bill were in luck!

As they sat down to dinner, Bill spoke: "This is the first day since I lost Henrietta that I aint just felt sick with loneliness! Seems ridic'lous—don't it?"

"A fresh widower," decided Maria, and smiled her sweetest.

"Yes—it was kind of pleasant," continued the man," to find her there every night when I'd come in from work. I'd feed her and pet her, and she'd set on my knee while I read the paper."

Maria thought: "She must have been an invalid at the last, pore soul. Well, he's a widower, sure, and that's a real comfort to know!" Aloud she said: "And now, I guess you think of her and miss her a lot, and visit her grave and the like of that?"

"Well—yes and no, Ma'am," replied Bill Biggs, not-too-sadly, as he ate the most wonderful chicken and creamy mashed potatoes within his experience. "I think of her a lot, poor little beast," (Maria started), "but I can't visit her grave because she aint got none."

"Wh—what?"

"No—you see she up and died when I was at work and it was a Friday—just last Friday it was—garbage collection day, you know, and my landlady just up and popped her poor little carcass into the garbage pail." (His eyes were on his plate and he failed to see the horror in Maria's eyes.) "She was all right when I went out in the mornin', so I guess somebody poisoned her. She wasn't any too popular in the neighborhood—out nights singin' her song of love fit to wake the dead!"

Maria gasped, and Bill looked up to see a white-faced hostess. "Say—are—are you crazy, or am I?" she whispered.

"What d'ye mean?"

"I never heard tell, in all my born days—never—heard any man talk about his late wife the like of that!"

"Wife? What wife? Whose wife? I'm tellin' you about Henrietta, my cat, that died last Friday."

The reaction from her horror was too much! Maria laughed until she cried. Bill rose from his place and wiped away her tears with his handkerchief, and patted her on the shoulder, and then, more bold, smoothed her hair, and took her little work-worn hand in his and patted it gently.

Again they sat in their places and, as they finished the meal Bill Biggs spoke of other Christmasses of long ago, and of his boyhood, and of his father and mother, long gone away.

"Mother was a wonderful woman," said Biggs, tenderly; "perhaps too wonderful for my good, for she spoiled me for all other women. She was worth ten of any other I ever met up with. After my father died she come to the city to keep house for me, and since she went—well, I've never seen her equal for a lovin' clean, Christian woman until—— until—"

MARIA QUIGLEY was only half-listening. She was shocked—even more shocked, perhaps, than she had been over the misunderstanding regarding Henrietta the cat. Was Bill Biggs' wife, the mother of that boy of his, dead, or was she not? And—how could he sit there at the table and damn the poor soul, living or dead, by this entire disregard of the fact that she existed, or ever had existed? Then her thoughts returned to what the man was saying: "And so' you see, I never felt the need of a wife while I had my mother, and maybe I got the habit of being a bachelor, and I've just drifted along alone ever since."

"Alone?!"

"Yes Ma'am—somehow I never met the woman I wanted to marry—"

"Then what did you get married for, Mr. Biggs?"

It was Bill's turn to be bewildered. "Why—I —I never married."

(Horrors!)

"But that boy—your son?!"

"What boy?"

"That broke my windy. Aint he your boy? He said as his father would come to fix it."

"Never saw him before, Ma'am. He saw my sign, and yelled at me from the street while I was at the windy, and I opened the windy and he says will I put in a windy at this address—second door from the corner. So—— he told you I was his Paw—eh?"

"Yes—yes!"

It was Bill Biggs' turn to laugh. He laughed until he nearly choked, and Maria had to thump him on the back, and hold a glass of water to his lips. He strove for utterance, and at last the words came:—

"He—he told me you were his mother —" He looked up at Maria, laughter dancing in his eyes, and he was surprised to see her flush a deep crimson. "I guess" he blundered on, still laughing, "we'd better call each other Paw and Maw from now on!"

Maria stiffened. "I don't like sich jokes," she said quite stiffly.

It was Bill's turn to blush. He turned crimson! "Not—not if a feller means it—serious?" he questioned, shyly.

"It's time I dressed for church," she said, and, rising, hurried out of the room. Bill called after her: "I'll clear up the dishes and we can wash 'em when we come home."

"Home," thought Maria, tremulously, as she put on her hat, and took her best coat out of the cupboard. "Home—and I thought that word was done for all of me. Oh, does he mean it—Paw and Maw—and Home?" But she knew that he did mean it!

Downstairs, Bill Biggs carried the dishes to the kitchen, scraped them carefully, and piled them in the sink. He had a strange feeling that his heart had swelled to such mighty proportions that his body would hardly contain it. He'd like to find that boy again—and give him a Christmas present. Had he known about the cat, he would have adopted it, no doubt, to fill the place of the lost Henrietta. He saw the big white apron hanging behind the door. He went to it, and touched it gently with his big hands.

Advice—All Wet

By Thomas Saunders

I welcome all thy drops, O Rain,
When they decide
The dusty city's streets to drain,
While I'm inside.

In summer time I welcome thee
With love sincere,
Especially—O hear my plea!—
When I'm not near.

The thirsty fields all pray for thee.
O hear their pray'r!
But anywhere that I may be,
There leave it fair.

Our need for thee is just as plain
As black from white;
But if it is that thou must rain,
Then rain at night.

I Was a Stranger

By Marjory E. Thomas

HE HAD chosen this quiet road leading far into the granite hills, because it appeared unfrequented and lonely. The houses, which had occurred here and there at its beginning, became further and further separated, then vanished altogether. It was his desire to avoid observation, curiosity, or remark.

He was a shabby, slouching figure. The sun blazed down upon him unmercifully. His dust-coated face was marked with tiny rivers of perspiration. At times he staggered as though with weakness. He sat down repeatedly by the roadside and bowed his head upon his arms for a few brief moments.

It had been his intention to find, at nightfall, some deserted barn or hovel in which to hide away and rest; but night brought a downpour of rain with no sign of human habitation. The rain had settled into a chill drizzle and the wayfarer plodded on hopelessly, his head bent against the weather.

It was then he became aware that he was nearing a small cottage, from whose windows a light twinkled out cheerfully. A wavering shaft of pale moonlight revealed it, standing solitary, sheltered by a single tree that waved ghostly branches to and fro in the wind.

At his knock, the door opened and a woman stood in the flickering lamplight, stately, beautiful and young. Upon her fair forehead dwelled something of the majesty, the purity, the serenity of the Madonna. Her clear eyes were wide and fearless.

"Welcome, stranger," she said. "You are lost and you are ill. Come, rest by my fire and I will give you food."

The traveller found himself seated by a glowing fire in a strange room. In it were certain articles of wealth and others of crude hand workmanship, tokens of high culture and luxury, side by side with the makeshifts of sheer poverty.

Deft hands busied themselves arranging a table at his side.

No notion of gratitude entered his mind. Instead, he thought scornfully, "this woman appears to be a fool. If she has money as she well may have, I shall secure it before the night passes. Heaven knows, I need it." And, having called upon heaven as witness, he shot furtive glances about him while he warmed his damp body.

Preparations for the meal having been completed, he ate ravenously. The woman sat before him, her chin propped upon her hands, her elbows upon the table, and regarded her guest intently.

"You are very young to be in trouble," she spoke gently, "and how worn and unhappy! I am glad you have come to me for help. Some have died, journeying upon the Lonely Road; they have wandered aside in the dark, among the bogs and hills and never returned again. So I keep a light in my window all night long, and my door is open always to the weary and forsaken."

The man shuddered. Dead! out there by the Lonely Road! He could see himself as he might have been—cold, stark, pale face upturned to the rain.

"May I ask your name?"

"French," the man replied quickly, pushing back his plate, "John French. You have been more than kind to me, but I cannot repay you in any way, much as I desire to do so. I am penniless; I was starving, but for your charity. Three months ago, I received an injury while working in a marble quarry and since I left my bed, a few short weeks past, there has been nothing for me but to wander up and down, seeking the work which no one wanted to give. And so you see me as I am."

Tears came into his eyes—he could force them there at will—and had found them a useful asset. They had brought him irregular employment upon the stage at various periods in the days gone by.

The woman was obviously moved and sat motionless, her white arms extended upon the table, hands lightly clasped pondering the substance of his brief sentences. A jewel on her breast rose and fell. John French knew the value of jewels and he eyed it covetously.

"Now!" he thought. "This is the psychological moment. In five minutes I can have the gem and be away. It will see me safely out of the country and provide me with food and clothing for a year."

His eyes gleamed and his muscles tightened. Then he wavered in his purpose. There was no hurry; it was pleasant by the fire.

At that moment the woman rose and walked with a graceful, flowing motion across the room to a large, oaken writing desk.

"I have money here," she said, "and I use much of it for those in want. I feel that you have suffered, while my needs are insignificant."

She drew three bills from a roll which she took from a drawer.

"Now, you fool!" French whipped up his unwilling spirit. "The easiest chance of your life," he told himself; "you needn't harm the woman; take it and be off! Who would ever know?"

His hands and feet refused to obey. A sensation of nausea oppressed him. Perhaps it was his fear of the night and the road.

The woman had turned toward him, and again a likeness to the Mother of God illumined her forehead.

"If you would not be offended, my friend, if you are not too proud, accept this little assistance from me to help you on your way."

He too proud! He offended! French mumbled his thanks in confusion.

His repose that night, in the little white bedroom, should have been unbroken, but he tossed feverishly, hour after hour.

The house became still. Thought of the money in the desk tortured him. So few steps between himself and possession, yet here he lay, lingering and hesitant. He planned a thousand times how he would steal out softly, open the door and stuff the banknotes into his jacket, then slip through the door and over the hills. He threw back the covers and sat up again and again, only to see the woman's face floating in gossamer vision before him. He groaned in an agony of self-contempt and lay back upon his pillows, there to begin planning all over again.

It was just at dawn that French closed the door of his bedroom gently and knelt before the writing-desk. Ah! it was there, exactly where he had remembered seeing it. His fingers closed greedily upon the crisp bills. An insane joy thrilled him and he caressed and fondled them. Should he leave a little—a very little, in case——?

A sort of righteous anger at her carelessness, her prodigality, destroyed the last remnant of manliness in his breast. No! She deserved to lose it.

French closed the door and slipped across the room in stockinged feet. Without the cottage, the splendor of sunrise greeted him. He had been longer than he had intended.

For a mile either way from the cottage door, the road lay plain before him. It would be wise to make a detour through the hills and come back upon it several miles distant. He began to clamber up the rocky hillside at the rear of the cottage, and as he reached the summit, a door banged heavily.

Trembling in every limb, French threw himself upon the ground and looked back cautiously. Had she seen him? She would know him at least for what he was—a traitor, a thief, a man without gratitude or honour, worthless and utterly vile. Her pitying eyes would be dark with scorn and anger!

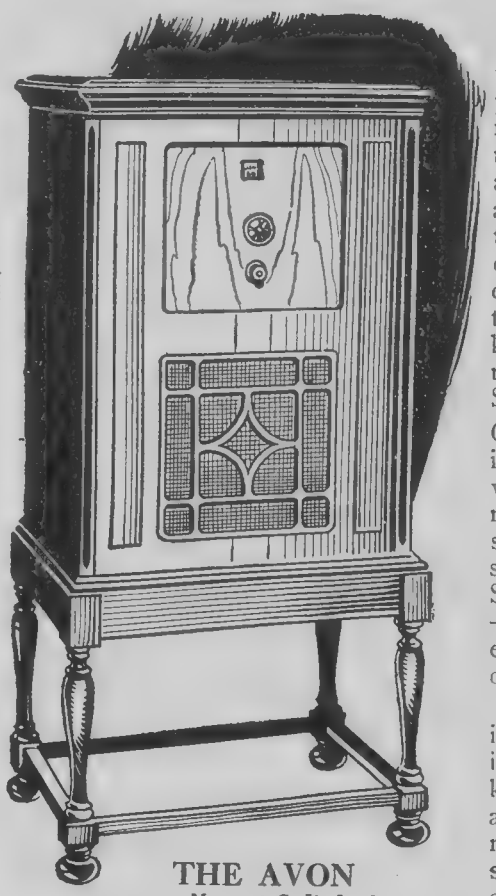
A deathly sickness overwhelmed him and he wept shakily. Travail had overtaken his soul and it struggled to bring forth the new spirit.

"Oh, God!" he prayed, and then it was that he realized the glory of the morning.

All about him it glowed and trembled. An opaline sky arched fair above; pearly mists trailed over the rain-washed earth, shot through with arrows of gold and amethyst and rose. Near by, from every

Continued on page 44b

Compare your own set with a SPLITDORF RADIO



THE AVON
Newest Splitdorf All-electric

COMPARISON will quickly reveal the astonishing performance of the new SPLITDORF radio. Product of an age of wonder,—an age of impossible things coming true every day,—an age of daring surge into the romantic unknown,—such is the newest creation of SPLITDORF.

Clear as a bell, true in every note and variation,—the best music of the world sweeps through space, and caught by SPLITDORF radio,—finest of all receivers,—is diffused in one's own home.

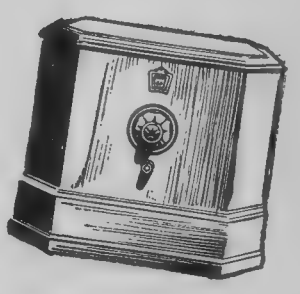
And this receiver is here shown built into the cabinet known as AVON,—a landmark of the new era,—a handsome, proud design of two tone effect in real walnut.

SPLITDORF Radio SCIENTIFICALLY CORRECT

SPLITDORF receivers are obtainable in all-electric or battery models.

THE ABBEY ELECTRIC

Reminiscent of the Old World, recalling old time, and the craftsmanship of guildsmen of the past, the ABBEY ELECTRIC takes its design from a jewel case of yesteryear,—also in real walnut. One of the eight exclusive SPLITDORF models ranging in price from $125.00 to $750.00.



Manufactured by
SPLITDORF ELECTRICAL COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO 5 CANADA
For sale by the better dealers

Goodrich ZIPPERS

PROTECTION AND STYLE FOR DAINTY FEET

To Be Sure of the Vogue Demand Goodrich

With the unparalleled beauty of fashionable new colors .... with new designs and tailored, trim lines, Goodrich Zippers again adorn the feet of jaunty miss and smart matron.

This new season's Zipper .... Canada's finest expression of overshoe artistry .... is staunch enough for perfect protection, yet light, dainty and dashingly stylish, giving a perfect finish to the ensemble of the most fastidious.

Remember there is only one Zipper Boot. It is made by the Canadian Goodrich Company, Limited, of Kitchener, Ontario.

If it isn't a Goodrich it isn't a Zipper

I Was a Stranger

Continued from page 44a

tuft of grass, from every clump of willow, from far up in the quivering air, rang the voices of a thousand birds.

The man looked down upon the cottage below. The single, guardian tree, a gnarled, spreading apple, had veiled its roof in a shower of lacy bloom. A woman was coming down the narrow, stone pathway, whistling softly, little throaty, bird-melodies. From the apple tree above her and the vibrant earth about her, came innumerable birds, bluebirds, robins, tiny brown grass birds, and gorgeously painted grosbeaks, a scolding jay, goldfinches in their courtly dress, and graceful swallows. Upon her head, her hands, upon the grass at her feet they lighted and were fed. In the midst of this miracle of beauty, the new man, who was to be John French was born.

He found himself stumbling down the hillside, between the boulders, and at his coming, the birds took wing in rainbow-tinted flight.

"So all beautiful things fly when I come," he thought sadly.

The woman regarded him with questioning eyes.

"You must be a lover of the dawn, also, Mr. French," She spoke softly. "I thought you were still sleeping soundly and I tip-toed out for fear of waking you."

Then she did not yet know! An impulse to conceal his knavery from her had brief life, but he thrust it away.

"I am not John French," he broke out roughly, then stood before her with bent head, twirling his ragged cap in trembling hands. "My name is Richard Farrell —I lied to you last night."

"I know," she replied, very quietly.

"You knew?" He looked up in bewilderment. "Ah, but you do not know all! I have been employed in many doubtful enterprises. I have been nondescript actor, beggar, tramp and vagabond and I have finished serving five years in prison for theft."

He waited for her exclamation of fear and horror; it did not come.

"I know that too," the woman whispered. "I remembered a picture of your face in a newspaper of years ago, and I prayed then that you might come some day by the Lonely Road, that I might help you. You are only one of many." She touched his arm soothingly.

His pale face was dyed with scarlet shame.

"But, Miss—Madam—I know no name by which to call you—that is not why I have come back. After all your charity—your mercy toward me—look —see!" He pressed the roll of money into her hands. "I could not go! I came again to give it back and ask you for forgiveness."

She took the money. "Forgive?" she returned. "Who am I to forgive when you have done me no injury? Take it all, my friend——"

But he would accept only what she had given him before and when he dared to lift his eyes to hers, he saw that they were filled with measureless compassion.

"Goodbye," he said, and raised her fingers to his lips.

"Goodbye, and God speed you," she answered, and her blessing fell warmly into Rchard Farrell's heart.

The woman watched him until he was a Lilliputian figure upon the brow of the furthest hill. There he turned, waved his hand once, and vanished from her sight.

FIVE years bring many changes in the great world, but upon the Lonely Road, centuries might pass unheeded. The eternal rocks, the hills, the purple-shadowed valleys, the winding road, the endless mating and nesting of the birds, are unalterable things and those who live close to the heart of nature, mark little the flight of time.

It was early on a warm June evening and the sunlight was still mellow upon the cottage eaves, when a light knock sounded on the cottage door.

A man, clad in the rough khaki of the prospector, stood upon the threshold. His face was strong and fine, with the elusive sweetness of one who has, somewhere in his life, walked close to God. He regarded the woman who opened the door with clear, level gaze.

"I have walked a long way to bring a message," he said. "Are you, by any chance, the woman known in the hills as 'Miriam'?"

She drew him within and bade him rest.

"I am Miriam," she answered.

"Five years ago," the stranger continued, "you befriended a man called Richard Farrell. I have been sent by him to return a certain sum of money, which in your generosity, you gave him."

He held out a square, white envelope which Miriam carried to the window and tore open. There was no letter within, only a number of banknotes neatly folded. She laid it on the sill and gazed far across the hills to where the road wound like a narrow, gray ribbon.

"He is poor at expressing himself in writing," spoke the messenger again, "but he begged me to say that he has lived honorably and that wealth and power have come to him. If you are in need, if there is anything which you desire that money and position can secure, he would regard the fulfilling of those desires as the highest honor."

"It is very kind of him and I am happy to hear what you have told me," she smiled. "Happy indeed! But I have no need of money. Look over my bookshelves, if you do not believe me."

The stranger rose and ran a careless finger over the titles.

"Birds Of The Americas, by M. C. Conley; The A. B. C. of Ornithology, by M. C. Conley; Citizens of the Rocks, by M. C. Conley; Conley's Bird Book. You indulge an unusual taste, I see," he remarked.

"I am Miriam Conley," she said.

"You!" The exclamation was wrung from him. He broke it off sharply. "Ah, then——" he came to where she stood by the window—"my friend can be of no service to you and I assure you he will be bitterly, bitterly disappointed! He loved you. You were his shining light, his mentor and guide in every hour of the past five years. I know the dreams he had built about you; I know the longing of his heart to return, some day, a little of the gift you lavished upon him. He would give his whole world, his life for you. Sometimes I thought he prayed to you instead of to his God."

She turned her wide, dark eyes upon him in a long look, a look in which unbelieving joy and wonder grew and grew.

"You are Richard Farrell!" she cried, and held out eager hands.

Then Farrell's arms drew her close in their tender, worshipping strength.

At Night

By Mary Matheson

Before I close my eyes at night
And bid the day's long toil farewell,
No noise of conflict can repel
Or drive away the sudden light
That floods my soul now bathed in rest
Of quiet thought or silent quest.

I lay aside the clothes of care
And fold the garments of my toil;
My hands are cleansed from stain of soil;
I clasp them gently as in prayer
I think of loved ones far away
Who come no more at close of day.

And of the loved ones who near by
Have made my day of life so bright,
I ask protection through the night
For all,—and then come silently
Good Angels of Kind Thoughts who keep
Their sacred vigil while I sleep.

In the Name of Novelty

By Betty Barclay

"ISN'T this nice, mother! What are those fancy things, anyway?"

The woman addressed turned certain browned curlycues over with a fork, tasted a portion, and exclaimed:

"They are potatoes. Well, did you ever?"

Novelty may be applied to the humble potato as well as to the more patrician asparagus tip or Brussels sprout. It may be present with a plain piece of bread just as it may with a strawberry shortcake. Novelty is something that lends itself to any fruit, meat, vegetable or garnish.

This is true, yet there are thousands of housewives who seldom call upon novelty to aid them in their effort to prepare something unique for a change—for the home dinner or when guests are present. At their very hands, novelty awaits the call, yet they frantically turn over leaf after leaf in their favorite recipe book and never think of looking toward novelty for the solution of their trouble.

This is the day of novelty. In California one goes into a fancy booth to secure a drink of orange juice or a dish of plain ice cream. In another section of the country, something else has been built, prepared, made, originated or supplied so that novelty may attract.

On the marshes near Atlantic City a real estate office is built in the form of a schooner. Not far away a famous hotel has the appearance of an elephant. Everywhere, anywhere one may find people catering to the desire for novelty which is prevalent in each of us

Roadside restaurants are that no more. Today there are tea rooms with fancy names, ornate decoration, tasty dishes and a Bohemian atmosphere throughout. Novelty again! That's all there it to it.

Novelty should not be limited to real estate offices, ice cream igloos or Ye Olde English Tea Rooms. It should be allowed to creep into the private home and help make things more attractive. Use novel salads, novel fruit dishes, novel garnishes, novel sauces and novel desserts. They will amply repay you for any trouble you may take.

Take the orange. Many of us have thought of the orange as something to be peeled and eaten. Of late years we have learned that it is good on the half shell. Still later we learned to run a knife point around the pulp so that it might be scooped more easily at breakfast. Then we learned that orange juice in a bed of cool ice makes a desirable change for the morning appetizer.

But there many of us have stopped. As a matter of fact, these novel additions merely scratch the surface. Even the little orange may be served in dozens and dozens of attractive and novel manners and ways that many of us know nothing whatever about. Here are a few of them—for those who wish to add even more novelty to their novel meals, or who wish for the first time to cater to this thing called "novelty":

Baked Oranges

Quarter the oranges. Bake in syrup until tender Serve with sweet potatoes and baked ham. Four quarters to each serving. The fruit should be cooked until tender, so that individual portions separate easily with a fork for eating.

Baked Oranges Served Whole

Cover one dozen clean even-sized oranges with cold water and let stand overnight. Drain and wipe dry. Cut a slice from the blossom end of each orange and crowd into it as much sugar as it will hold. Place prepared oranges in a deep earthen or enamel ware baking dish. Place on each orange a small piece of butter. Fill baking dish to within one quarter of the top with cold water. Cover dish tight and set in a slow over about 220 degrees F. Bake slowly until the skin of the orange can be easily pierced. Place orange on a hot dish and stir into the remaining liquid the juice of two oranges, two level tablespoons of cornstarch (wet to a paste with cold water) and 1 tablespoon of butter. Stir and cook until thick and smooth. Use as a sauce for the oranges. These oranges can be kept for three or four days and reheated as needed.

For dessert place a half of a marshmallow on top of each orange and brown lightly in the oven after baking.

An Orange Meat Relish

6 oranges — 1 cup water
1 cup sugar — 2 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons lemon juice

Cut oranges in quarters, place in baking pan, add boiling water to cover about halfway. Cover and place in oven 350 degrees (or cook on top of stove) until tender. Boil sugar, water and lemon juice together a few minutes, pour over oranges and bake until jellied and tender. Dot with butter last five minutes and bake uncovered. Serve as a relish for meat.

THE hot weather is a thing of the past.

With the cooler breezes we usher in the hot dish and the cooked dish which may be laid aside to cool before serving. Meals must become a trifle heavier so that we may put on a layer or two of fat to take care of the cold season approaching.

Of course we do not wish too much flesh. Fashion has dictated a slender figure, and it would never do to flaunt a red flag in the face of fashion. So we eat hot dishes and cooled cooked dishes which help us add a little more weight but at the same time keep us from joining the ranks of our more plump brothers and sisters.

Many do not have among their recipes, tasty combinations containing oranges that may be served for a light dessert at either luncheon or dinner, or that may be served later on in lieu of ice cream and coffee, a delicatessen lunch, or any of those after-bridge, after-dance, after-music combinations that are usually deemed so necessary.

Here are three little recipes that may appeal—one for pie, one for custard and one for pudding. Try them and see which you prefer:

Orange Pie

Line a pie dish with a crust and add the following:

2 oranges — 3 large apples sliced
3 heaping tablespoons sugar

Dot with pieces of butter. Sprinkle with cinnamon. Add top crust and bake.

Orange Custard

1 cup milk
4 yolks and 2 whites eggs
2 large oranges
2 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon powdered gelatine

Put sugar, eggs (yolk and whites) grated rind of oranges in basin and beat a few minutes. Heat milk and pour gradually into basin, stirring all the time. Return to fire and stir carefully until it thickens (but do not boil). Strain in basin, add orange juice and gelatine dissolved in a little cold water. Stir in beaten whites of two eggs and turn into a wet mold to cool.

Orange Pudding

Squeeze the juice of two oranges and one lemon into a saucepan with one cup of sugar and one cup of water. When the mixture boils add three tablespoons of cornstarch, which has been mixed in a little cold water, and let it stand in a warm place for two minutes. Pour into a wet mold a little of the pudding. Place on this a layer of sliced oranges. Add more pudding and another layer of oranges and so on until mold is full.

Make a custard of the yolks of the eggs, one pint milk, two tablespoons of sugar and one tablespoon of grated orange rind. Serve cold.

The custard may be served in a separate dish, or the pudding may be turned into a deep dish and the custard poured around it. This is a pudding handed down from one generation to another, that has always proved a popular dessert with one of our oldest eastern families.

A Gift that would please

A Prince or a Duchess... Mr., Mrs. or Miss...

Admired for their beauty, desired for their luxury, and prized most of all for their unequalled quality, "Keystone" creations in distinctive toiletware will maintain your reputation for exceptionally "good taste" in gift-giving.

"Keystone" Brushes are recognized as the finest brushes in the world. They are filled with stiff, glossy pure-white bristles, which massage the scalp thoroughly. "Keystone" Mirrors are made with imported plate glass—absolutely flawless.

At your jewellery, drug or departmental store you will find a wide variety of "Keystone" gifts... smart Military Brush Sets for men. Exquisite pearl, French ivory and tortoise shell toiletware pieces and sets for women. Dainty ivory toiletware for the tiny tots... all made by Keystone Craftsmen... which means "made without a flaw" for those who *give the best.*

STEVENS-HEPNER CO. LIMITED
Port Elgin, Ontario
Makers of the famous Keystone Hutax Toothbrushes.

Pearl French Ivory Tortoise Shell Toiletware—in Single Pieces or Sets—by

KEYSTONE

In every woman's circle

there is one too timid to ask concerning intimate matters of feminine hygiene.

MANY a young woman wonders why others leave her out of their confidences when delicate subjects are discussed. Her own reserve is probably the answer. But behind this reserve is *doubt*—a fear that her knowledge is incomplete, that it lacks the authority of modern medical opinion. And this doubt is justified. For though physicians recommend feminine hygiene as a healthful practice, the selection of an effective antiseptic has always involved actual danger.

Physicians approve Zonite for feminine hygiene

Physicians discover many cases of permanent injury caused by the use of *poisonous antiseptics.* Imagine the effect when delicate tissues are subjected to the caustic action of bichloride of mercury and the compounds of carbolicacid. Hardening of the membranes often sets in, producing in time irreparable areas of scar-tissue.

Women need not run these deadly risks. In Zonite they have a true germicide that is non-poisonous and safe on internal tissues. This remarkable antiseptic kills germs quickly, completely. It is actually *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the body.

Discover the whole truth

For *all* the facts read the new, free booklet on feminine hygiene. Use the coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, 165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, insect bites or chapped skin. Also a powerful deodorant in vanishing cream form. Large tubes, 50c.

In bottles 30c, 60c, $1.

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 203
165 Dufferin Street, Toronto.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.
☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home
(*Please print name*)
Name.....
Address.....
City..... Prov.....

OUR ISLAND

By Margaret Bjornsfelt

ALWAYS I had had the dream and longing one day to possess an island of my own, not a part of an island, but one all to myself. My thirty years of life were spent on the prairie with hardly a tree in sight, and the sea was something in my imagination. Is there anyone who doesn't love an island? Its appeal is instant. It suggests romance and adventure. With me it was more than a whim; it had become an inextinguishable desire.

All other land divisions are more or less imaginary, but the boundary of an island is definite. It is that fixed yet always varying line where land and water meet and embrace. Who has not nursed the dream of owning an island! I was like Omar, who said: "Thou and me and an island," signifying a world entire. I wanted my lovely wife and myself to live our own lives on an island.

The first step was taken, our farm sold we left for the Pacific Coast in British Columbia. The next step was to get our island. After many interviews with real estate men, one was found answering closely to our wants and means. I was so eager to possess it that after seeing photos and maps I bought it at once. It was small, only about eighty acres, surrounded by larger islands, and lying thirty miles from Victoria.

At last, one sunny morning at the end of May, 1910, we started off in a sailboat (wanting romance we would not have a motor boat). I had taken a few lessons in sailing and thought myself capable of managing alone. We left Oak Bay with the skiff loaded with provisions of all kinds, tools, a small stove and books, in the cabin.

Thirty miles did not seem very far to prairie folk, and with a good south wind we would be "home" by night. Alas for human conceit! We had reckoned without the sea. Everything went nicely until we came off "Ten Mile Point," here the tide was running strongly against us, the wind changed; there were whitecaps everywhere, and suddenly we were caught in a strong tide-rip. I tried to shorten sail, but too late, a strong cast of the wind shifted the cargo and our proud boat capsized. We managed to hold on to the side, but our position was desperate. The mast and sails lay flat on the water. Luckily for us, some people in a large motor boat saw our plight and came to the rescue, towing us to Discovery Island.

Our first experience with an island was as shipwrecked mariners on an uninhabited isle. Here on the beach we placed all our things out for drying. Fortunately the cabin door had been closed when we capsized so we lost very little. The tide was low by now and our boat was high and dry. All afternoon we worked hard to get things into shape again. The night was calm and warm and we slept with some degree of comfort on the beach. Our adventure had only given more zest to our undertaking.

As the first rays of the sun gilded the blue waters of the Straits of Juan de Fuca we had our craft ready to continue the journey. A mild southwest wind filled our sails for some hours and the tide was in our favor. With a sea chart in front of us we steered our course northeast. The sun shone warm on our backs, there was not a cloud in the sky, and we felt happy and expectant as we drew nearer to our longed-for island, as yet only a figure on the chart. What would it look like! We had just rounded a little peninsula when my little shipmate cried out excitedly: "Look, John! Oh, look! That must be it! There, don't you see! Oh! our own little island"!

Look-Out Point

The South Beach

To-day we get to the island by fast motor boat and land at a long floating wharf

The last rays of the setting sun bathed the island in a rosy glow, the high cliffs, the tall pines, the green valley, the long stretch of sandy beach. We clasped each other's hands in the joy of realization that this was ours. As the boat touched the sand in the little harbor it was nearly dark.

A second night we were to sleep on the beach, but what a difference! This was our very own, a place of mystery and romance.

Soon a big fire was blazing on the beach. Never had a supper tasted better, and later, rolled in our blankets, beside the dying embers of the fire, our thoughts wandered back to the prairies, comparing the difference, and wondering what the future had in store for us. The monotonous splashing of the waves on the shore lulled us to sleep.

Next morning at sunrise we had our first dip in the sea. Cold! Whee-ee! It took courage to make the plunge, but how invigorating and filled with life one felt afterward!

Our pioneer life had started! We had now to survey and inspect our little kingdom. From a high hill covered with arbutus trees we had an unexpected view of the sea, radiant in the morning sun. Far to the east were the snow-covered Cascades, Mount Baker towering in regal splendor above them, and closer at hand three larger islands, all heavily wooded. Below us our own beautiful valley stretched across the island from one beach to the other, covered with long green grass. To our surprise a large apple tree grew in the middle of the valley, loaded with pink and white blossoms.. We wondered—nor ever discovered—how it had happened to be planted there.

Everything was in a wild state. Nature had never been interfered with. I could see that we had strenuous days ahead of us. But what a pleasure it would be to build up a home in all this splendor, to feel that we were creating something for the future. The more we saw of our little estate the more we loved it, nor even regretted all our hardship.

Several years have gone by since that May evening we landed there. A world war with its frightfulness has come and gone, and left me an invalid for life. What a retreat of happiness this island paradise seemed to me during those years of hardship in the trenches of Flanders. Today we get to the island in a fast motor boat and land at a long floating wharf. We pass white storehouses and barns, and walk up the hillside to the old homestead under the ever green arbutus trees. The house is white and its two pillars stand like sentinels at the porch steps. We go through the garden to Look-out Point with its seats and table, two hundred feet above the water. In the valley grows thick alfalfa, on the hillsides grape vines are planted, just now crowded with heavy bunches of the juicy fruit. A long avenue of maples shades the walk from beach to beach. There are many fruit and walnut trees, and in the distance tall cedars and firs, a forest untouched by the axe, but through its coolness narrow roads lead to Sunset Point and to the pea-vine meadow. White painted fences are seen here and there, and at the wharf the Canadian flag, on its tall staff, flutters lazily in the summer wind. Here we have found a home, my wife and myself, and our children. This simple life has its charm and adventures in contentment.

THE BIRD
By Rose Fyleman

The early morn was drenched with rain;
It beat against my window-pane.
I lay in bed and tried to make
A little poem for love's sake.
Outside upon the hawthorn tree
A thrush was singing lustily.

While I was beating round and round
For happy sense and happy sound,
He sang his effortless sweet song
Without a care for right or wrong.
And still when I had made a line
He made a better one than mine.

Until at last it came to me
I'd better let such strivings be
And turn my mind to other things. . .
It seems a poet must have wings.

This Clipping may give you a SILVER CHRISTMAS too

ANNIVERSARY PATTERN TEA SPOONS, EIGHT FOR $5.65

...he new Legacy Pattern is as modern in ...yle as a *Vionnet* gown or a hat by *Ma...me Agnès* . . . But it is as ageless as the ...na Lisa in its quality and good taste ... With its lovely simplicity of line, with ...lithe and slen... silhouette, ...gacy is dated to... ...y . . . But it re... ...cts eight decades ...illustrious yes... ...ays in 1847 ...GERS BROS. sil... ...craftsmanship ... For, along with ...modern motif, ...e Legacy Pat... ...rn comes to you ...dowed with a ...quest of the de... ...gning artistry ...at has kept 1847 ...OGERS BROS. Sil... ...rplate in its ...ice of leadership ...rough four generations. Take the free, ...aring lines of a skyscraper. Take the ...sh of a plane in flight. Take an emerald ...ware-cut by Cartier and a gown by Paul Poiret. Take all their beautiful, moder... ...istic simplicity, their clean, lovely lit... ...ness . . . express it in silver . . . and y... ...have—*The Legacy*. A new pattern, mi... ...age of 1928, yet ageless in social and ...tistic correctne... Heir to 80 years ...silver skill, gu... ...anteed witho... ...time limit, the n... ...est triumph ...America's oldes... ...and finest—silv... ...plate. *Legacy* is ...view at all leadi... ...silverware cou... ...ers. Styled in ... ...modern manner ...but heir to a ... ...tune in silver cra... ...manship. *Co... the Legacy!* Co... ...the new day n... ...in silverware ... ...sign . . . And com... ...a new thrill for every hostess who is t... ...moderne . . . For, in the *Legacy* Patte... ...the modern motif has been captured ...silverwa... *Legacy* is as new in style

Suggested Minimum Set of FLAT SILVER

Basic Flatware Service

8 tea spoons	8 dessert spoons
8 dinner forks	1 sugar shell
8 dinner knives	1 butter knife

Supplemental Essentials

8 extra tea spoons	8 orange spoons
8 salad forks	8 coffee spoons
8 butter spreaders	1 cold meat fork
1 pickle fork	1 gravy ladle
1 berry spoon	1 dessert server

Having nothing else to do at the moment, but this and that, John K. Husband picked up a copy of his wife's favorite magazine.

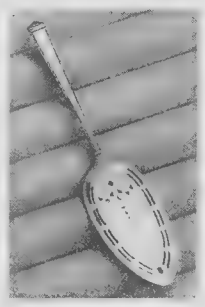
Of all things, his eye lit on an item about silverware (*see above*) listing the silver requisites that a self-respecting home must have.

This was passing strange . . . for John was not given to thinking very deeply about his wife's household needs, excepting by way of rebuttal.

At first, the item affected him pleasantly. "How lucky," he thought, "that Molly inherited her Aunt Minnie's silver service. That certainly was a net gain to me."

But mirth was succeeded by sobriety, as he read into the list. "Molly's service doesn't seem to be so much," he mused. "She's giving her social shows with only half a troupe for her silverware cast. Most of her pieces are playing double roles for missing pieces. I'll have to look into this drama."

He did. For the very next day he paid a visit to a silverware counter. The surprises there were many and pleasant. For one thing he learned that it doesn't cost the price of a seat on the stock exchange to gratify all of a wife's fondest silverware dreams . . . In fact, he learned that fine silverplate is the least expensive of all the refinements a man can buy for his home.



The Dessert Server cost him . . . $5.00

The basic service came in the gorgeous PIECES OF 8 *Chest $58.85*

And, as a final inspiration, he added a three-piece tea service at . . . $87.75

A set of flatware with covers for eight was priced at $58.85, including a gorgeous Treasure Chest. He bought it. Extra tea spoons at $5.65 for eight. He bought them. Salad forks in eights, $11.30. He bought them, too.

Never did he have so much fun for so little money in shopping for the home. Besides, *Christmas was coming.*

And being a thoroughbred, he did the job up brown . . . adding a tea set to the flatware . . . in the same pattern. All in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate. For John has an unerring eye for quality. He always spots the best.

. . . So Molly's Christmas was silver indeed.

L'Envoi

Of course, we can't guarantee that if you leave the above clipping where your husband can't miss it, that it will do to him what it did to John. But it ought to, if he loves you as of yore . . . *Besides, Christmas is coming.*

1847 ROGERS BROS

SILVERPLATE

GENERAL OFFICES: MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

SALESROOMS: NEW YORK . . . CHICAGO . . . SAN FRANCISCO

CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONT.

Creations by HARVEY

THE name HARVEY on a gift is at once an evidence of the purchaser's good taste, and a compliment as well as a remembrance to the recipient.
Harvey Hosiery of pure silk, sheer, medium or service weights; in fishnet, plain or smartly clocked; with square or pointed splicings, slender heel, is to be had in all the new, attractive shades that enhance alike the correctness of dinner gown, dancing frock or street costume.

Hosiers Limited
Woodstock, Ont.

Make

IDEAL GIFTS

For pyjamas, gowns, step-ins, slips—all those intimate garments that women love to give to, and receive from, other women—durable, dainty, silken things, tailored to the mode, order by name HARVEY.

HARVEY KNITTING COMPANY LIMITED, *Woodstock, Ont.*

A Gift for all the Year

The measure of any gift is the gratitude it will inspire! Here is one gift unlike all others—delightful to receive—adaptable to the needs of everyone—useful throughout the year—a light to guide your friend long after the Christmas candles have faded.

Eveready Flashlights are finished with all the care usually bestowed on a fine piece of jewellery or plate. Durable cases of ebony black or heavy nickel will look well for years. Focussing models throw brilliant beam 200 to 1000 feet. Eveready Mazda bulbs used exclusively. Each flashlight equipped with crystal clear lens and mirrored high power reflector. Eveready is the aristocrat of flashlights—a gift you will be proud to give.

And the Price is so Reasonable

You can buy a genuine Eveready Flashlight for as low a price as $1.75, and this includes a guarantee of service for life.

A complete assortment to choose from—strong, attractive cartons. Go today and look at them. Sold by hardware, drug, sporting goods, electrical, auto accessory stores and garages.

Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited

Calgary
Vancouver
TORONTO
Montreal
Winnipeg

Owning Eveready Battery Station CKNC, Toronto

Two Christmas Children

By E. A. Taylor

DICKENS has forever linked together the two greatest cities of our modern civilization, London and Paris, in the Tale of Two Cities. "Roaring London and raving Paris," a pessimist writer of to-day calls them, inferring that there is nothing in either but empty roarings and mad ravings. But each of these cities had a novelist who knew better than this. Dickens himself has shown us the soul of London, and made her beautiful forever; while Victor Hugo has crowned his adored Paris with immortality. Each of these novelists wrote of Christmas in their cities, and each set a little child in the midst of the city's roaring or raving, and made us to see the soul of the city, because of this picture of a child.

The child of Dickens and of London is a boy, Tiny Tim.

The child of Victor Hugo and of Paris, is a girl, little Cosette.

When we think of characters either in history or fiction, we think of what they did or said. Great actions, dramatic passions, or clever conversations! but the two Christmas children have none of these. There is no direct action recorded of them, no conversation or clever speeches. Tiny Tim is a prayer embodied in a crippled child—the greatest prayer spoken by uninspired lips—"God bless us everyone." And Cosette is only a little hand, a trustful clinging child's hand.

An artist painted Tiny Tim on Christmas morning, in church with his father. Bob Cratchit stands up, very straight; his trousers are too tight, his coat is too short, and the long woollen comforter that he wears in lieu of a great coat hangs round him; he would be grotesque if it were not for the simple earnestness of his face: he is a man honest all through, a good man, standing there following the Christmas thanksgiving service with all his heart, though his wages are "half of nothing," his employer a miserable tyrant, and he has a wife and six children to keep. Yet he is thoroughly happy, the ideal rich poor man.

Tiny Tim stands by his father, his crutch just showing, and his gentle eyes wandering round the church, looking at healthy and money-rich children with pleasure at their happiness. Tiny Tim is not merely happy, he is happiness, with his prayer—"God bless us everyone."

This picture does not show any but the two figures, but we know that Boy and Girl Cratchit are there with their father. They might be called angel children, for they are full "of mirth and glee," and constantly on the wing—move, we should say. Envy, discontent, quarrelling, seem to be things they never heard of; in a word they are Bob Cratchit's children! They race ahead of their father, with Tiny Tim on his back; not to get home first, but to stand outside the baker's, sniffing the delicious smells from the big oven, and sure that they recognize the scent of their own particular goose among them.

Then there is the Cratchit home, consisting, as far as we see, of a kitchen-parlor—dining-room combined, with a tiny scullery attached, where the Pudding is boiling in the wash boiler. There does not seem much furniture, but everything is scrubbed. Mrs Cratchit has no good dress, but she is "brave in ribbons;" and she is brave, hardworking, cheerful and content—with some new ribbons instead of a dress. With her is Belinda, described as "her second daughter, also brave in ribbons." Then there is Peter, tortured but proud in a new collar too high and too tight for him. Last there is Martha, Bob's first-born, apprenticed to a dressmaker and "living in," that is boarding at her employers, and so is kept till nearly noon on Christmas day clearing up before she can come home. (We surmise that the ribbons of Mrs. Cratchit and Belinda are brave in, were scraps useless to the dressmaker, and given to Martha).

Then comes the Christmas dinner, a banquet of joy and happiness with a goose and pudding, etc., in the background. There are two invisible guests at this banquet, Scrooge and the Spirit of Christmas Present.

Scrooge is an unhappy, very poor-rich man, he is Bob's miserable employer, and on this Christmas night he is visited by three spirits. The first takes him to see the Christmases of his past, softening his heart by the memories of his boyhood and the little sister that he loved. Then comes the second spirit, showing him the happy Cratchit home, and entirely converting him. Especially he looks with righteous envy at Bob's children — and Tiny Tim. Making nothing but money he has lost the chance of making a home with children of his own, but he thinks now that this money may make him these children's friend, and it must—he vows this—it must make Tiny Tim strong-limbed and healthy.

This is Scrooge's conversion; that Cratchit home would have converted anybody; so half the work of the third spirit is unnecessary, except to carry out Dickens' stern creed that even if a man may escape reaping exactly what he has sown, at least he must look on the fearful harvest that might have been.

The first scene in this last act shows the Cratchit home with a shadow on it, Tiny Tims's crutch stands against the wall, but he is gone! With artist sense the Dickens Fellowship, in putting this story on the stage, stop here to make Scrooge kneel to the Spirit, imploring him to say that these scenes from the future are but shadows that may be, but that a repentant man can prevent them ever coming true. But in the book, while Scrooge is uneasy at this shadow of Tiny Tim's death, which he knew was practically his doing, in paying Bob so little that he could not give a delicate child proper food, or pay for the surgical aid that might cure him, he still hopes, that he can change things; Bob shall have a just wage, and he will himself arrange for Tiny Tim having all the help that science can give him. The last scene of black horror—the harpy—haunted dying bed of a doomed wretch; the ghastly burial, the grave accursed. were all needless as far as Scrooge's reformation was concerned; but Dickens believed that punishment, or at least the shadow of punishment, should be given to a man like Scrooge before pardon. He made him think the death sentence he deserved was to be carried out, before he gave him the pardon, setting him free to live, and love Bob's children, and do his part in keeping Tiny Tim to grow up to a manhood which should make his country, and the whole world, better because it was lived as an answer to the prayer—

"God bless us every one."

JUST as when I visited London the people of Dickens, especially Scrooge and Tiny Tim, filled all the streets, pushing the magnificient history of the Imperial City somewhat into the background; so when I first saw Paris I did not have visioned sight of kings and heroes, but only of one escaped convict, whose soul had been redeemed by a bishop who was a saint, and then was led into the path of peace—or at least held back from lonely desolation by the clinging hand of a child, little Cosette. "Les Miserables" is perhaps the greatest of all novels; it is gigantic, a library and picture gallery combined; but with its every great character dwarfed by the overpowering personality of the outcast, Jean Valjean! And beside him is the little child, no character of power or beauty, but just small hands that cling to his—and make him happy.

No home could be a greater contrast to the Cratchit than the inn in the suburbs of Paris where we first meet Cosette. Thenardier, the innkeeper, is a man with brains, money-greedy, but too lazy to be honest, so always poor, always cheating, and always miserable. His wife is like him, spoiling her own two little girls, and abusing the orphan child, eight year old Cosette.

We see her first on Christmas Eve. The big dirty room of the inn is half filled with teamsters. Madame Thenardier is cooking, her children are playing with their toys, and Cosette, sitting under the table almost in the dark, is knitting—for she is not allowed to be idle ever—and watching them with wistful envy. Thin, pale and dirty, her face disfigured by a black bruise, wearing one filthy garment, and a pair of old wooden shoes. Cosette looks more like something fished out of the garbage pile than a human child. Her education has been blows and sights of sin. She can lie and steal quite expertly, only halted by the fear of being found out; but as she grows older, she will be able to use the keen little brain under her dirty hair more and more, until she will be a woman-demon, fearing no law, and able to lead many to destruction, a plague spot on the civilization of her country. But that Christmas Eve she is still a child, who may be saved; for Victor Hugo does not believe in inherited vice, he thinks that all children might be saved, if only there were savers enough.

One of poor Cosette's duties is to water and feed the horses put by the teamsters in the inn stables. She had only partly watered them, for the water in the tank was nearly gone, and she was terrified at the thought of fetching more from the spring in a lonely and supposedly haunted spot a good mile away.

A man says his horse has had no water; Madame calls Cosette, who declares, "Yes, yes, master, he drank a whole pailful."

"Well, you are one!" cried the driver, "A brat not bigger than my fist telling a lie as big as a house. I tell you he has not been watered."

So the child is sent out with the bucket to fetch the water. Her way takes her through a Christmas Fair, a line of booths, with fancy glassware, cheap toys and tinsel, glittering in the light of hundreds of candles. Being a child Cossette forgets all her troubles as she stares at a big wax doll dressed in

Continued on page 78

The Gift of Love

By W. V. Newson

Nature all quiet, softly falling snow
White and undrifted, wide upon the moor:
A brooding spirit, breathless to adore:
Mem'ries of things kept sacred long ago
And still held dear, where Christian
hearts are true:
The story of a Child, in manger born
As if God would some lowly thing adorn:
A silver star above, in darkling blue
To lead the Wise Men to a better boon
Than Wisdom, the far better gift of love:
And round the world the old old joyful rune
Of tidings . . . . a message from above
Forever new, to lift the fainting will:
The King of Love remains our Shepherd still.

Boncilla

Dainty Beauty Preparations that Delight Dainty Women everywhere—

The superior quality of Boncilla Preparations, their intrinsic value as aids to complexion beauty, and their charm, delicacy and fragrance, have won the increasing friendliness of women everywhere.

The favorite products among these preparations, namely, Boncilla Cold Cream, Boncilla Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder, constitute, with Boncilla Clasmic Pack, the famous Boncilla Complexion Treatment.

Boncilla Clasmic Pack is still bringing new revelations of complexion improvement to hundreds of new users every day, while the Creams and Powders are increasing in *individual* use on the dressing tables of dainty women throughout Canada.

Make Boncilla Products your Choice

Boncilla Cold Cream
Boncilla Vanishing Cream
Boncilla Cleansing Cream
Boncilla Lemon Cream
Boncilla Face Powder
Boncilla Clasmic Pack
Boncilla Rouge
—and other quality products

YOUR DRUGGIST

has these Boncilla Preparations in a number of sizes, and to suit your purse and convenience. Give "Boncilla" preparations a place on your dressing table — you too will be delighted and satisfied as are thousands of other users.

CANADIAN BONCILLA LABORATORIES LTD., TORONTO 25

Making it Easy to Choose Smokers' Gifts

THERE is no need to worry about gifts for your friends who smoke. At the nearest tobacconist you will find Tucketts famous brands of Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobaccos in attractive Christmas wrappings ready for you. The uniform high quality of Tucketts brands makes them appreciated by all smokers. Be sure they are Tucketts—then go ahead.

CIGARS—Highest Standard of Quality

The name TUCKETT on a cigar is a guarantee of finest quality. Your friends will enjoy their freshness, the superior aroma—they are the ideal Christmas gift for smokers.

TUCKETTS CLUB SPECIAL
Individually foil wraps ..... 2 for 25c
Cheaper by the box—Put up in Christmas packings of 10 and 25

TUCKETTS PREFERRED
Perfectos 15c
Invincibles 15c
Panetelas ..... 2 for 25c
Conchas 10c
Palmas ..... 3 for 50c
Cheaper by the box—Put up in Christmas packages of 10 and 25 cigars

TUCKETTS MARGUERITE
Individually Foil Wrapped 10c
Cheaper by the box—Put up in Christmas packages of 10 and 25 cigars

PREFERRED CLUB SPECIAL and MARGURITE
Christmas packings of 10, contain 2 convenient pocket packs of 5 cigars each

CIGARETTES—All Favourite Brands

Cigarettes are always popular as Christmas gifts. Choose one of the popular brands listed below—all in Christmas wrappings.

Christmas packed carton ..... $1.00 Tins of 50 ..... .60

HERBERT TAREYTON
Christmas packed tins of 50 ..... $0.85
Christmas packed tins of 100 (2-50) 1.70

PHILIP MORRIS VIRGINIA OVALS
Plain or Cork Tips
Tins of 50 ..... 85c

MELACHRINO
Melachrino Plain (No. 8), Cork (No. 9)
Christmas packed tins of 50 ..... $1.25
Christmas packed tins of 100 ..... 2.50

JOHNNIE WALKER
Box of 50 ..... 80c

BUCKINGHAM

With Ribbon and Greeting Card

TOBACCOS— The Pipe Smoker will Enjoy

A pipe smoker likes nothing better than a present of good tobacco. You cannot go amiss in selecting one of the pipe tobaccos listed below. An especially fine gift at moderate cost is the Humidor Jar of Tareyton.

HERBERT TAREYTON
Humidor Glass Jar ..... $3.00 "Home Tin" 1.50

OLD SQUIRE
Glass Jar $1.25

T & B MYRTLE CUT
"Home Tin" 90c

BUCKINGHAM
"Home Tin" (fine cut for making cigaretts) 80c
"Home Tin" Pipe Tobacco 80c
All above packed in attractive Christmas Wrappings

TUCKETTS

CIGARS, CIGARETTES AND TOBACCOS

Why Not Romance After Marriage

By J. W. Wolfe

NOTWITHSTANDING the frequency of divorce, we have no reason to believe that married people are not as happy as at any previous period in the world's history. It is not, if we read the signs correctly that this relation now yields less happiness, but that those who are bound by it are less tolerant of misery, and that the great wave of self-respect has at last swept over the least resistant and self-assertive part of humanity. It has not been so long since men only were supposed to have just cause for divorce, since their rights and sentiments alone could be infringed or wounded by conjugal derelictions. Great freedom in morals having also been accorded them, it was easy for husbands whose sensibilities had suffered to find consolations beyond their own threshold. It seemed scarcely worth while to redress wrongs by legal procedure when they might be assuaged by private action. The idea of justice and equality of opportunity in the pursuit of happiness has at length so permeated modern society that women as well as men feel impelled to escape from a condition which, whether through incompatibility, infidelity, or a general perversion of marriage is one which degrades and poisons existence and renders the higher purposes of life unfruitful. Thus it has come about that the violation of an ideal leads women also to seek emancipation from trials which in the past would have seemed to them a part of the universal system, something preordained, inevitable and, if not acceptable, at least affording no sufficient basis for public protest. On the other hand it is true that the ease with which divorce is now obtained takes away incentive to conciliatory conduct and is destructive in many of its tendencies.

The marriage relation has been singled out by the cynic and satirist for especial abuse and lamentation. It has been derided as a species of trap, and men have been ridiculed for deliberately entangling themselves in its meshes and finding after all that the actual experience falls far short of the anticipations of the willing fancy. Nor is this criticism surprising; for from no other human relation is so much demanded, nor is any other preceded by so vivid a conception and promise of felicity—in contrast to which any subsequent manifestation of the commonplace seems like a wicked betrayal. The fact that poets and writers of fiction stop at the moment when love is harnessed and has to face a frowning world of individual idiosyncrasies, of innate selfishness and stupidity shows that as teachers and critics they shirk their true responsibilities. It is no time to forsake a man, when he has entered the deep waters of life. If those to whom we look for guidance were to direct their powers to creating an ideal of conjugal felicity, there might be developed in the course of time a state of mind among men and women as favorable for prolonged married happiness as for the fleeting joys of courtship.

We might justly accuse Nature of betraying us, if romantic love was a thing of her exclusive devising. We cannot, however, hold her entirely responsible for this alleged breach of faith. Man himself has slowly evolved the idea and the emotion. Accustomed to regard the poet as a seer, mankind has willingly lent itself to the beatitudes of love so fervently depicted by him. If all along the poet has held out expectations too exalted to be realized, he has certainly done the world an injustice and furnished ground for discontent. On the other hand, if the emotion which he has so diligently fostered is short lived and also only because mankind is not sufficiently advanced to appropriate more than a promise of bliss, he may yet, by continuing to set forth a noble standard of affection, do something toward cultivating those qualities which will make it possible for the lover not only to possess momentarily but to hold and to keep, the felicity that may have fallen to his lot. But in order that this may come about, the lover himself must use his intelligence and in cooler moments devise means for protecting himself against his own caprice. We fancy that for the mass of mankind the truth lies somewhere between a vulgar conception of love and the poetic ideal.

Novelists have observed that a man's intellectual sovereignty is very precious to him, and the lack of fealty to it in his own family carries with it potentialities of a disastrous kind. They might, therefore emphasize the fact that, if appreciated and applauded in the outside world, he very naturally misses this exhilarating incense at home, and if defeated abroad he more than ever prizes the consolation of approval at his own hearth and the assurance that in the wide world there is for him at least one warm spot where he can find all human love and sympathy. Living within the shelter of the home, women are apt to forget what a source of comfort it may be made to those whose contacts are more general as it were unencompassed by definite boundary lines.

Although nature delights in specialization and has ordained that the social functions of men and women shall be in many respects widely divergent, nevertheless there are points at which the life of the one shades into the other and within certain limits the more this blending of interest is encouraged the better. The sharing not only of fortune but of sympathetic motives is a great and acknowledged principle of union.

It is been unreasonably asserted that no man is in love with his wife after he has been married to her four or five years. If this be so, it implies a waste of opportunity which even nature in her lavish expenditure to attain her ends can scarcely justify. If with the average man the permanence of marriage tie is the destructive influence, the one which denies charm and takes away the incentive to fine conduct, this deficiency might be satisfactorily met by discovering in the psychological laboratory the mordant or fixative which would transmute the ephemeral passion into one of longer endurance, like the stuff of good dye, which stands the test of use, sunshine and water. This spiritual chemical doubtlessly exists, though not consciously recognized in the hearts of those naturally gentle, unselfish and sympathetic people at whose birth the good fairies have presided.

It must be admitted that mankind, whether at home or abroad, has as yet attained no very great skill in the difficult art of gracious living. At present, however, there seems to be a better basis than ever before for the endurance of all tender relationships. Humanity in general, if still dominated by selfish motives, has grown more gentle and deep-natured and more penetrated by the imaginative sympathy which takes in the full scope of another's trials, aims and ambitions.

A PRAYER FOR WILD THINGS

By S. H.

Father of all things, hear us now
When we for wild things pray;
And pardon every cruel thought,
And take the sins away
Of all who capture, maim or kill
Thine own wild family
Of bird and beast in wood or field;
And teach us tenderly
To love and honor for Thy sake
Each untamed life we see,
That in our hearts in loving them
Thy liberty may be.

The Baby's Invisible Pearls

"SILLY to call teeth pearls!"

Is it? After all, beautiful teeth are not unlike jewels and they are worth more than those white things found in oyster shells! And very much in the way that a pearl is hidden away from view in a shell, a child's teeth are hidden away in the gums of a new born babe.

One begins the care of an infant's teeth before he is born. Why? Because the "buds" of the baby's teeth are waiting for the right time to come into the mouth in season. Not only must the unborn child and nursing baby be supplied with bone and teeth building material, lime and phosphorus through the mother's diet, but it must continue to get these after supplemental foods are given.

The first two years of life are very important, for it is at this time that the shaping and development of the teeth, jaws, skull, face, and muscles of the throat take place. These changes depend upon food, both in quantity and quality; exercise and stimulation to growth are also important; harmful habits guarded against.

There is no substitute for the mother's milk for a baby and there is no better stimulation and exercise for the facial structure than is to be had by breast feeding. Artificial methods are not satisfactory.

Food For The Baby

The nursing infant should have plenty of cool, boiled water between feedings. At three months of age the baby may be given once a day:

1. Orange juice, strained and diluted, beginning with one teaspoonful of juice to one of cool boiled water. Increase amount gradually until the child is taking the juice of one-half orange at one year of age.

2. Or tomato juice strained and diluted may be given.

The introduction of solid foods should be very gradual so as not to disturb the process of development and growth. At the sixth month introduce into the diet a well cooked wheat or other cereal with the ten o'clock breast feeding. Begin with a teaspoonful and gradually increase. At from eight to ten months of age give a vegetable and cow's milk for the two o'clock feeding. Vegetables which may be given are carrots, peas, spinach, asparagus, onions, cauliflower, green string beans, summer or hubbard squash, celery, white turnips, Swiss chard or potatoes cooked in a small amount of water. All of these should be put through a sieve and served with butter or cream. Feed the child small amounts first. Small quantities of the following stewed and strained fruits may be introduced into the diet at this period:

Apples, pears, raisins, prunes, dates and figs.

At one year of age give the baby hard buttered toast or zwiebach with one meal to encourage mastication.

Consult a Specialist When Artificial Food Must be Given

Harmful Habits

1. Thumb or finger sucking cause disfigurement of the jaws and face and bring about tooth irregularity. To prevent the habit secure a cardboard mailing tube about 2-½ inches in diameter, (larger for an older child). Cut off a 4-inch length of the tube and attach a tape at either end. Slip tube over the baby's arm so as to cover the elbow. With a safety pin fasten the tape to the sleeve.

2. Using a pacifier causes flattening of the mouth and tooth irregularity and introduces air into the baby's stomach.

3. Improper mastication. Prevent the child swallowing foods improperly chewed. Teach it from the beginning to chew food thoroughly.

4. Mouth breathing is a sign of obstruction in the breathing passages, and usually indicates adenoids. Give prompt attention. It causes irregularity of the teeth, disfigurement of the face, air starvation and greater susceptibility to children's diseases. A CHILD SHOULD BREATHE THROUGH THE NOSE.

Published under the auspices of the Manitoba Dental Association by permission of the American Academy of Periodontology

Kitchen Cosmetics

By Kathryn McLeod

THE busy housewife who mourns that she lacks the time or means for keeping up her appearance, should learn to utilize the beautifiers she constantly handles while cooking. No housekeeper need look grimy or ungroomed as to complexion and hands, if she will snatch a moment now and then as she works, to apply one of the many kitchen cosmetics constantly passing through her hands.

The ends and skins of the cucumber she is slicing, rubbed quickly over face and hands, will send her to the table feeling and looking cool and refreshed. If followed up with a juicy strawberry well rubbed in, then wiped off and the face dried, the effect will be to stimulate a natural color if color is natural to one's skin. That is is mainly a stimulant is proved by the effect showing more in half an hour than at the time.

After a dusty time at housework, or after a tramp, the white of an egg or fresh cream, sweet or sour, will remove soil better than the most expensive purchased preparations, and with continued use gives the skin a velvety softness. White of egg, in hot weather, is one of the best remedies for excessive perspiration of face and hands, leaving the skin firm, smooth, cool and clean. It also serves the purpose of a facial pack if applied several times in succession for one treatment, and well rubbed in each time. It may then be left on for hours if desired, and washed off with cold water.

Oatmeal or rolled oats, as a softener of hard water, is fairly well known. A little of it tied in a bit of thin cloth, dipped in water, squeezed and rubbed over the skin, is a beautifier that serves many purposes, especially that of liquid powder for oily skins, and when the face is ovearheated. The skin of a squeezed lemon, covered inside with a layer of oatmeal and used as a washcloth, does superfine work as cleaner and beautifier. When skins of many lemons are left from cooking, they should be used in one's bath, serving all purposes of expensive bath salts, save that they may not furnish one's favorite perfume.

Fall in the Garden

By Ernest S. Woulds

Russet brown
And copper red,
A fading leaf,
A withered head,
A broken stem,
A ripening pod
A naked tree,
A rain soaked sod.

A lowering sky,
And clouds of grey,
A hoary frost
At break of day.
A southern flight
Birds travel on.
A sad farwell,
Summer's gone.

Holt, Renfrew Furs for Christmas--- *at January Savings!*

We are offering January Sale Prices in December, in order that you may obtain furs of genuine Holt, Renfrew quality and authoritative style in time for Christmas and at the same time take advantage of greatly lowered prices. This means a worth-while saving for you and, we confidently believe, an increased volume of business for us.

Buy Your Fur Coat *Now*

Beginning December 1 we are offering a wonderful assortment of furs of every description for men, women and children at

20% to 35% off Regular Prices

And in some cases even more.

CHAPAL SEAL COATS	
Self-trimmed Regular $110.00, for	$79.50
Self-trimmed, Regular $125.00 for	$97.50
Trimmed with Alaska Sable Regular $140.00 for	$110.00
Trimmed with Alaska Sable Regular $175.00 for	$135.00
HUDSON SEAL COATS	
Self-trimmed, Regular $365.00, for	$285.00
Self-trimmed, Regular $425.00, for	$335.00
Alaska Sable trimmed, Regular $375.00, for	$295.00
Alaska Sable trimmed, Regular $450.00, for	$365.00
PERSIAN LAMB	
Alaska Sable trimmed, Regluar $375.00, for	$295.00
Regular $435.00, for	$345.00
Regular $475.00, for	$385.00
MUSKRAT COATS, Self trimmed,	
Regular $200.00, for	$165.00
Regular $250.00, for	$195.00
Regular $285.00, for	$225.00

Extended Payment Plan

You may purchase your Holt, Renfrew Fur Coat on convenient extended payments if you wish. Terms furnished on request.

Write today stating your requirements. Furs sent on approval to your own home in time for Christmas. Send bank or business reference if not already known to us. We pay express charges both ways.

Holt Renfrew & Co. Limited

Canada's Largest Furriers Est. 1837

WINNIPEG - MANITOBA

Alberta College

Co-Educational and Residential

Commercial and Academic Courses — Public and High School Work and Matriculation, including Grade XII; Bookeeping, Shorthand, Telegraphy and related subjects; Correspondence Courses in Academic and Commercial Grades. — **Conservatory Courses in Music**

Careful supervision by a staff of 35 competent and experienced teachers. Special attention to backward students.

10 FULL MONTHS Including tuition fees in academic and commercial branches, board, room and laundry..... **$460.00/100**

For full information and calendar apply to

F. S. McCALL, B.A., D.D., Principal

10041-101st Street Edmonton, Alberta

for each generation

Pearl-Tone
REG'D

(Look for this name on every piece you buy)

IVORIS PEARL-TONE proves a delightful personal possession, a suitable gift for Daughter, Mother and Grandmother.

Ivoris PEARL-TONE is the largest and most complete line of Toiletware made in Canada.

Obtainable in individual pieces, or complete sets in the following colors: Natural, Rose, Blue, Orchid, Maize and Green.

Articles purchased from time to time are positively guaranteed to match in color and design.

Sold by Leading Jewelry, Drug, Departmental and High-class Leather Goods Stores.

F.I. 3

The FRENCH IVORY PRODUCTS Limited
TORONTO 3 - - - - - ONTARIO

Yes, it Matters What You Wear

By Julia W. Wolfe

"WHAT shall I wear?" One hears on all sides. Sometimes it is a problem to know just what to wear; for it is only quite recently that the line of demarcation between "the thing" for this occasion, and that, has become so blurred as to be rather a band than a line in the mathematical sense of the word, as length without breadth. And a fairly broad band at that, many times. With some women doing their morning shopping in dance frocks, where are we?

One of the results of this general muddle and laxity is to make it easy for the young and inexperienced to jump to the conclusion that "it does not matter;" that, after all, to be comfortable and look nice (according to one's own standards) is all that signifies.

There is no greater mistake. The more elusive the marks of good form, the more emphatic the need for observing them; the wider the scope of choice, the greater the importance of making it wisely.

It is all very well to decry the details of dress and appearance. Compared with the great essentials of life they are, no doubt, insignificant. At the same time, it is by such things that our contact with others is established, just as it is written or spoken only that our minds can communicate with theirs. We have, each one of us, our own part to play in our allotted ways—a very potent way—in which we create impressions, and exert influence, in the very matter of dress. Small wonder, then, that it has a prominent place, carefully prescribed in the world of affairs, and that the higher up we go, the more emphasis does it obtain.

Everyone knows that a specified dress is laid down for evening; and also for church, etc. And the practical difficulties in deciding what to wear are increased these days by the misleading, not to say meretricious, examples set before the unwary. Things have changed very much in all walks of life in recent years; and, in accepting many innovations which would have been unthinkable fifty-years ago, there is sometimes a tendency to "go the whole way" and swallow weird vagaries of fashion (or, for truly, fashion-mongers, for no seal of authority has ever been placed upon them), in the belief that we shall otherwise be "out of it," or to be hopelessly undecided. This at any rate is the predicament in which many people—coming back from another country, for instance, find themselves.

And it is a very real one. The reason lies largely in a certain humility, which characterises us, where dress is concerned. We are only too ready to accept unquestionably anything which bears the hall-mark—or what we consider the hall-mark—Paris.

Now, no doubt our Paris friends have great eminence in the creation of modes. After all, it is one of their main industries, just as manufacturing is one of ours. A tremendous force has been behind it, not only in promoting actual achievement, but in those fields upon which commercial success depends. It is no good producing things unless someone is going to buy them, and to ensure this the main thing is to impress the "Someone" with their desirability. So Paris stands for "fashion" the world over, and all honor to those who, for their country's prosperity and their own, have placed it there.

But there are good fashions in Paris and bad; in French society the extremes of fashion have no place. They are for the pretty mannequins to display, something pour rire or interessante, but never to be worn by women of taste and standing.

Many of us, we think, might well exercise the same discrimination, and show similar critical faculties where the "latest thing from Paris" tries to impress itself. Though fascinating enough across the footlights, it may not be good form without them. And distinction, in the least as well as the most important occasion, depends upon this.

The sense of the fitness of things is, perhaps the keynote to real success in dress, and unfortunately it is one which those who follow slavishly without exercising their own intelligence, fail in lamentably.

Yet what do we see?

Skirts so short as to be of questionable "form" anywhere outside the gymnasium, which, if their owners used their brains, would stand self-condemned. Aggressively bare arms, and the general appearance more suggestive of bathing than anything else, always deplorable, is an artistic crime allied with other feminine accessories. Surely, it can be only crude thoughtlessness which permits such solecism.

Afternoon dances, those products of this age, mean merely simple pretty frocks and hats. We are not sure that the continued favor bestowed upon small headgear has not something to do with this, for dancing and broad brims do not go together.

Dinners, once the most formal of occasions, have dropped from their pinnacle, and unless the length of the invitation, or some special intimation, connotes a ceremonious occasion, a simple dress is appropriate.

Good sense usually guides us as to what to wear by day. Sport and games, the sense of suitability and of propriety, have become almost instincts; so that beyond the fact that one dresses more simply for afternoon functions and luncheons than was the case (hats, of course, are worn by guests on such occasions, and by hostess, too, if she likes), there are fewer opportunities for uncertainty.

Why Not Send a Calendar?

By Evelyn Overton

HOW often at Christmas time we feel there are a few acquaintances to whom we would like to send more than a card of greeting and yet not a gift which they would feel bound to return. A pretty handkerchief is a little "something extra" to go in with the card and is much appreciated by the recipient, but why not send a calendar, which serves as a card of greeting and a little gift as well, something useful for the following year, and a constant reminder of the sender.

Nowadays calendars are really works of art, and can be purchased very reasonably in small sizes (post card size and a few inches larger), the really large ones running into dollars. The good stationery and departmental stores are already showing these calendars and many there are to choose from. Lovely little panels depicting green meadows and blossoming fruit trees; gardens bright with many-colored flowers, making you feel that if winter is here, summer will come again—often reminding you of those old gardens "way down east" or in the Motherland. Anne Hathaway's cottage, standing in a garden of the old-fashioned flowers mentioned in Shakespeare's plays, makes a charming picture. What could be nicer than a woodland scene or a winding country lane, rich in the browns, reds and yellows of autumn, hung just where the sun will shine on it, thus bringing it to life, and brightening a dark corner. A bowl of flowers, in artistic coloring is really beautiful, perhaps a wedgewood blue filled with delicate pink carnations, or a dark green vase filled with yellow roses.

Besides these calendars depicting nature, there are the reproductions of the world's masterpieces, rich in coloring and doubly interesting because one can attach a story to them. "The meeting of Dante and Beatrice" and "Dante's Dream" are always at hand. "Hope," by Watts, is another well known picture, depicting a woman, sitting on top of the world, with eyes bandaged, holding the harp of Life, every string broken but—Hope. "Madame Le Brun and Child," painted by herself, is well known; "The Laughing Cavalier," "The Age of Innocence," "The Gleaners," and the famous pictures by Gainsborough, "The Blue Boy."

There are always the usual scenes of Venice and the Alps, which are very colorful and turn our thoughts to distant

Continued on page 49

When Beds Dress Up

By Isabel Dingman

IT IS not so many years ago that a bed's "best dress" consisted of a white counterpane, white embroidered pillow-slips or pillowsham, with a comforter of some sort folded at the foot. In the most elaborate homes as well as in the abodes of ordinary folk this fashion prevailed, the only difference being in the quality of the articles used.

But how times have changed! The modern hostess would no more dream of dressing a bed for company in this old manner than she would of greeting her guests in a bustle and pompadour. There are now many different ways of arranging beds, to suit every taste and purse, and they are all more interesting than the old style.

The very latest, most up-to-the-minute idea is the harem arrangement. For this you need one of the new bedsteads without any legs. They are made of beautiful wood, with curved or shaped head and foot, and wooden sides, but they sit on castors just about two inches from the floor. There would barely be room for a dustless mop to go underneath them. For the bedspread, a camel hair throw is used—it is just like the coat material—in a grey or tan shade, and at the head is a pile of eight or ten cushions, covered in velvet, silk, and duvetyn in the brightest colors obtainable. Most of them are in "block" patterns, and the bedlamp is a stiff little affair of parchment with triangles for decoration. The effect is much like that of an Oriental divan, and is very unusual. It is a good kind of bed for lounging on, or taking afternoon naps, as it would not muss easily. But I hardly think this style will ever be generally popular. Canadians are apt to think Oriental effects not entirely respectable.

In sharp contrast to this ultra-modern idea are the very feminine ways of dressing up beds. Most intriguing of all are the lace bedspreads used over colored silk or sateen. These frothy, frilly creations range in price from around $20 to $65. With them are used several boudoir pillows of lace over a matching or harmonizing color, or taffeta cushions with touches of gold lace and frivolous French flowers. Over the head of the bed should be a lamp of georgette in the dominating color.

Then there are taffeta bedspreads, with a deep ruffled valance, French flowers and trimmings of gold or silver lace. Very lovely they are too, especially when set off with a heap of taffeta cushions in pastel shades, and a lamp of the same material as the spread. In all the styles mentioned, the spread is drawn over the pillows, which remain out of sight, and the boudoir cushions are piled at the head of the bed. The more of these the better, according to the vogue of the moment. One or two such cushions used to be considered enough, but that is now inadequate.

Another very new treatment for beds, not likely to become widely popular, is an adaptation of the old-time canopy bed. The bedstead itself has a low head, and no footboards. The spread is taffeta, with a deep taffeta flounce falling right to the floor all around, and from a point near the ceiling, in the exact centre of the wall space back of the bed, folds of taffeta hang down to touch the bed at both sides. The effect is very quaint.

All these bed-dresses are for spare rooms and state occasions. For ordinary, every-day wear, less elaborate outfits are best. One of the most popular is a spread of crinkly rayon in some bright color, with cushions of gay organdy in various odd shapes, and a bed lamp to match. The newest of the organdy cushions are edged with colored lace. Then there are the spreads of natural colored cotton or chambray, with brightly colored designs appliqued. A new idea in this type of counterpane is to have a striped woven border in the colors of the design, the stripes being about three inches wide. With a spread of this kind, chambray pillows trimmed with applique are best.

Another new style which is also very old is to use a gay patchwork quilt for a spread. Many of the old designs are being revived and new ones invented. Some of the latter alternate a block of patchwork with a block of embroidery or applique. With a quilt of this kind, prim little chambray pillows or block cushions in light colors are effective, and a plain little parchment bed lamp is best.

Popular and also patriotic is the method of using heavy cotton bedspreads, with tufted trimming in some bright color, usually yellow, rose or blue, and to have across the foot a hand-woven Quebec blanket in a matching color. This is practical as well as pretty. Block cushions in bright colors are appropriate with such a treatment, as the designs go well with the geometric patterns of the tufts.

But a bed is only half-dressed when the outer covering is decided. Almost more important are its underclothes. The latest in these are the colored sheets and pillowcases, which come in delectable shades of mauve, blue, pink, yellow, and green. However, plain white is still good style. Embroidered sheets and pillowcases are seldom seen. Hemstitched and initialled sheets and slips in good quality are preferred.

When colored linen is used on a bed, a colored blanket completes the picture. This may either match the linen or the spread. Most women use two colors when dressing a bed brightly from head to foot.

The men of the house are likely to be very unsympathetic with these and all other schemes of bed decoration. They can't for the life of them see the sense of taking a spread off every night and folding it up, or of having a bed so dainty that no one is allowed to sit on it. But women just listen to them and go serenely on making their bedrooms as attractive and modern as possible—especially if they expect to have many guests come in to lay aside wraps and powder their noses!

Why Not Send a Calendar?

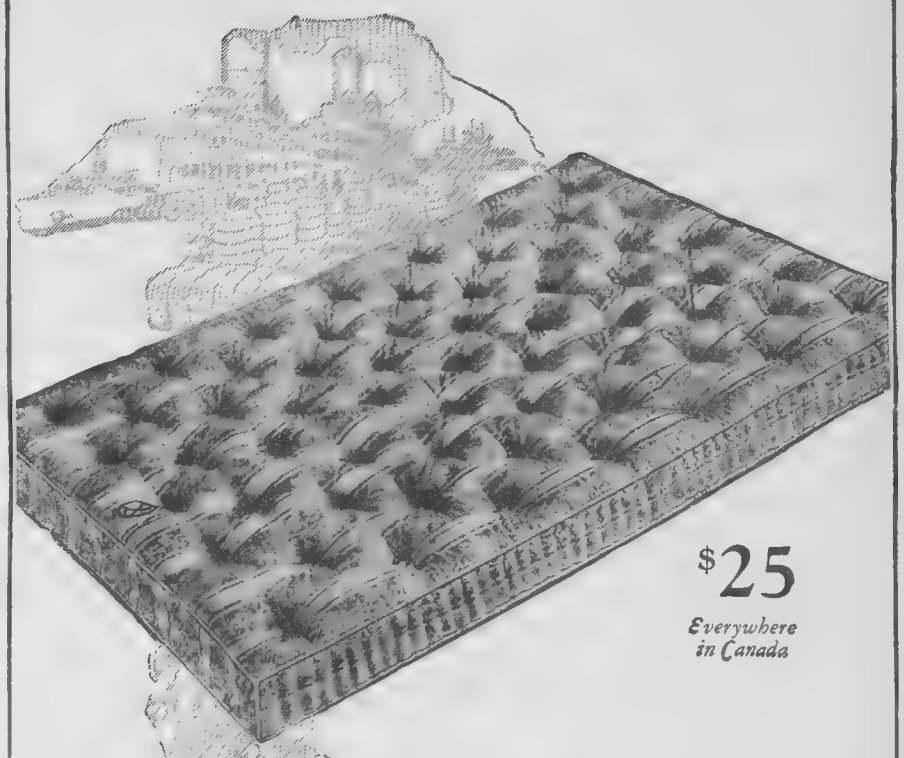
Continued from page 48d

lands which it might never be our good fortune to visit. On the other hand, there are the well-known beauty spots and buildings in the Old Country which will perhaps bring back to the receiver memories of familiar places.

The calendars I have mentioned above come in colored prints or an imitation oil painting.

Many people like the calendars which have a suitable message for each month, sayings by philosophers, poets and writers, both wise and witty. It is an inspiration to read these old sayings and proverbs, and gives us something to think about while we go about our household duties. One of my pleasures is to tear off the date each month and read the verse. What a number of "great thoughts" I have put by for further reference, even to using them when asked to write in an autograph album, for it is often so difficult to find something just suitable.

And then when the year comes to an end, the calendar need not be discarded, but having taken off the date, can be used for a decoration, or a very special one can be framed and so makes a nice picture for living room or bedroom, although the calendars being mounted on thick board, are quite serviceable. Thus the receiver is constantly reminded of the sender.



$25
Everywhere in Canada

Buy an Ostermoor
for Economy as well as Quality

FOR thirty years and more women have instinctively thought of Ostermoor as the *quality* mattress.

Today they think of it as the *economy* mattress as well.

At $25 it is the biggest mattress value to be had in the land.

A woman buys an Ostermoor for her home — and knows it will last for years.

For throughout the Dominion there are countless Ostermoors in A-1 condition after thirty years of service. That brings the cost per year down below any other mattress that can be bought.

Soft, springy, resilient. It is guaranteed.

Built, not stuffed—hand laid, layer upon layer, of the finest, cleanest, white cotton felt.

Other Fine Simmon Mattresses

BEAUTYREST
Hundreds of sensitive little coil springs cushioned between two outer layers of buoyant cotton, provide comfort, relaxation and support.

SNOWFLAKE
The finest mattress made at its very moderate price. Filled with pure new garnetted Snowflake white felt.

STAR
Combines comfort and appearance with great wearing qualities, and sells at a very moderate price.

SIMMONS MATTRESSES
BUILT FOR SLEEP

705

BEDS - SPRINGS - PILLOWS

A Gift for Your Own Home

THAT small No-Mar table or tea wagon so long wanted and needed, may well be your Christmas gift this year. Perhaps a graceful console set or a spinnet desk will be your choice, but whatever you buy this Christmas, add a piece of No-Mar furniture to your home.

You will be delighted with the beauty and grace of the striking designs, the rare and lovely woods used and the permanent brilliancy of the wonderful No-Mar finish.

The booklet "The Charm of Good Design" shows a score of fascinating suggestions to add interest and charm to your home. Let us send you a copy.

MALCOLM & HILL, LIMITED
Kitchener, Ontario

NO-MAR FURNITURE

Here's a tube that just naturally
STAYS YOUNG

THESE Nor-Phonic Tubes refuse to grow old. They outlive all their brothers on the market.

Nor-Phonic Tubes will positively eliminate all noises, resulting in a clear reproduction of your radio programmes.

Only $2.00 apiece at your nearest dealer.

NR 15

Northern Electric
LONGER-LIFE
NOR-PHONIC TUBE

A Classified Advertisement Brings Results

Over 300,000 Readers Turn to the Page Each Issue

Back to God's Country

Continued from page 7

well in two or three months at the very longest."

"But Rydal says he is going to die."

There was no mistaking the significance of Blake's words this time. Her eyes filled with sudden horror. Then they flashed with the blue fire again. "So—he has told you? Well, he told me the same thing today. He didn't intend to, of course, but he was half mad, and he had been drinking. He has given me twenty-four hours."

"In which to—surrender"?

There was no need to reply.

For the first time Blake smiled. There was something in that smile that made her flesh creep. "Twenty-four hours is a short time," he said, "and in this matter, Mrs. Keith, I think that you will find Captain Rydal a man of his word. No need to ask you why you don't appeal to the crew! Useless! But you have hope that I can help you? Is that it"?

Her heart throbbed. "That is why I have come to you, Mr. Blake. You told me today that Fort Confidence is only a hundred and fifty miles away and that a Northwest Mounted Police garrison is there this winter—with a doctor. Will you help me"?

"A hundred and fifty miles, in this country, at this time of the year, is a long distance, Mrs. Keith," reflected Blake, looking into her eyes with a steadiness that at any other time would have been embarrassing. "It means the McFarlane, the Lacs Delesse, and the Arctic Barren. For a hundred miles there isn't a stick of timber. If a storm came, no man or dog could live. It is different from the coast. Here there is shelter everywhere." He spoke slowly, and he was thinking swiftly. "It would take five days at thirty miles a day. And the chances are that your husband would not stand it. One hundred and twenty hours at fifty below zero, and no fire until the fourth day. He would die."

"It would be better—for if we stay—" she stopped, unclenching her hands slowly.

"What"? he asked.

"I shall kill Captain Rydal," she declared. "It is the only thing I can do. Will you force me to do that, or will you help me? You have sledges and many dogs, and we will pay. And I have judged you to be—a man."

He rose from the table, and for a moment his face was turned from her. "You probably do not understand my position, Mrs. Keith," he said, pacing slowly back and forth and chuckling inwardly at the shock he was about to give her. "You see, my livelihood depends on such men as Captain Rydal. I have already done a big business with him in bone, oil, pelts — and Eskimo women."

Without looking at her he heard the horrified intake of her breath. It gave him a pleasing sort of thrill, and he turned, smiling, to look into her dead-white face. Her eyes had changed. There was no longer hope or entreaty in them. They were simply pools of blue flame. And she, too, rose to her feet.

"Then—I can expect—no help—from you."

"I didn't say that, Mrs. Keith. It shocks you to know that I am responsible. But up here, you must understand, the code of ethics is a great deal different from yours. We figure that what I have done for Rydal and his crew keeps sane men from going mad during the long months of darknss. But that doesn't mean I'm not going to help you—and Peter. I think I shall. But you must give me a little time in which to consider the matter—say an hour or so. I understand that whatever is to be done must be done quickly. If I make up my mind to take you to Fort Confidence, we shall start within two or three hours. I shall bring you word aboard ship. So you might return and prepare yourself and Peter for a probable emergency."

SHE went out dumbly into the night, Blake seeing her to the door and closing it after her. He was courteous in his icy way but did not offer to escort her back to the ship. She was glad. Her heart was choking her with hope and fear. She had measured him differently this time. And she was afraid. She had caught a glimpse that had taken her beyond the man, to the monster. It made her shudder. And yet, what did it matter, if Blake helped them?

She had forgotten Wapi. Now she found him again close at her side, and she dropped her hand to his big head as she hurried back through the pallid gloom. She spoke to him, crying out with sobbing breath what she had not dared to reveal to Blake. For Wapi the long night had ceased to be a hell of ghastly emptiness, and to her voice and the touch of her hand he responded with a whine that was the whine of a white man's dog. They had travelled two-thirds of the distance to the ship when he stopped in his tracks and sniffed the wind that was coming from shore. A second time he did this, and a third, and the third time Dolores turned with him and faced the direction from which they had come. A low growl rose in Wapi's throat, a snarl of menace with a note of warning in it.

"What is it, Wapi"? whispered Dolores. She heard his long fangs click, and under her hand she felt his body grow tense. "What is it"? she repeated.

A thrill, a suspicion, shot into her heart as they went on. A fourth time Wapi faced the shore and growled before they reached the ship. Like shadows they went up over the ice-bridge. Dolores did not enter the cabin but drew Wapi behind it so they could not be seen. Ten minutes, fifteen, and suddenly she caught her breath and fell down on her knees beside Wapi, putting her arms around his gaunt shoulders. "Be quiet," she whispered. "Be quiet."

Up out of the night came a dark and grotesque shadow. It paused below the bridge, then it came on silently and passed almost without sound toward the captain's quarters. It was Blake. Dolores' heart was choking her. Her arms clutched Wapi, whispering for him to be quiet, to be quiet. Blake disappeared, and she rose to her feet. She had come of fighting stock. Peter was proud of that. "You slim wonderful little thing"! he had said to her more than once. "You've a heart in that pretty body of yours like a general's"! The general was her father, and a fighter. She thought of Peter's words now, and the fighting blood leaped through her veins. It was for Peter more than herself that she was going to fight now.

She made Wapi understand that he must remain where he was. Then she followed after Blake, followed until her ears were close to the door behind which she could already hear Blake and Rydal talking.

Ten minutes later she returned to Wapi. Under her hood her face was white as the whitest star in the sky. She stood for many minutes close to the dog, gathering her courage, marshalling her strength, preparing herself to face Peter. He must not suspect until the last moment. She thanked God that Wapi had caught the taint of Blake in the air, and she was conscious of offering a prayer that God might help her and Peter.

Peter gave a cry of pleasure when the door opened and Dolores entered. He saw Wapi crowding in, and laughed. "Pals already! I guess I needn't have been afraid for you. What a giant of a dog"!

The instant she appeared, Dolores forced upon herself an appearance of joyous excitement. She flung off her coat and ran to Peter, hugging his head against her as she told him swiftly what they were going to do. Fort Confidence was only one hundred and fifty miles away, and a garrison of police and a doctor were there. Five days on a sledge! That was all. And she had persuaded Blake, the trader, to help them. They would start now, as soon as she got him ready and Blake came. She must hurry. And she was wildly and gloriously happy, she told him. In a little while they would be at least on the outer edge of this horrible night, and he would be in a doctor's hands.

She was holding Peter's head so that he could not see her face, and by the time she jumped up and he did see it, there was nothing in it to betray the

Continued on page 80

Madonna and Christ Child

Continued from page 9

out of her element. But there is one splendid modern example of the Madonna Enskied—that from the hand of Victor Vasnetsov, by many accounted the greatest of Russian painters. Somehow one is thrilled by his Hooded Madonna holding her tragic Babe, their great eyes full of the mysterious mournfulness of holy Russia. What a relief to the sombre pair in this picture are the snowy, fluttering wings of all these happy little cherub songsters adoring the Blessed Mother and Child!

A UNIVERSAL ideal, the Virgin Mary has been many things to many minds, who feel supremely now one phase, and now another, of her subtle, complex personality. Thus sometimes she appears to the Great Masters as the pensive, dreamy Madonna, conscious of her poignant loneliness as a creature half of earth and half of heaven, and not wholly of either. Again it is her smile that haunts. Discover, if you can, the secret of the smile of Leonardo da Vinci's Madonna. That smile, as mysterious as it is lovely, as elusive as it is enchanting, baffles while it beguiles us. Yet to others like Correggio, the heavenly vision of the Madonna wore only a sweet, motherly smile.

Many artists saw the Virgin, strangely enough, as a magnificent, somewhat voluptuous creature of earth, almost arrogant in physical perfections. Their ideal spoke to them in terms of flesh and blood, and they forgot that it was but a wistful, wondering girl, and no haughty, mature court beauty, who was crowned with sacred motherhood at Bethlehem. But what miracles of matchless form and color these flesh-and-blood Madonnas are! How their creators revelled in bestowing upon them every feminine charm! Take the Virgin's hair, for instance—such loving care the Masters so often lavish upon it in every conceivable style of coiffure! The divine Raphael, what an incomparable hairdresser and couturier he was—on canvas! There was Leonardo, also, who loved curled and waving hair, as he somewhere expressly states. So the Virgin's locks may be coiled smoothly about her head, may hang in peasant braids, or may fall softly about her face under halo and crown. Or they may be entirely covered by the Byzantine veil, the mediaeval wimple, or even the Gypsy turban.

And how the immortals loved to couple the beauties of nature with those of exquisite womanhood and motherhood on one glowing canvas! One day in sportive mood, we began to gather and twine what we were pleased to call the Virgin's Bouquet. First we went with Filippino Lippi to the Rose Garden of the Madonna, where a blithe little angel is showering rose petals upon the Holy Child. Somehow that seems a prettier tribute to the infantile majesty than the Wise Men's gold, fankincense and myrrh. We plucked a blossom from the flowers Titian gives to Saint Brigida for the baby Christ, not forgetting the roses of St. John. Lilies, too—la fleur de Marie, typifying her purity—why, we were so bold as to lay hands on the very lily she often carries, as in the Umbrian Glorified Madonna of the National Gallery of London. Andrea della Robbia's Adoring Madonna has pillowed the Little Jesus among the lilies, and gently we gathered one ineffably sweet blossom there without even awakening the lovely Babe. Last of all, Botticelli gave us for our dream-garland both the roses and lilies embowering his Madonna of the Pomegranate. Fadeless and fair, the flowers of the Madonna bloom forever in the Masters' gardens of beauty, and with joy we may drink in their enchanting sweetness there.

ONE cannot collect photographs of the Madonna masterpieces in Europe without inevitably at the same time picking up many curious and beautiful legends about her, for these, as everyone knows, abound there as the sands of the sea. Some of these legends are so humorous and homely in character, they reveal how real and abiding is the presence of the Virgin Mary in the hearts of her humble worshippers, how she moves in and through their simple lives to bless abundantly, or gently to reprove. Such an odd little tag of a folk-tale about the Holy Mother we came upon one sunny Saturday morning in Ireland! We had just issued from an art-print shop in Dublin and were intent upon the treasures we had secured there to add to our Madonna collection, when an apple-cheeked, many-wrinkled old market-woman saluted us:

"Top o' the marnin' to yer leddyship," she curtsied, "and may ye have the good luck to die on as foine a Saturday marnin'"!

"But why on a Saturday morning, Mother Machree"? we asked curiously.

"And do you not know, then, 'tis on Saturday marnin' the Queen of Heaven always takes her market basket and to Saint Peter's gate Herself goes to buy a soul? Now if you should die on a Saturday marnin' 'tis you may meet the Holy Mother at the gate, and 'tis your lucky soul Herself may be carryin' away to heaven like a blessed little cabbage in the market basket on her arm. But first a bit of bargainin' with the good Saint Peter Our Lady must do, the while Herself is wonderin' whether 'tis a shillin' or a tuppence the soul ye may be worth."

"Perhaps these will help her to decide," we grinned appreciatively, giving the shrewd old dame both the coins.

And the wee Christ Child adds his own alluring charms to the joy of collecting Madonna prints. Study Him in the various masterpieces, and you will find that the Great Masters' conception of holy infancy were diverse and arresting. We picked out at random a dozen or so of our own reproductions and we paid especial heed to the Babe in His Mother's arms. In some of them, the Infant King wears a crown, and in his hand he often carries a sphere, the emblem of the world he was to save—cruel burdens both for babyhood to bear. Luini gives us a curiously contemplative Child, already dreaming in the shadow of the cross, held up before him by an adoring angel. In Pietro da Cortona's interesting "Nascita della Madonna," the little Jesus, though wearing a mystic crown of stars, is having his baby limbs bound in the good old Italian fashion to make them straight and comely. Many are the canvases portraying the Holy Babe in the beautiful, rosy slumber of infancy, while his watchful Mother hovers near. But of them all we found the most charming Leonardo's laughing, roguish Man-child rollicking on his Mother's lap, while she bends upon him that lovely, enigmatic smile.

Unending is a collector's pleasure and interest in his reproductions of the Mother and Child. There is the goodly company of saints and apostles, as well as pious contemporary worthies, to single out and identify in the various paintings or groups of statuary. The joyful, airy little flocks of angels, busily adoring divinity and making sweet music, invite the appreciative eye to canvas after canvas. Then there are the little boy cousins, the tremulous grandmothers and all the other plain and simple folk consorting thus in great art with angels and martyrs and the high and holy ones of sacred story.

A yet greater paradox flashes upon us here—how often the dingy, grey walls of monasteries and hermitages were glorified by the Great Masters with the immortal beauty of the Madonna. Marvelous that in those dim haunts of doleful prayer and fasting the Rosa Mundi, the celestial Rose of Joy, burst into bloom before the enraptured eyes of the Angelic Brother and the rest of them.

It was Helen of Troy, they say, whose lovely face "launched a thousand ships," but the face of the Virgin Mary, flowering in the world's greatest masterpieces, stirs forever the hearts of men with dreams of radiant womanhood and tender motherhood.

Prima Facie

Garage Proprietor: "Police Station"?

Voice on the Phone: "Yes. What's wrong'?

"I've got a suspicious character here. He wants to pay cash for a second-hand car."—Answers.

She made him tell

A trick in "husband management" as told to MARY DEAN

Of course our menfolks love home best—but they can be mighty forgetful about telling us so! Sometimes we have to prod their memories, as Mrs. W. Y. A. cleverly did.

Her husband went to the city after harvest, she writes. He sent them picture post cards of the places he visited and said he was having the time of his life.

But after dinner, the day he returned, he pushed back his chair and went around the table to kiss his wife.

"I knew I was glad to get home," he said, "but I didn't realize how much until now. Money couldn't buy that dinner in town. I'll be wanting the rest of that raisin-apple pie for supper if the boys don't get it first."

Any woman would be proud of that! And Mrs. A. had a right to be, for she had planned the whole thing.

"I had made extra pies special for him," she writes, "knowing how he loves raisins. I always keep Market Day Special raisins for him to eat plain, as well as for cooking."

Yes, it often takes a good pie to make a man speak what's in his heart, especially a pie with raisins! Mrs. A. tells me she always uses "Market Day Special" raisins for this pie because the fruit is so plump and sweet and unvaryingly clean. Packed by Sun-Maid, "Market Day Special" raisins never vary in quality and are always low in price.

For your protection, the genuine "Market Day Special" raisins are packed only in light blue bags with the Sun-Maid girl on them (4-lbs. and 2-lbs)

I thought you'd like the raisin-apple pie recipe, given below. For other recipes, write me in care of Sunland Sales Association of Canada, Ltd. Montreal, Que.

Mary Dean

RAISIN-APPLE PIE

When next you make your favorite apple pie, just add ½ cup "Market Day Special" raisins to each pie. No extra preparation—yet what a difference it makes!

Sun-Maid Nectars (red carton)—meatier, tenderer, with a flavor more grape-like than any seedless raisin you've ever known

Sun-Maid Puffed (blue carton)—the only seeded raisins that aren't sticky. Your grocer has them, as well as the "Market Day Special."

The Pool of the Future

THE Canadian Wheat Pools are starting their second five-year contract period with a larger measure of control over the crop than in the very successful period just closed; with elevator and commercial reserves amounting to more than twenty million dollars; with an enthusiastic and loyal membership; with handling facilities far greater than were ever owned by any combination of private grain firms; and occupying a commanding position on the markets of all the leading grain importing countries.

Five years, however, soon pass. While there is no more likelihood of the farmers of Western Canada ever going back to the old system of marketing grain than there is of their discarding the binder and combine to harvest their wheat with the sickle and cradle, the strength of the Wheat Pools in the next ten, fifteen, and twenty years, will depend on the number of the boys and girls on our Western farms who take their place in the Pool ranks when they reach manhood and womanhood.

These boys and girls know the power and value of the Pools to-day, but they do not know, as their parents do, the desperate condition of Western agriculture when the Pools were formed. There is no more fascinating episode in the whole history of the co-operative movement than the story of what the farm men and women of the prairies have accomplished in a few short years. The future holds still greater promise, and the work that is yet to be done before the ultimate goal of the producers' co-operative marketing movement is reached—the securing of complete control by the farmer over the handling and sale of farm products—offers a splendid opportunity in public service, to the rising generation on our prairie farms.

Writing about the Canadian Wheat Pools in a leading American publication, Robert J. C. Stead, novelist and essayist, says:

"You have been wondering where the farmer gets the men to direct this gigantic enterprise. **Now here is the most amazing thing in this whole amazing development. He raises them. Raises them right on the farm. Every director of every Wheat Pool in Western Canada is an honest-to-goodness farmer in his own right. A farmer first, a director afterwards.** Of course, he hires his technical help, as every big business man must do. But he himself has gone into business—and made good. . . . .He has caught a new vision, a new type, a new courage, and a new sense of responsibility. It has made of him a better citizen of his country and of the world. It has bred in his soul something which never will be effaced.

"That is why I say the greatest effect has been the moral effect.

"For the farmer has met big business at his own game, and he has become the biggest business of them all. And he holds his head high. He has a right to."

If the boys and girls on our Western farms get this vision, there is no question as to the place the Pools of future years will hold in the progress of Canadian Agriculture.

The

Canadian Wheat Pool

Manitoba Wheat Pool
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Saskatchewan Wheat Pool
Regina, Saskatchewan.

Alberta Wheat Pool
Calgary, Alberta.

This Department is conducted by one of the best known of Winnipeg's legal practitioners, whose experience covers the laws affecting all the Western Provinces. Problems are invited and every endeavor will be made to give safe and practical information. Readers desiring a private reply can have the same promptly forwarded to them. In such cases a sum of one dollar should be enclosed with their questions.

THE question of the ownership of monies contributed by both husband and wife to a joint fund has given rise to quite a number of judicial decisions. A rather interesting case has been recently decided in Saskatchewan in connection with this matter. It appears that the wife obtained at different times various sums of monies which monies she turned over to her husband who used them as he saw fit. He placed such monies in his own account and mixed them and used them indifferently with his own. He put some of the monies in a cattle business and also supervised the management of the wife's farm and collected all the monies realized from that source. He never rendered her any account of what he collected nor had she ever called upon him to do so. They had lived together in amity and the evidence showed that he was also maintaining her.

The husband was sued and judgment obtained against him and the judgment creditor seized a motor car which he claimed belonged to the husband. The wife however stepped in and claimed the motor car as hers on the ground that she had given these various sums of money to her husband under the circumstances set out. The evidence showed that the husband ordered the cars, made the cash payments, signed the lien notes for the deferred payments and satisfied them when they became due. After purchasing the cars of which the one in question is the fourth, he bought the gasoline necessary for their operation or gave her the money to pay it and ordered and paid for their repairs. Moreover the wife said that any business that they were used upon was used for the husband's business. Under these circumstances the court held that the monies collected by him from these different sources became his by way of gift from the wife and that the car in question really belonged to him and not to her. The judgment creditor was therefore entitled to seize it.

ANOTHER interesting case dealing with the question of seizure of motor car has been decided by the Manitoba Court of Appeal. Certain parties recovered a judgment against an individual and seized his motor car. The individual was manager of a limited company and claimed that the car was exempt from seizure on the grounds that it was necessary for him in the practice of his trade, profession or occupation. It appears that the car was purchased by this individual for some sixteen or seventeen hundred dollars. He was the salaried manager of the limited company and made use of the car when superintending the erection of houses in different parts of the city by his own company. During the year 1927 this limited company erected twenty three houses and the manager claimed that the motor car was used for this and no other purpose and was a necessity and that he could not get along without it. The issue therefore settled around the question as to whether a motor car under these circumstances was necessary to the performance of the duties of a manager of a joint stock company which builds houses.

The evidence showed that it was not necessary that the manager should supply a motor car under the terms of his contract. His duties were not defined and no condition was attached as to the mode or method he was to adopt in performing them. It was the magnitude of the business which made it necessary for the manager to move rapidly from one part of the city to another in performing his duties. The court held that it was not the magnitude of the business which determined whether it was necessary but the nature of the occupation. One of the judges said in part, "a saw, a plow, an anvil, a fishing net, a truck are necessary to a carpenter, a farmer, a blacksmith, a fisherman or a carter if he is to follow his occupation at all. A vehicle for a country doctor, books of account to a business man or a wooden leg to a cripple are recognized as necessaries as soon as mentioned for without them the pursuit of their respective occupations is impossible." The court held further that even if the motor car was sold to pay his debts there was no evidence that he would be unable to hold his position or be rendered incapable of following his present occupation. He might have to suffer inconvenience or to curtail the extent of his activities but that was a matter for arrangement between himself and his company. It did not concern the judgment creditor and the court therefore held that in this particular case the motor car was not necessary and the judgment creditor was entitled to seize it in satisfaction of the judgment.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

Melville, Sask.

Q. — Please answer the following question in your legal department; "A" sold me 400 acres of farm land under agreement for sale. I have made the payments as required and have only a small balance left. When I was prepared to pay the balance owing on the agreement I found out that "A" did not have title to the 40 acres through some difficulty and I might not be able to get title to this 40 acres. "A" claims that I must pay him the purchase price for this part of the property before he is obliged to give me a transfer of the balance and that he will then clear up title to the 40 acres. The trouble is that I do not think he can get title to the 40 acres now and naturally I do not want to pay him the balance that I owe unless I can get the title. Please let me know what I should do.—E. H.

A.—E. H. In a case such as yours you have the right to either tender the balance of the purchase price in exchange for registerable transfer of the title or you may if you prefer tender sufficient balance of purchase price to pay up the proportion of the purchase price represented by the other 360 acres. In the first case if "A" cannot give you a transfer when you offer him the money then you have the right to sue him for specific performance of his agreement to endeavor to force him to obtain title to the other 40 acres if possible. The other alternative would be to treat the agreement as covering only 360 acres and to deduct from the payment to "A" that portion of the balance of purchase price which would represent the total price to be paid for the 40 acres. You have the right to elect whether you will accept the agreement as being amended to cover only the 360 acres and abandon all claim to the 40 acres.

Dauphin, Man.

Q.—I sold a horse to "Y" and he paid me $25.00 and agreed to pay me the other $75.00 after harvest. Afterwards I found out that "Y" was dishonest and I do not think now that I will be able to collect the $75.00. I have also found out that he did not really buy the horse for himself but bought it for a brother-in-law "P" who is well off and well able to pay for the horse. "P" is now using

Continued on page 54

IN ITS recent monthly letter the Royal Bank calls attention to the general condition of business throughout the Dominion and we must confess that the feeling of pride and optimism exhibited in the report seems to be well justified by the facts and figures given in support. For instance, in dealing with the crop estimate it says;

"With harvesting completed, or nearing completion throughout the country, the farmers are engaged in fall ploughing and in the preparation of the land for the crop of 1929. The Canadian wheat crop as a whole has been the largest on record, amounting to about 575 million bushels.

"An average of the crop estimates of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, the Manitoba Free Press, and the North West Grain Dealers' Association indicates that crops of the three prairie provinces will amount to 540 million bushels of wheat, 315 million bushels of oats, 115 million bushels of barley, 15 million bushels of rye and 4 million bushels of flax. Although August frost damaged the wheat in Saskatchewan and Alberta to a substantial degree, preliminary statistics indicate that wheat will grade much better than in 1927-28 and that protein content will be exceptionally high. The early harvest has permitted rapid movement of the wheat toward the seaboard and some congestion is reported at the terminals. Even though prices should remain somewhat lower than last year, the price factor will be largely offset by the large size and good quality of the crop."

Not only has the crop assured a good return to the farmer but also the mining industry is well to the front. In the last issue we wrote at length upon this situation saying in part "Let us repeat once again there is nothing intrinsically wrong in the mining world. Canada has done well in this respect and there is a great future still open but the lesson to be taught and learned is that mines are not made overnight. Mining is an expensive and arduous game. Were it not for the fact that a successful mine amply repays the expenditure of much money and toil, there would be no inducement to enter into it but for every successful mine there are literally hundreds of claims and prospects on which much has been spent and from which nothing will be returned."

It might be thought that this statement was meant to discourage mining development but such was not the intention of the writer. We have always believed absolutely in the possibility of successful mineral development and our belief is founded upon such reports as set out by reputable authorities, one of which is quoted in the same letter as follows;—

"The Dominion Bureau of Statistics 'Preliminary Report of Mineral Production of Canada for the six months ending June 30, 1928' shows that the value of minerals produced in this period was $105,600,000 compared with $99,000,000 in the same months of 1927. The greatest gain was shown in copper, of which the total production amounted to 93,000,000 pounds, compared with 73,000,000 pounds. The value of gold production increased from $17,800,000 to $18,700,000 and the quantity and value of nickel production increased by about one third. The total increase in the value of the metals amounted to $6,500,000."

The articles concludes as follows and may we be permitted to say that with the conclusion we heartily agree;

"With agriculture prosperous, manufacturing plants active, building construction achieving new records in all parts of the country, and mines producing increasing quantities of ore, it is not surprising that the employment index for each month in 1928 should be well above the level of the corresponding month of any previous year. Import and export statistics reveal a large volume of trade and all indices of Canadian business conditions show that the country is enjoying a sound prosperity. A continued broad and steady development of the type indicated by these statistics from agriculture, mining and manufacturing, will be of greater service to the ultimate welfare of the country than a sudden boom. From this viewpoint, the present tightness of money constitutes a healthy restraining influence preventing over-speculation and too rapid expansion."

One of the financial papers has recently featured an interview with Mr. E. W. Beatty, the president of the C.P.R. This interview shows that the September report of the company reveals the largest September and nine months gross revenue in its history and a net for the month which has only been exceeded once.

Mr. Beatty admitted that the figure of $60,000,000 net available before fixed charges, as the amount the company would show from all operations in 1928, including special income would not be far out. This would exceed the previous record of $59,419,000 in 1917 and be four million dollars over the satisfactory 1926 report. It would exceed last year's return by over nine millions.

One of his statements which is worthy of much thought and which corroborates the general feeling of optimism referred to in the first part of the article is as follows;

"The report Canadian Pacific will have to offer for 1928 should not alone be acceptable to all our stockholders, but to all of Canada, and more particularly Canadian shareholders. Substantial improvement in our operations reflects an increase in the prosperity of the Dominion. I do not think such a thing as a crop failure possible for Canada any more. In fact, there is a tendency for agriculture all over the Dominion to become stabilized. The area of agricultural products is too vast to be adversely influenced in all parts in any one year."

WE RECEIVED the following letter recently and we append our reply;—

"Since subscribing to your interesting journal I have noticed some interesting articles on your financial page. It was speaking to your agent the other day and during our brief conversation he suggested that I write you for the following information;—

As I am the inventor of new and useful means of igniting gas ranges and the like etc. I would like you to advise me if possible the best method of placing this device on the market. I might say this device has been used satisfactorily and is considered practical and a necessity for making gas burning appliances safe by at least two engineers locally. So far I have been unable to get in touch with any one who is in a position to either finance or take over such devices in Vancouver or elsewhere that are not frauds according to the general public opinion. Perhaps this is asking too much from you but it will be appreciated if you will forward this information. I will gladly give full particulars to any company that shows they are interested.—A.W.K."

A.—A.W.K. In order to protect your invention it is necessary that you obtain a patent for it in all countries in which you propose to sell the article. We would suggest to you that you consult one of the leading patent lawyers in Vancouver so that patent rights may be obtained in Canada and the United States. This can be done at a reasonable rate and you can rest assured that any reputable firm will protect your interests to the full. After you have obtained your patent you will then be in a position to discuss it with interested

Continued on page 54

Greetings

IN appreciation of many evidences of your Friendly Goodwill, we extend to the people of Western Canada Season's Greetings and Best Wishes for Happiness and Success throughout the New Year.

In the future, as in the past, the many facilities of our Grain and Investment organizations, will be at your service.

James Richardson & Sons

LIMITED

Established 1857

Grain Merchants
Investment Bankers

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA

Offices at

KINGSTON, MONTREAL, TORONTO,
PORT ARTHUR, BRANDON, MOOSE JAW, SASKATOON,
CALGARY, EDMONTON, VANCOUVER

What Shall We Give?

BACK through the centuries Christmas has always been a time for the giving of presents—big or little things to delight and gladden the hearts of children and their elders.

But where are the Christmas presents of other years—the toys, the useful things? Broken—worn out—forgotten.

Keep alive the spirit of your gift. Let it bring happiness and contentment from year to year—add a Royal Bank Savings Book to your list of Christmas presents.

Christmas Presentation Covers are provided for Gift Books.

The Royal Bank of Canada

G723

THRIFT The Foundation of Every Honestly Earned Fortune

LEARN THRIFT BY INVESTING IN

Alberta 4% Demand Savings Certificates

Purchased and Redeemed at Par—Payable on Demand

For further Particulars write or apply to

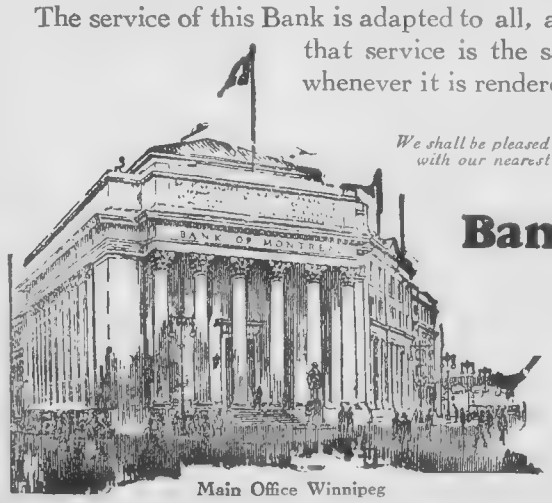
HON. R. G. REID
Provincial Treasurer

W. V. NEWSON
Deputy Prov. Treasurer

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, EDMONTON, ALBERTA

SERVICE FOR ALL

For every class of account—business or personal, farming or commercial—the facilities are provided in the Bank of Montreal. The service of this Bank is adapted to all, and the quality of that service is the same wherever and whenever it is rendered.



We shall be pleased to have you consult with our nearest branch manager

Bank of Montreal

Established 1817

"A Bank Where Small Accounts Are Welcome"

Main Office Winnipeg

Legal Information

Continued from page 52

the horse and "Y" never did use it. Can I collect the $75.00 from "P"?—C. D.

A.—C. D. If you can establish that "Y" was agent for "P" in making the purchase of the horse from you then you have the right to elect whether you will look to "P" or to "Y" for payment. You cannot sue one and after obtaining judgment, sue the other. You must first decide whom you will hold responsible for payment. It would appear to us that you should not have any difficulty in establishing that "Y" was merely the agent for "P", the real purchaser, and that "P" is therefore liable to pay you the balance due on the horse.

Toronto, Ontario.

Q.—Have a few lots on the South East corner of Burrows and Exeter Street. Would like if you could tell me how much land is worth out there. Kindly advise through your legal information department and oblige a subscriber.—F. H.

A.—F. H. We regret to inform you that there is at present no market in the City of Winnipeg for the property referred to in your letter. The lots are very far out being very close to the city limits. There are a few buildings in the district all of which are small.

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 53

firms in such manner that even if they do not accept it you will suffer no loss. We are quite sure that if your invention is patentable and has merit to it there will be no difficulty in obtaining the assistance of responsible firms to sponsor it. We would suggest that after obtaining the patent you communicate with all makers of well known lines of gas stoves and also take the matter up with the natural gas companies who carry on business in Alberta. If you care to write us again we shall give you the name of several patent lawyers whom we can recommend.

THE Wheat Pool has entered upon the second period of a five year contract the first having expired this year and its directors look forward with keen anticipation to the duplicating of its first success. The Wheat Pool affords an interesting study in the application of democratic institutional principles to the development of a huge commercial undertaking stretching out into the four corners of the globe.

All of the directors of the Pool are farmers owning and operating farms in the district in which they are first elected as delegates before they can become directors. These elections held annually supply a board of directors, three of whom come from each of the provincial pools and this body known as the Central Board directs the sales policy of the Canadian Pool. They are assisted in their endeavors by a staff of salesmen, all of whom have had considerable experience in the grain trade. In keeping with other large undertakings the Pool maintains a statistical department which receives its material from agents throughout the entire world. To this must be added the invaluable services rendered by the pool committees constituted in each district. These committees supply information dealing with crop conditions, average yields, and total out-turns, which assists materially in forming an accurate idea of the grain situation in Canada.

The value of such a service may be more fully understood when the effect of the following quotation is realized:

"Bankers in every city of the world scan the Canadian Government crop reports, setting their business charts in harmony with sun and rain and wind in Western Canada. At fortnightly intervals throughout the growing season the cables flash the fears and hopes of Canada to the uttermost ends of the earth. Prices rise or fall, great industries collapse or prosper in direct relation to the prospects of the Western crop." With all of this assistance the Pool should be in a sound position to go forward with an aggressive policy, which bids fair to be of profit to its many followers throughout Western Canada.

Continued on page 55

A DESIRABLE INVESTMENT

We have for sale, to wind up an Estate, an excellent Apartment Block yielding splendid returns and situated in the City of Winnipeg.

To a tired or retired Farmer or Business man who could look after his own rents and caretaking this offers a most attractive return, besides affording him free living quarters.

$10,000 to $15,000 needed to handle transaction. Balance on easy terms.

Full information given on application to

The Standard Trusts Company

346 MAIN STREET - - WINNIPEG

Diamond Engagement Ring

$75.00

Deposit no money. Simply tell us to send this *genuine* DIAMOND in a solid 18K. White or Green Gold mount, hand engraved, to your Banker for you to see; or *insured* direct to you, with our *Money-Back Guarantee*, for only $75. Prevent talk in your neighborhood—save much money—*order direct from us.*

Waltham 17 Jewel Watch $24.00

A *Guaranteed* Waltham, in a handsome Fortune Gold filled case—sturdy, accurate, a Watch you'll carry with pride for a lifetime. *Insured* direct to you for only $24.

Established over 15 years.

MITCHELL-COPP

LIMITED

DIAMONDS - WATCHES - JEWELRY

PORTAGE AT HARGRAVE

WINNIPEG

Write today for FREE Gift Book full of amazing jewelry values.

The Gift Book

It Digests so Easily

It is not altogether how much cod-liver oil is taken ***but how much is efficiently*** digested or assimilated that assures the body its health-building benefits.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is cod-liver oil ***so*** pure and wholesome, ***so*** rich in the essential vitamins A and D, ***so*** agreeably flavored and ***so*** perfectly emulsified, that to millions ***it is the efficient way*** to take cod-liver oil.

When you or your child take Scott's Emulsion, you may be sure that it's cod-liver oil the way that pleases and satisfies.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 28-9

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 54

A FURTHER source of corroboration is to be found in current business summary of the Bank of Montreal, which has evoked considerable comment because of its generally optimistic strain. In its opinion the combination of a large crop, averaging twenty-four bushels per acre, with a higher grade of wheat, the consequent demand for agricultural implements of all kinds, the steady progress maintained in the production of minerals, the ever increasing expansion in the building industries and a satisfactory state of affairs in the employment world —all have combined to point to a condition of unexampled prosperity which shows no signs of abating. The summary analyzes in detail the crop condition, the foreign trade situation, bank returns, the newsprint industry, railway earnings, iron and steel trade, foreign exchange. In the security market it emphasizes the fact that the Dominion government has redeemed in cash the balance of the fifty-three million dollar 6 per cent loan which fell due on October the 15th. The reinvestment of this sum has given a great impetus to the provincial and municipal bond market and to-day such bonds bear a relatively higher rate of interest. Ten years have elapsed since the Armistice was signed. Then the financial condition of the world was parlous. Today surveying such a summary so full of optimism and enthusiasm we can surely with humble pride take courage and go forward in the confidence that our prosperity is well founded.

OLDER than the Dominion. Ten years before the protagonists of Confederation had succeeded in bringing their cherished plans to fruition the firm of James Richardson & Sons Limited came into existence. In the same measure as the Dominion had developed and prospered so has this firm progressed until today its ramifications extend over the whole world. It was one of the early pioneers in the grain trade and from the Head Office in Kingston there have branched out the executive offices in Winnipeg, export offices in Montreal, branch offices throughout the whole of Canada, private wire connections from Coast to Coast and to the leading American markets. Some idea of its importance in the grain world may alone be gathered from the fact that its terminal elevator at Port Arthur has a capacity of 3½ million bushels.

It has, however, not confined its activities to grain but with commendable foresight it has branched into a stock and bond market, so much so that throughout the leading cities of the Dominion there may be found offices of the Company ready to transact all and every kind of financial business. Information on every subject can be obtained from the statistical department and even a mail order department has been established for the convenience of the out of town customers.

A striking tribute to the broad and progressive outlook of the institution is found in the installation and maintenance of radio broadcasting stations at Moose Jaw and Fleming Sask., and at Winnipeg, Manitoba. These stations are heard from Vancouver to Halifax and with loud speaker volume in Australia, New Zealand, British New Guinea, London, England, British West Indies, Cuba.

The President of the Company is J. A. Richardson, B.A. who is a member of all the leading stock and grain exchanges, a Director of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Canadian Vickers Limited, Eastern Terminal Elevator Company Limited, the Valley Camp Coal Company and a host of other well known Canadian Companies. In addition to this he is a member of the Council of the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, and a Chairman of the Finance Committee of the National Council of Education. With such a well known personage, interested in so many public and industrial affairs, there is no reason to doubt but that this institution, so well founded, will continue to develop until its name shall be truly international in every sense of the word.

Christmas, 1928

Continued from page 8

ran red with blood. Millions of the bravest and best of the race were done to a terrible death, millions of others were doomed to live the rest of their days maimed and crippled, while starvation and disease took their terrible toll of helpless aged ones, and women and little children. Even Christian churches were given over to the war lust, and acted more like satellites of Moloch than followers of the Prince of Peace.

Yet that terrible outburst of stark madness was not all loss. Millions died willingly to end war. Millions of others learned patience and resignation and a new sense of spiritual values in war's terrible inferno, and the exhaustion of fighting force which followed the War, has given time and opportunity for humanity to take stock and to appraise war at its true value.

Everywhere over the world men's eyes have been opened to the inadequacy of materialism, to the folly of the mad quest of the things that are seen. In every country in Europe, the forces of light are slowly forging to the front; in India and China and Japan, in Africa and the islands of the seas, those who look upward see the first warm glow of the dawn of a better, ampler day. Everywhere men are discovering the almost miraculous power of good will to break down the barriers of national ambition and hatred; of fear and suspicion born of differences of race and color.

The Paris pact marks a new day in the history of humanity. Never before have the responsible leaders of so large a part of the human family seen so clearly that war must cease, or civilization must perish, and forsworn its use forever by a most solemn pact, openly signed before the eyes of all the world.

The signing of that pact, which was taken by so many as a matter of course, marks the greatest moment in the history of humanity since the first Christmas. Once again, to eyes that look upward the heavens have flamed with light, to ears that are attuned to the harmonies of eternal things, the angel choirs have burst forth with: "Peace on earth; good will to men."

Since that is so, Christmas, 1928, ought to be the happiest, gladdest Christmas in all the centuries, for it marks a new era in the translations of the angels' song into human life and conduct.

If we have forsworn war, we can only see its doom if we enter with whole-souled energy into the age-old war against selfishness and greed, against tyranny and lust, those brutal forces that killed the Prince of Peace, and will kill all that is sweetest and fairest in human life, unless they are ruthlessly slain.

No pact of Paris, no device of statesmen can kill war, unless the forces that make war are killed, and that can only be as the nations of the earth follow in all their relations the principles of the Life and Teachings of the Prince of Peace.

In spite of fear and hate, of tyranny and lust, the numbers who bow in lowly adoration before the Babe of Bethlehem have increased with every age, until this summer a group of leaders of practically every race and tribe and tongue upon the whole round earth met in Jerusalem to pray and plan to enthrone Him still more fully "As Master and Lord" over every phase of human life, and millions in every part of the world will keep this Christmas with deep and reverent gladness.

Christmas, 1928, is a challenge to a new dedication to the things which make life greatly worth while. It is a prophecy of a new chapter in human history, in which the angel song: "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men," shall be slowly but surely translated into human life, and the Prince of Peace shall hold beneficent sway over a "Parliament of Nations, a Federation of Mankind."

SOME DAY!

There is perhaps a much desired thing that you are looking forward to some day. It may be a home, a trip or a cherished dream of your own. Whatever it is, regular deposits in a Savings Account in this Bank will bring realization closer.

It is a simple matter to open an Account with us.

Interest compounded half yearly.

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA
ESTABLISHED 1832

Capital $10,000,000 Reserve $20,000,000
Total Assets over $260,000,000

Supervisor of Western Branches: F. W. ROSS, Winnipeg, Man.

814k

Give Them the Start You Owe Them

By all means let them "raise their own crop," but would you have your children come through the struggle you had in getting a start?

What would a little money and a better education have meant to you at the beginning?

Education means money, and an education is even more important today than it was when you were young. Life Insurance will enable you to do all you would wish to do for your children.

83

Protection with Profit

THE Great-West ASSURANCE Life COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE - WINNIPEG

Thou Art Peter!

By "John Carleton"

THE midnight express was slowing-up in the station, brakes were giving a final screech, and steam was being spurted out of the exhaust when a party of fifteen British bluejackets, as frisky as kittens, jumped from the train, and joining hands, danced a merry-go-round on the platform. They were a few of the survivors of Sir Roger Keyes' splendid expedition to Zeebrugge, home on one day's leave before reporting back to their respective ships. They were all chosen men, the cream of the Fleet, and now that the long period of nervous waiting was over, their souls were bubbling over with excitement and jubilation. They danced, sang and shouted, until they were tired and hoarse, when one old-stager suggested that they find something to eat and to drink, before they would leave for their homes.

"Let's go to Grannie Black's!" came the suggestion, "We'll have a good feed, and get something to drink before we leave each other. We return to our ships the day after tomorrow, and it may be years before we meet again. Let's go, eh?"

Everybody being agreeable, they checked kit-bags and souvenirs at the station, and marched off three abreast, a shouting, whistling, joyous bunch of husky, young manhood.

When the waiters heard that the boys had come from Zeebrugge, they went out of their way to give them special attention. Everything that they could ask for was there; anything they wished for was given to them—they wanted for nothing. After they had partaken of a hearty breakfast, bottles of Scotch were placed on the tables, and preparations were made for drinking of toasts.

"No thanks! Don't pour any whisky for me. I don't booze, you know. In strict training."

The speaker was a well-built young giant, Peter Pilling by name, whose reputation as an athlete and a fighting man was respected throughout the length and breadth of the Fleet.

"I'll toast you in water," he added.

"Aw, c'mon, Pete," coaxed he who was filling the glasses, "this isn't boozing, an' it won't do you any harm anyway. We're just goin' to toast each other, an' the King, an' the memory of the chums we left on the Mole. C'mon, just a wee drop! Be a sport! Don't spoil it all by toasting 'em in water."

"All right, then. Just a tiny little drop." came reluctantly from the boy who didn't want to be a poor sport on this day of days.

THAT was the beginning. By the time they had toasted the King, the Fleet, Old Jolly Roger, and a few more standard naval toasts, Peter was drinking as much as the others, but he couldn't hold it so well. He seemed to be at sea again, that is, everything in the room seemed to be at sea. Tables and chairs were swaying to and fro on their legs, the room was revolving fearfully, the number of sailors had increased, everything was in a state of chaos, and above all, Peter was thirsty, —"Damnably thirsty," as he confided to his chum. A few more drinks and he became hopelessly inebriated. He swayed about so much, that someone asked him where he had found the rocking chair. Another bright spark suggested that he had been well-named Peter.

"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock—" he quoted, whereupon they burst into laughter at Peter's obviously rocky state.

"Yes," mumbled Peter, gravely," Thou art Peter! Mother used t' say 'at often when I was a lil fellow. Thou art Peter! 'ats me. I was her rock. She built 'verything on me. Wunner what she'd say if—hic—if she 'd see me now? 's a dirty trick f'r me to be tight. Dammit, I was respec'able b'fore I met you chaps. Gi'me 'nother drink! I'm thirsty an' my head's like a bell."

In a few more minutes, he wanted to fight, and as this rather spoiled the fun some of the other boys, four of them decided to cart him up to the station and put him on the train for his home town. Peter, whose home was only a few miles away by street-car, had enough sense left to know that he shouldn't go aboard any train, so he commenced a struggle to get free. His companions good-humouredly struggled with him, but insisted on taking him there just the same, and leaving him there. He struggled like a man possessed of a demon, broke one fist free, and lashed out with it, right and left, knocking his guards down like so many nine-pins. They took it as a huge joke at first, but after a few more wallops from a sledge-hammer fist, they began to retaliate, and tried to give back as much, or even more, than they received. Peter, although intoxicated, was in his glory, and was having the time of his life. A natural fighter, he stood with his back to a wall, swinging his long arms like windmills, drawing blood here, closing an eye there, and generally playing havoc with physical features of his friends.

Suddenly, his hands dropped to his side, his body stiffened, he sobered up like a flash, his flushed face became almost pallid, and in that fraction of a second, someone took the opportunity to land him a "beauty" on the point of the chin, and—he was out.

That afternoon, in a police-cell, Peter Pilling, now in possession of all his faculties, suffered the consequent pains of a drinking bout and a knock-out, either of which is capable of making a person feel rather uncomfortable for a few hours. He didn't mind the physical pains, they would pass, but his mental tortures were akin to those of the damned—almost unbearable. He was a boy of high ideals, who had lived a hitherto blameless life because of the love which he bore his mother, and because of her faith in him. He was her idol. His soul was torn with self-reproach for the disgraceful exhibition he had made of himself. He had given her his word of honor that he would keep straight during the war, and now, on the most glorious day of his career—the return from Zeebrugge—he had fallen from his pedestal, and found himself in jail for a breach of the peace. And she had—seen—him. She had been in the crowd, and the sight of her had brought him to his senses before he had been knocked-out. They hadn't met for three years. Why had he been such a fool? He couldn't go home and face her now, he was so ashamed of himself. Far rather he had been left on the Mole with the—the others, than to have caused his mother any heartbreaks.

This young hero was so humiliated by his solitary fall, that when he was released that evening, he lacked the courage to face the mother who had idolized him.

He decided, however, to go down home after dusk, peek through the window, see how everything looked, and then leave on the midnight train. He wouldn't take the leave of absence which would be offered on his return to the ship; perhaps she'd forgive him later on, then he would ask for special leave.

The house was in darkness. His mother was probably out visiting some friends to seek consolation, or to efface the memory of that awful morning. How she had loved him, how much he had disgraced her.

Tiptoeing gently up the path, he pushed the door open very slowly, and stepped silently through the hall and into the sitting-room. It was very dark, his eyes were as yet unaccustomed to the gloom, but he sensed that it was still the same old sitting-room—just as he had left it, just as it always would be, cozy and homelike. He stood for a minute wondering if he should switch on the light, when, suddenly the silence was broken by a rustle, as of silk. Then a whispered query, in his mother's voice.

"Who's there?"

A solemn, deathlike silence for a seemingly interminable space of fifteen seconds, then,

"Thou art Peter!"

"Mother!" the boy sobbed piteously, putting his arms around the frail old lady who came over to where he was standing. Those three words opened the the flood-gates of his heart, and the pent-up emotions of three years and of one particular morning were washed

Continued on page 82

New!
"POT OF GOLD"
a Treasure Chest of Moirs xxx Chocolates

Strawberries in liqueur, Honey Nougat, Ginger, Kumquats, Pineapple Cubes, Stuffed Dates, Maraschino Cherries, Burnt Almonds — you will find all these and sixteen other varieties in "Pot of Gold."

What better or more pleasing Christmas gift could be wished for?

$1.50 per lb.

Chocolates—ever popular token of Christmas remembrance—are more than ever the ideal gift if they're Moirs.

A variety of packages, each filled with Moirs' famous XXX chocolates, have been prepared for you this Christmas. At all good stores.

CANADA'S

Moirs

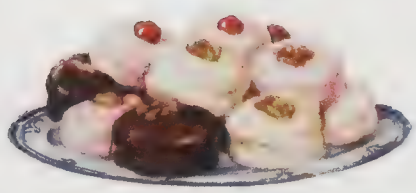
HALIFAX · CANADA

XXX

CHOCOLATES

CANDY

They're nicer when you "bake your own"



DAINTY CAKES

4 eggs
1 cup fine sugar
3 tablespoons cold water
¾ cup flour
¼ cup cornstarch
1¼ teaspoon Magic Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon lemon extract

Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon colored, add sugar gradually, beat well. Put cornstarch in cup and fill with flour; mix and sift with baking powder and salt; add to first mixture alternately with cold water, add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and flavoring.

Bake in a shallow pan and, when cool, shape, using a small round cutter. Split, remove a small portion of cake from centre of each piece, fill cavities with whipped cream sweetened and flavored, then press firmly together.

Ice with fondant, some of which may be colored. Decorate tops with nuts, violets or cherries.

THE artist who paints a picture gets a keener pleasure out of its creation than does the buyer who eventually owns it. There is no pleasure equal to that of creative effort, successfully accomplished.

That's why so many women, who could well afford to pay high prices for products of the commercial confectioner, prefer, instead, to "bake their own."

Judging by the production of Magic Baking Powder, compared with the total of all baking powders produced in Canada (from Dominion Government figures), the vast majority of women who "bake their own" use Magic Baking Powder.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA

Courtesy of the T. Eaton Co., Limited

A simple but artistic table embellished for the festive season

Our Heritage of Christmas Fare

By Gertrude Dutton

WE MAY pride ourselves on being modern, but there are many things from other days and other lands which we may well cherish. Among them are our Christmas customs. We are indebted to many folk and many nations for them. The very word, "Christmas" calls forth thoughts of carols and holly and mistletoe, stockings, and reindeer and Santa Claus, roast goose, and plum puddings. There are many food traditions of our mother lands, that we should not forget, and many which we might profitably borrow from our neighbors of different nationality. We have pleasant memories of a box of most unusual little German cookies, from a Christmas spent in a hospital. Of course we do not believe that our happiness of the New Year depends upon the number of different people's Christmas cake we taste, nevertheless the custom of making a large Christmas cake weeks before the holiday season is a wise one. Though we do not have a wild boar's head for the main item of our Christmas dinner, the little roasted pig we may have no doubt tastes much better.

Roasted Suckling Pig

The pig should be from 4 to 6 weeks old. At six weeks, it should weigh about 16 pounds. Wash and wipe it carefully, inside and out. Rub with salt and pepper inside, and stuff, and sew up the slit. Wrap the ears and tail with buttered paper to prevent scorching. Put a cork in the mouth to hold it open. Place in a roasting pan, with the legs forward. Dredge the outside with flour, salt and pepper, baste with a mixture of butter and hot water, and bake 3 or 4 hours, till tender, basting when necessary. If cooked in a covered roaster, finish the baking with the cover off to brown the outside. To serve, set the pig on a large platter, put a baked apple in its mouth, and a chain of cranberries, threaded on a string, around its neck.

Stuffing

Slice the liver of the little pig, cover with boiling water and let stand for 10 minutes, then drain. Parboil, 3 onions, and add them with a few sage leaves, to the liver. Chop very fine, add to finely crumbled bread crumbs. Season with salt and pepper, and moisten with melted butter.

English Pork Pies

These are usually eaten cold, and are very convenient to make for the holidays, as a number of

Roasted Suckling Pig

them may be made and frozen, then brought into the kitchen or pantry to thaw out slowly. If used warm, the jelly will melt.

Crust

Flour 5 c	Salt 2 t
Lard 1/3 c	Milk and water ¾ c.

Bring the lard, milk and water to the boiling point, pour on the flour, mix with a spoon until cool enough to form into a ball with the hands, when it is worked on the board to the desired shape. This takes a great deal of practice. The sides are worked up very much as children mold clay. An easier way is to roll out the paste and mold it around a floured half-gallon sealer for small pies, a stone crock for a larger one. Cool the paste on the jar, then slip it off and fill with the meat, which has been cut in very fine pieces, seasoned with salt and pepper, and moisten with water. Fill to about half an inch from the top of the pie, of which the bottom and sides are about ¼ inch thick. Roll out a piece of crust to fit the top, pinch the two edges together, then cut a few openings in the top to let the steam escape. Bake in a moderate oven till the meat is done, which will depend entirely on the size of the pies. Make a jelly of the bones, feet, etc., boiled in cold water, salted. Skim off any fat, add a little gelatine if necessary, and while still liquid, pour into the pie through the hole in the top, after the pie is cooked and cooled.

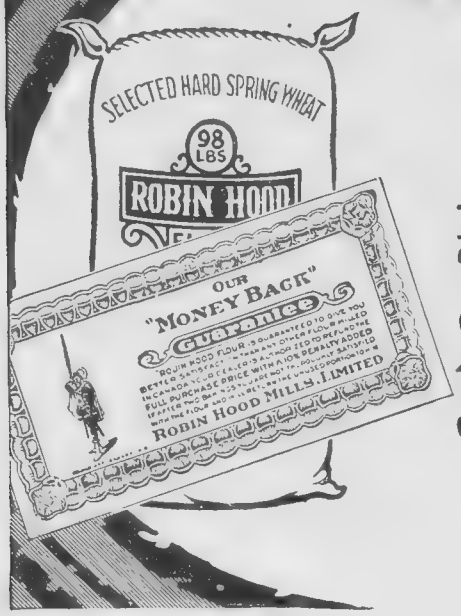
Our Norwegian friends will begin their Christmas feast on Christmas Eve with "Lutefisk," rice pudding, and breaded spareribs.

The Russian Christmas begins in the morning, and lasts all day, with seasonable foods on a sideboard to be eaten whenever anybody wishes. Especially fond are they of a soup made of beef stock, beets, cabbage and sour cream. Roasted pig's head, stuffed with buckwheat and chopped liver and heart will take the place of our turkey or goose. "Koulische," a cake with plenty of raisins, and colored eggs, like we have at Easter, will be served.

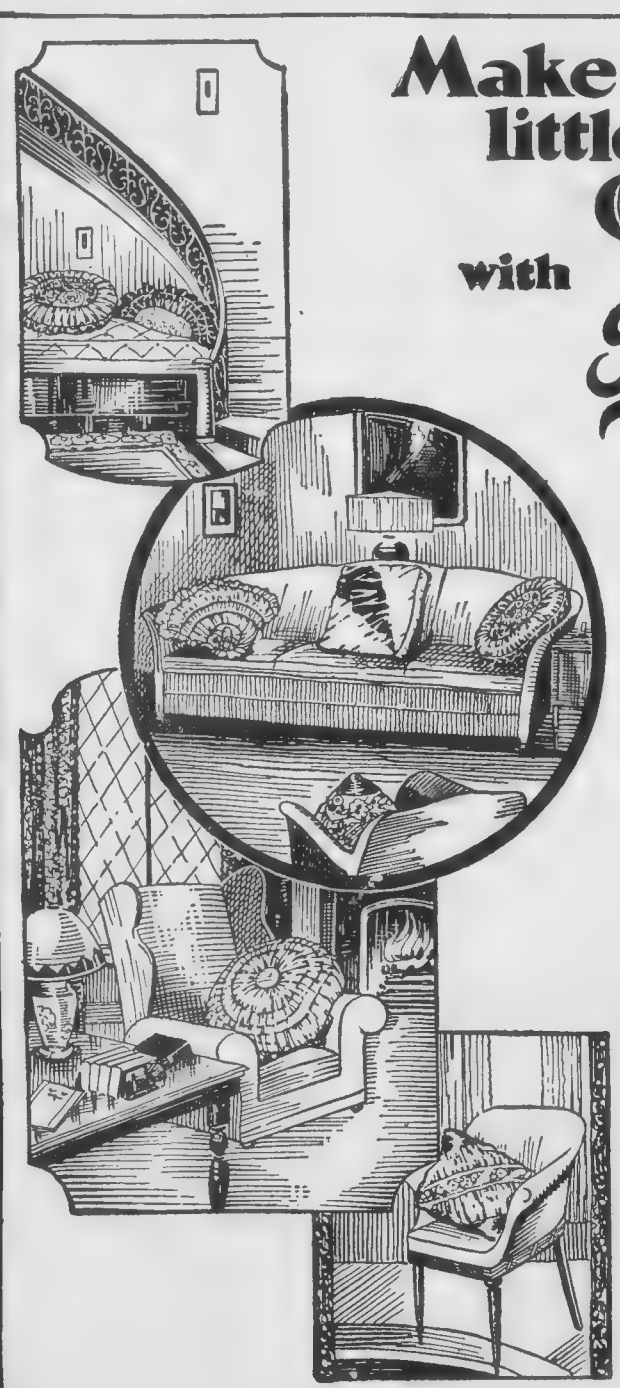
The Swedish Christmas feast will also be on Christmas Eve, with pig's head or some other cut of pork or sausage, cooked in a pot, into which each member of the family is supposed to dip a piece of bread, to signify the unity of the family—a reminder of the "Last Supper."

The people of Hungary will have their "goulash" of meat stew, made with onions and spice, fried cabbage, and poppy-seed cakes. At midnight there will be a roasted pig.

Robin Hood FLOUR



Backed by a Positive "Money-Back Plus 10%" Guarantee ~~ Look for the guarantee slip in each bag ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~



Make those little Corners Cozy with Torfeaco MADE IN CANADA Cushions

—and Beautify the Home

CUSHIONS have always been associated with the idea of comfort and coziness.

Torfeaco Cushions and Forms filled with Down or pure Kapok, are unusually cozy and comfortable, and are guaranteed to wear well and give lasting satisfaction But they enjoy additional features, especially that of decoration.

There is a large variety of exquisitely colorful combinations and variations of shade to choose from. The shapes too are very out-of-the-ordinary; they are novel without being extreme.

The materials used are mostly beautifully patterned silks, cretonnes and chintzes. You would do well to make sure you buy Torfeaco Cushions. Look for the label—it is your guarantee of satisfaction.

Torfeaco Cushions

Comforters, Bed Spreads and Bed Pillows

The Toronto Feather and Down Company, Limited

Toronto, 3 Ontario

Makers of Comforters, Bed Pillows and Cushions since 1894. RT-42

BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 59

The Italian dinner is not served till eight o'clock in the evening. There will be a turkey stuffed with chestnuts, macaroni and scallops. Those who can afford it will have stewed eels, eaten with little rolls, honey and nuts.

Swiss people will have roast goose and Geneva fritters, with delicious little cakes of all kinds.

Geneva Fritters

Cut pears in quarters, cook, mash, and sweeten and add spices. Canned pears may be used. Add raisins, and enough flour to thicken, roll out and bake.

The Hollanders will serve delicious little Dutch cakes from the beginning to the end of their feast. There will be oysters, roast goose with chestnut stuffing, sweet raisin rolls, and plum pudding.

The southern French people will have a savory stew made of bacon, as lean as they can get, beef, garlic and wine, stewed a long time.

Our people who came from Alsace-Lorraine will, if they can get it, have a hare stewed with sauerkraut and bacon, and will have sweet cakes and anise-seed bread.

The Austrians will stuff their turkey with apples, and will have noodles, little sausages, and fried fish.

German "Kuchen"

Pastry flour 4 c	Egg 1/
Soda ¼ t	Honey ¾ c
Brown sugar 1 c	Almonds ¾ c
Water 2 tb	Candied peel ½ c
Spiced, any desired 1 t	

Boil the sugar, honey and water for 2 or 3 minutes, and cool. Sift together the flour, soda and spices, and ½ t. salt. Add the cooled syrup, then the slightly beaten egg, finely shredded peel and almonds, form into a loaf, and put in a cold place for a day or two. Roll out on a floured board, about ¼ inch thick, and cut in fancy shapes, and decorate, when cool with a thin layer of icing, bits of cherry, small colored candies, etc.

Rich Crisp Cookies

Butter 1 c	Granulated
Eggs-2 yolks 1 white	sugar 1½ c
Pastry flour 2 c	Liquid 2 tb
Flavoring	

The liquid may be milk, water, or orange juice. Mix as other cookies turn on a board, knead till smooth. Roll as thin as possible, cut, bake and decorate.

Seed Cakes

Butter ½ c	Caraway seeds 1 tb
Sugar 1 c	Flour 3 c
Sour cream ¾ c	Soda ½ t
Milk or water ¼ c	Salt ½ t
Baking powder 3 t	

Dilute the sour cream with the milk or water, so it will not be too rich. Add to the butter and sugar which have been well creamed, then the caraway seeds, and other ingredients sifted together. The amount of caraway may be varied to suit one's taste.

Christmas Puddings
Children's Individual Puddings

The rich steamed puddings which grown-up people may eat with impunity at Christmas time, are certainly not good for the children. Trouble will be avoided if plainer ones, not too different in appearance are made for them. They may be steamed in individual molds, and served with whipped cream, and garnished with a cherry, to everybody's satisfaction.

Graham flour 3 c	
Butter ½ c	Soda ½ t
Molasses 1 c	Salt 1 t
Milk 1 c	Baking powder 1 t
Eggs 2	Raisins 2 c

Mix together the butter, melted, molasses, milk and beaten eggs. Add the flour, soda, baking powder and salt, sifted together, and beat well, then stir in the raisins. Steam in individual molds for an hour and a half.

Bag Pudding

If one really wishes to boil a pudding in a bag, a piece of new unbleached cotton should be used. Wash till it loses its stiffness, and rub with butter, then spread with flour till it is velvety to touch. A little room must be left for the pudding to swell. But steaming is

WHEN *Sending for Patterns of Fashion Plates, Remember to State the Size Required*

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG, CANADA

a much less wasteful way to cook the pudding, and is considerably less work. The nicest thing about Christmas puddings is that they may be made so long ahead of time, then reheated when needed.

Suet ½ lb
Seeded raisins ½ lb
Figs ½ lb
Currants ½ lb
Flour 1½ c
Candied peel ½ lb
Dry bread crumbs 1 c
Sugar 1 c
Spices about 1 t
Eggs 4

Finely chop the suet, cut the raisins, figs, and peel. Mix ½ cup of the flour with them. Add the bread crumbs, sugar, remaining flour, spices and well-beaten eggs. Mix all together and boil in a bag, or steam in covered molds, for four hours.

Carrot Pudding

Carrot 1 c
Potato 1 c
Flour 2 c
Raisins 2 c
Brown sugar 1 c
Chopped suet 1 c
Nut meats ½ c
Spices 2 t
Soda 1 t

Grate or finely chop the carrots and potato, chop the suet. Mix all the ingredients together and steam 2½ or 3 hours in covered molds.

Steamed Date Pudding

Flour 2¾ c
Salt ½ t
Sugar ½ c
Soda 1 t
Sour milk 1½ c
Molasses ½ c
Dates ¾ c
Walnuts ¼ c
Spices ½ t
Vanilla 1 t

Mix and sift the dry ingredients, mix the others with them and steam 2 hours in a large mold or 12 small ones. Serve with hard or liquid sauce.

English Plum Pudding

Suet ½ lb
Raisins ½ lb
Currants ½ lb
Citron peel ½ lb
Orange & lemon peel ½ c
Dates ½ lb
Eggs 2
Milk or water 2 c
Nut meats 1 c
Spices 2 t
Flour 4 c
Baking powder 4 t
Salt 1 t
Brown sugar 1¼ c

Mix all the ingredients, chopping the suet, chopping and flouring the fruit. Steam 4 hours.

Hard Sauce

Butter 1/3 c
Powdered sugar 1 c
Hot water 2 or3 drops
Vanilla 2/3 t
Lemon extract 1/3 t

Cream the butter, adding a few drops of boiling water with the powdered sugar, and the flavoring.

Light Fruit Cake

Butter 1 c
Sugar 2 t
Eggs 4
Milk 1 c
Flour 4 c
Baking powder 3 t
Flavoring 1 t
Salt ½ t
Raisins 1 c
Candied pineapple 1 c
Candied cherries 1 c
Citron peel ½ c
Shredded almonds 1 c
Rose water 4 tb

Vanilla and almond extract, combined, seems to be especially suitable for this cake. Cream the butter very thoroughly, add the sugar gradually, and continue to cream. Add the beaten eggs, milk, and sifted dry ingredients alternately, using a little of the flour to dredge the fruit. Let the almonds, blanched and shredded, stand in the rose water while preparing the other things. Add the fruit, nuts and flavoring. Bake in rather slow oven for 2 hours. This makes 3 loaves in small bread pans.

Dark Fruit Cake

Butter 2 c
Sugar 2 c
Eggs 12
Molasses 1 c
Grape juice 1 c
Flour 4 c
Spices, about 5 or 6 t
Soda 1 t
Canned fruit 2 c
Raisins 2 lb
Currants 1 lb
Dates 1 lb
Figs 1 lb
Candied peel 2 lb
Candied pineapple 1 lb
Blanched almonds 1 lb

The spices may be varied to taste, so may the fruit, using any desired combination of raisins, currants, dates, figs. The canned fruit may be either apple sauce or strawberries with considerable proportion of sugar. Any canned fruit juice or orange juice may be used in place of the grape juice. Follow the general procedure for making Christmas cakes. This quantity makes about 15 or 16 pounds of cake. The soda may either be sifted with the flour, or dissolved in a tb. of hot water.

Candies for the Christmas Season

Everybody eats far too much candy and other sweet rich foods at Christmas time, nevertheless we enjoy making some for gifts and to offer to our guests. Especially do elderly people appreciate an attractive box of dainty home-made candy. As people grow older, a "sweet tooth" seems to develop. Certainly pure home-made candy of a not too-rich variety, is less harmful for the children than some cheap, highly-colored concoction of very doubtful purity.

Only flavorings of the highest grades should be used, as any extra liquid is apt to spoil the texture of the candy. Too much must not be used of a poor kind, and too often a flavor not particularly agreeable, is obtained. Vegetable colorings may be bought in both liquid and paste form. The latter may be mixed in a teaspoon or tiny dish, with a drop or two of water, using a tooth-pick. A very little goes a long way. Highly colored candies and frostings are never desirable.

Expensive equipment is not at all necessary, but if one makes much candy, a thermometer is a good investment. It saves so much worry and failure. A granite tray, large platter, piece of plate glass, are necessary for kneading purposes. A spatula is good. A large smooth kettle is needed for boiling syrups. Plenty of waxed paper should be kept on hand.

Fondant

Fondant is the basis of creams, bonbons, dipped candies, etc. Many people dread making it, but it is really not at all difficult.

Sugar, granulated 2 c
Water 1 1/3 c
Flavoring 1½ t

Stir the sugar and water and a few grains of salt in a sauce-pan till the sugar is dissolved, but do not stir, again, it will granulate. Carefully wipe off, with a damp cloth, or a brush dipped in cold water, the crystals which form on the sides of the sauce-pan. Cook to the soft-ball stage, or 238 degrees, if using a thermometer. Pour at once on the platter, enamelled tray, etc., which has been moistened with cold water, but has no drops of water adhering to it. Cool slightly, and add the flavoring. With a large spatula, begin to cream the candy, by working it up from the edges, and pressing it back against the platter. As it grows firmer and creamy colored, it becomes easier to work. The coloring may be worked in, at this time, or if different colors are to be used they may be put in later. Form into a ball, put in a jar and cover closely till wanted. It will keep for weeks, if well covered, portions of it being used for dipping, centers, etc. as wished.

To Make Bonbon Centers

Knead some of the fondant on the platter, using the hand, till it is creamy and mellow. Roll small pieces between the hands, place on waxed paper for a few hours to set, for dipping. Vary the colors and flavors if liked. Strawberry or raspberry flavor may be used with pink color. Maple extract will give its own color as well as flavor. Finely chopped candied cherries or pineapple, or ginger, may be added to some, or finely chopped nuts—English walnuts, almonds, Brazil nuts, pecans, or pistachio.

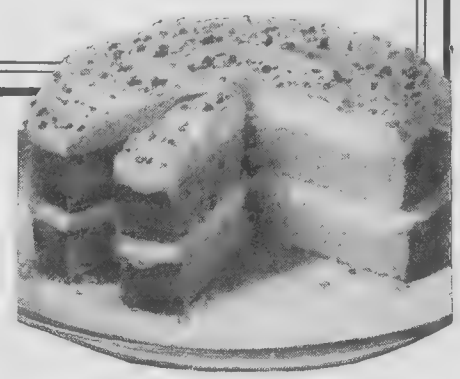
To Dip Centers

Bonbons are dipped in melted fondant. Place a batch of fondant in the inner part of a double boiler. Bring the water in the outer vessel slowly to the boiling point. Stir the fondant to keep it from melting to a clear syrup. When softened, add flavoring, even if some has been put in, as the melting drives off at least some of it. Remove the double boiler from the fire, keeping the inner vessel still in the water. Pick one of the centers up with a dipping fork, any fork will do, but if possible use one with two tines, put the center in the melted

Continued on page 62

82% of these Hospital Dietitians say

"Cream of Tartar Baking Powder is most healthful"



MOCHA TART CAKE

Separate 4 eggs; beat yolks until very light; add 1 tablespoon essence of mocha, few grains of salt, and 1 cup granulated sugar gradually, beating continually; add 1 cup flour and 1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder sifted together; fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs; mix thoroughly without beating. Spread on two well-buttered layer cake pans and bake in moderate oven ten to fifteen minutes, starting at 300°F. and increasing temperature last half of baking to 375°F. Whip one-half pint cream; sweeten with one-half cup powdered sugar and flavor with mocha essence. Spread between layers and on top of cake.

493 leading hospital dietitians recently expressed an opinion on various kinds of baking powder. And 82% of these keen, intelligent women definitely and unreservedly said, "A Cream of Tarter baking powder is most healthful."

Cream of Tartar is a natural fruit product of ripe grapes. For generations it has been recognized as the most wholesome and healthful ingredient for baking powder.

But because Cream of Tartar is so costly, cheaper substitutes are sometimes used in baking powder. Experienced cooks know they can depend on Royal; inexperienced cooks use it with the best results. Royal always leavens perfectly.

Yet it takes only 2c worth of Royal to make a large layer cake deliciously light and tender.

Royal, the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Absolutely pure.

TROPICAROMA CAKE

A delicious 2-egg spice cake. The recipe is in the Royal Cook Book

FREE! The Royal Cook Book of 350 tested recipes. Mail the coupon.

THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., Dept. CD
504 St. Lawrence Bld., Montreal
Please send me free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book of 350 tested recipes.
Name
Address
City
Province

MADE IN CANADA

One of the fine things of life all of us can have
Good Tea—
Chase & Sanborn's
SEAL BRAND
Orange Pekoe
109

Who has the Spending of 85c in the $1.00?

The Housewife of Western Canada is known as a careful yet liberal buyer for the household. Products advertised in Western Canada's Only Magazine are as carefully watched by the Publishers and we hope as liberally purchased by our Readers.

Better Cookery

Continued from page 61

fondant, press it below the surface, to cover it all over with the melted fondant, lift out at once with the fork, and turn upside down on a platter, tray, waxed paper, etc. Let the fork rest a moment on the top of the bonbon, to leave an impression. Some of the bonbons may have a piece of nut, candied cherry, ginger, chystallized violet, etc. put at once on the top, before it has hardened.

After a few are dipped, it will be necessary to place the double boiler on the stove again to warm the water. A few drops of hot water may be added to the fondant from time to time to counteract the evaporation which takes place while one is working.

The dipping fondant may be colored if one wishes.

To Dip in Chocolate

Regular dipping chocolate is best. It can be bought in cakes like any other chocolate. Melt in the double boiler and proceed just as in using melted fondant.

Peanut Butter Penoche

Brown sugar 2 c
Milk ¾ c
Peanut butter ½ c or a little less.

Boil the sugar and milk to the soft ball stage—236-238 degrees. Take from the fire, add the peanut butter, using it according to taste, and beat till creamy and thick. Pour into a buttered pan, and cut in squares.

Cocoanut Patties

Sugar 2 c
Butter 1 tb
Cocoanut ½ c
Vanilla ½ t
Milk 2/3 c
Chopped nut meats 1/3 c or more.

Cook the milk and sugar to the soft ball stage. Add the butter and cocoanut. Let cool slightly, beat, folding in the nuts and vanilla, till it is cool. Drop by spoonfuls on waxed paper.

Pralines

Brown sugar 2 c
Almonds ½ c
Water 1 c
Pecans 1½ c

Boil the water and sugar to the soft ball stage, add the chopped or, preferably broken nut meats which have been roasted in the oven. Stir over the fire till the mixture begins to look cloudy. Pour into buttered muffin pans till cold and hard.

Almond Fudge

Sugar 2 c
Cocoa 2 tb
Rich milk ½ c
Salt ⅛ t
Almond paste ½ c
Vanilla 1 t
Marshmallow cream 1 c
Icing sugar

Make a paste of the marshmallow cream, almond paste, and enough powdered sugar to make it of the same consistency as the fudge. Cook the sugar, milk, (which may be condensed milk.) and cocoa or chocolate, to the soft ball stage. Add the salt and vanilla, cool a little and beat. Pour half of it in a buttered pan, spread the marshmallow mixture on top, melt the rest of the fudge mixture enough to spread on top of the marshmallow. Cool and cut in squares.

Chocolate Fudge

Water 1 c
Sugar 2 c
Salt ⅛ t
Walnut meats ½ c
Chocolate 2 squares
Butter 2 tb
Vanilla 1 t

Cook the sugar, water and chocolate together to the soft ball stage. Either cocoa or chocolate may be used, and the amount varied to suit the taste. Many people make it rather too strong. Add the salt and butter, cool, add the nut meats and vanilla and beat till thick, put in a buttered pan, cool and cut in squares.

Date Fudge

Brown sugar 2 c
Corn syrup 2 t
Milk ½ c
Dates or raisins 1 c
Butter 2 tb
Vanilla 1 t

Cook the sugar, milk, and syrup to the soft ball stage. Add the butter, cool a little, add the dates or raisins, and beat till thick. Pour in a buttered pan and cut in squares.

Turkish Delight

Gelatine 2 tb
Cold water ¼ c
Juice of lemon 1 tb
Orange, juice and rind 1
Sugar 1 c
Water ¾ c
Nut meats ½ c
Chopped figs, dates 1 c

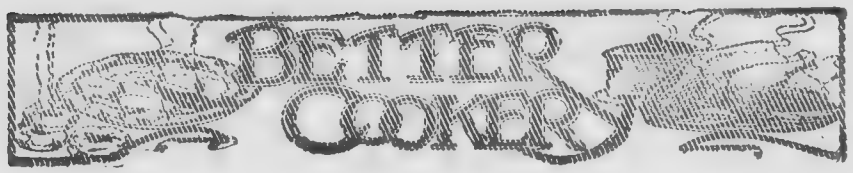
Continued on page 63

Makes Good Cooking Better!

There's the concentrated goodness of prime, lean beef in OXO. No wonder it gives soups and gravies such added flavour and enlivens casseroles and left-overs so delightfully! ¶ Try it for that last *professional* touch that makes good cooking better. And find, like mothers all over the world, how healthful and nourishing OXO is for little ones—and grown-ups, too!

In tins of 4 and 10 cubes

The Goodness of Beef



Continued from page 62

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Bring the sugar and ¾ c water to the boiling point, add the soaked gelatine and boil 10 minutes. Add the chopped fruit, 1 c of dates figs, raisins in any proportion, and cook 10 minutes longer. Add the nuts and fruit juice, remove from the fire, put into a mold. Cut in cubes and roll in granulated sugar.

Ginger Cream Candy

Milk 1 c
Sugar 2c
Butter 2 t
Crystallized ginger 3 tb
Cocoanut ½ c

Cook the milk and sugar to the soft ball stage, add the butter and cool partly. Beat nearly creamy, add the finely chopped ginger and the cocoanut, finish beating, pour into a buttered pan and cut in squares.

Nut Brittles

This may be made of any kind of nut meats, or of a mixture of them.

Heat the broken nut meats in the oven. Heat to boiling point, 2 tb corn syrup. Add 2 c granulated sugar, and stir with a wooden spoon over a slow fire till the sugar is melted and light brown in color. Add the hot nut meats, stir till well mixed, and pour at once onto a buttered pan large enough that the layer will be quite thin. Shredded cocoanut may be used instead of nuts.

Peppermint Drops

These are very easily made and are nice to mix with other kinds in a gift box.

Granulated sugar 1 c
Oil of peppermint or wintergreen 3 drops
Powdered sugar ¼ c
Coloring

Mix the granulated sugar and 4 tb hot water. Stir till the sugar is melted but do not let it boil, till every grain of sugar has disappeared. Put over a hotter fire and boil exactly 3 minutes. Have mixed the powdered sugar and oil of peppermint or wintergreen, and the coloring if used, and stir into the boiling syrup. Remove from the fire, and set in a pan of cold water to stop the boiling. Drop from the tip of a spoon on a buttered pan or slab or heavy waxed paper, which forms round candies. Be sure there is room for them to spread. They should be hard and round and clear.

Honey Candy

Honey ½ c
Water ½ c
Vinegar or lemon juice 1 t
Salt ⅛ t
Brown sugar 2 c
Nuts if wished ½ c or more
Butter 2 tb

Spread the nut meats, broken, in a buttered pan. Boil the honey, water, brown sugar and vinegar to the soft ball stage, add the butter, and pour over the nut meats. Cool and mark in squares. For a harder candy, boil to the hard ball stage.

Frosted Chocolate Fudge

Make chocolate fudge, when firm, turn from the pan, spread with Marshmallow paste, and sprinkle thickly with very finely chopped nut meats, then cut in squares.

Potato Paste

Cook potatoes, with a little salt. Drain and mash. Add enough powdered sugar to roll, and 1 tb corn starch to 1 c of very finely mashed or sifted potatoes. Flavor, turn on a board dusted with powdered sugar, and roll out. Cut with a small cooky cutter. These may be used as a basis for various decorations, or flavored and colored if wished, and used as they are. Or the paste may be rolled in long rolls, and sliced into patties or in it, with the flavoring may be stirred chopped nuts or fruits. Or they may be colored and molded with the fingers into leaves, flowers, etc., which are very attractive with other candies.

"Violets"

Candied violets are very pretty as decorations, but are expensive and difficult to get. But equally satisfactory ones may be made from pop corn. Use the hard brown part of the kernel for a center, bend the white part to look like a violet. Make a syrup of 1/3 as much water as sugar, boil about 10 minutes, or to 219 degrees. Dip the kernels of corn into the syrup ofter cooling it, and drain. Dredge with powdered sugar which has been colored with violet coloring.

Chocolate Peppermints

Make a potato paste, flavor with peppermint, and form into balls or patties. Let dry, and dip in melted chocolate.

Chocolate Dates

Wipe and pit dates. Fill the cavities with pieces of crystallized ginger, or pieces of walnut meats. Roll in powdered sugar and dip in melted chocolate.

TASTY SANDWICHES

Green Pepper
Soft cheese mashed. Mix with chopped green pepper.

Nut
Soft cheese. Chopped nut meats—walnut, pecan, or peanut.

Toasted
Make cheese sandwiches with either white or dark bread. Toast on both sides. Serve hot.

Pickle
Soft cheese. Chopped sweet pickle.

Fruit
Soft cheese. Chopped dried fruit—dates, raisins, figs, or steamed prunes.

Catsup
Grated cheese, chopped peanuts, tomato catsup to moisten.

Jelly
Soft cheese, grape or currant jelly.

Ginger
Cream cheese and preserved ginger.

Continued on page 64

A MOST MODERN ENDING TO THE TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS DINNER

. . . this special plum pudding and these unusual new candies, all made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine

CHOCOLATE Plum Pudding! It is delicious! Different! The ideal dessert to follow those lavish courses of your Christmas dinner. For it is made with Knox Sparkling Gelatine and is matchless in its goodness and is most inviting in appearance. You will be proud, too, to serve Knox Dainties—an exquisite candy—with the after-dinner coffee.

THIS delicious candy and the delectable pudding, however, only demonstrate two of the many uses of Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Accomplished hostesses depend upon it in preparing a wide variety of dishes. Best of all, these dishes are healthful for young and old, besides being economical and easy to make. Every package of Knox Gelatine will make four different desserts or salads of six generous servings each.

Boxes of Christmas Candy

Many have found that these candies packed in boxes make appropriate gifts. Mrs. Knox's new recipe books tell you how to make After-Dinner Jelly Mints, Cocoanut Fudge, Peanut Dainties, Turkish Delight, Creamy Fondant, besides wonderful desserts, salads, jellied soups, meat and fish loaves. It will be a pleasure to send you these books free. And if you write Mrs. Knox, she will gladly send you her special recipe for Cranberry Frappe—a perfect accompaniment for your roast turkey.

CHOCOLATE PLUM PUDDING
(6 *servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cup cold water
1 cup milk
1 square chocolate
1/4 teaspoonful vanilla
1/2 cup seeded raisins
1/4 cup currants
2 egg whites
1/2 cup sugar
1/3 cup dates
1/4 cup nuts
Few grains salt

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put milk with fruit in double boiler. When hot, add chocolate, which has been melted, mixed with a little sugar and milk to make a smooth paste (or use 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa). Add soaked gelatine, sugar and salt, remove from fire, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, chopped, and lastly, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet individual molds decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold and garnish with holly. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk, or with a currant jelly sauce.

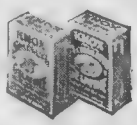
Knox Dainties

KNOX DAINTIES

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Acidulated Gelatine
1 cup cold water
4 cups granulated sugar
1 1/2 cups boiling water

Soak gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Place sugar and boiling water on fire and when sugar is dissolved add the soaked gelatine and boil slowly fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. To the one part add one-half teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope and two teaspoonfuls Lemon Extract. To the other part add one-quarter teaspoonful Lemon Flavoring and one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon, cloves or whatever flavor preferred. If peppermint is desired use one-half teaspoonful only. Any coloring desired may be added. Pour into bread tins, which have been dipped in cold water, to the depth of three-fourths inch, and let stand overnight. Turn out, cut in squares and roll in powdered or fine granulated sugar.

NOTE: *If the Plain Sparkling package is used, add three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice to take the place of the Lemon Flavoring and Lemon Extract when making lemon dainties.*



Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
Dept. K
Montreal, Quebec

Please send me a copy of your new recipe books.

My name is _____

My address is _____

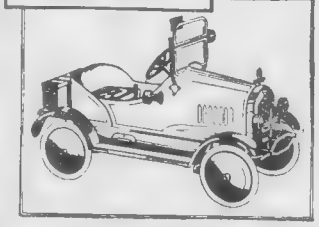
My grocer's name is _____

When buying wheel toys and children's vehicles ask for SIDWAY — for this reason: The Sidway-Topliff Company build strong, attractive vehicles that represent good value for your money.

CHILDREN'S VEHICLES

Sidway

EVERYTHING ON WHEELS



THIS large Canadian Company specializes on the production of children's vehicles alone. Each vehicle is tested, before leaving the factory, for strength, workmanship and ease of operation. Each vehicle is guaranteed.

See the SIDWAY vehicles at your dealer's, or write direct to us and we will give you the name of a Sidway dealer near you.

SIDWAY-TOPLIFF Company Limited

Pelham Avenue - Toronto

ST-25

"SQUIRREL" BRAND Peanut Butter

BETTER COOKERY

Continued from page 63

Simple Jams and Marmalades

NO MATTER how fervently a woman loves to can and jam, preserve and "do up," she has to curb her ardour if she lives in the usual city apartment, where storage space is at a premium. She has to stand sadly by and watch the summer procession of currants and raspberries, plums, peaches and grapes, go by without putting up the rows and rows of jars and glasses that her thrifty housewife soul would delight in.

Even the kitchenetter, however, may indulge her taste for a bit of home canning, if she will be content to do frequent dabs, instead of a lot, that would require shelves and shelves to store. And one of the easiest things that even the veriest amateur can make successfully is marmalade, than which nothing is more welcome to spread on the morning toast, or the five o'clock tea thin bread and butter, or the Sunday night supper hot biscuits. Here's how:

Quick Orange Marmalade

3 oranges — 5 cups cold water
1 lemon — 5 cups sugar

Slice the fruit crosswise through rind and pulp, in very thin slices. Discard seeds, if any, add cold water and allow to stand over night. Boil until the rind is tender, about three hours. Add sugar, boil for another half hour, and pour into sterilized glasses. When cool seal with paraffin.

Now that grapes are one of the most tempting displays on the market stand, it is a good time to experiment with.

Grape Conserve

2 pints grapes — 2 2/3 cups sugar
2 oranges — 1 cup walnut
1 cup seeded raisins

Wash, stem and seed the grapes. Slice the oranges very thin and add to the grapes, together with raisins and sugar. Cook until the mixture is transparent and thick. Add the chopped nut meats after taking from the fire, as they need no cooking. Pour into sterilized glasses or jars. This conserve is delicious with hot biscuits or muffins.

Another delicious conserve which even the kitchenette house-keeper may indulge in is:

Peach Conserve

1 quart peaches — 1 orange
1 cup raisins — 1½ cups brown sugar
Juice 1 lemon — ½ cup chopped nuts

Pare peaches and cut into small pieces. Slice the orange and cut into small pieces. Put all ingredients together, add enough cold water to keep from scorching, about 1 cup, and simmer 1 hour. Add nut meats when the mixture gets thick and pour into sterilized glasses.

Orange Honey

3 oranges — ½ cup hot water
1 lemon — 3 cups sugar

Remove peel from oranges in large pieces. Cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Drain and scrape off white inner membrane with a silver knife or spoon. Put the orange rind through a food chopper. Grate the yellow part of the lemon and add to the chopped orange rind. Cut the pulp of both oranges and lemon into small pieces, discarding seeds. Bring the hot water and sugar to a boiling point, add the fruit pulp and chopped rind and cook until the mixture is the consistency of strained honey when a little is dropped on a cold plate. Pour into sterilized glasses and cover with paraffin when cold.

AVOID THAT COLD THIS WINTER

By Barbara B. Brooks

MANY persons are resigned to having one or two colds every winter and will not believe that it is possible to avoid having them. If you are subject to colds, first of all consult your doctor and find out if there is a removable cause such as adenoids or tonsils. Next take stock of yourself and find out if all your habits make for health.

Do you take daily exercise? Walk to and from work if possible, join a gymnasium class, or take setting-up exercises. Get plenty of sleep—sleep restores

Continued on page 65

easy recipes,

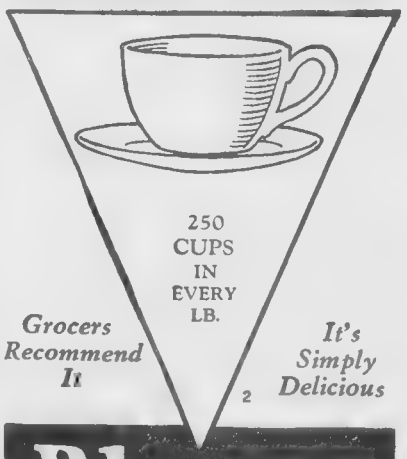
Soups Puddings Jellies Candies

Nearly every woman uses Cox's GELATINE, for 80 years preferred both here and abroad for its purity, uniformity and cleanliness. But do *you* know the variety of its uses?

We invite you to send for a free copy of this helpful book of over 60 recipes. Address THE COX GELATINE CO. LIMITED, P.O. Box 73, Montreal, Dept. S. 5-28

COX'S Instant Powdered GELATINE

Made in Scotland

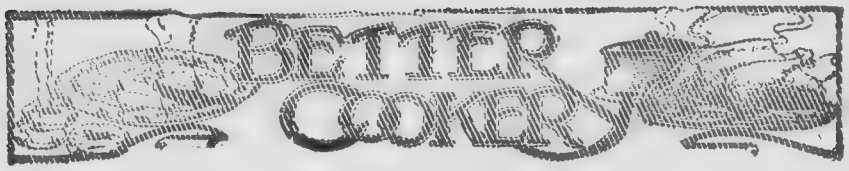


Blue Ribbon Tea

Always Reliable

YARN MACHINE AND HAND-KNITTING "Old Tyme "All Wool" "Silk and Wool" 85c lb. up—delivered. Samples free. Stocking & Yarn Mills. Dept. H, Orillia, Ont.

When writing advertisers please mention THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY



Continued from page 64

spent energy and strengthens resistance to colds. Be sure that your house and office are well ventilated. Wear warm light clothing and keep your feet dry.

Fully as important as any of the foregoing suggestions is your daily menu. Do not over-eat. Choose foods which will keep the intestines clean and drink plenty of water. Breakfast is essential both to the child going to school and to the worker. It is a good plan for father to set an example by eating a wholesome breakfast. Fruit first for an appetizer, then a cereal, an egg, toast or bran muffins, and cocoa. This may be too substantial for some of us. In that case there are many simpler menus. Fruit, ready-to-eat cereal with milk and a hot drink; hot cereal cooked with dried fruit; fruit, graham bread toast and cocoa are all good combinations.

Keep your system regulated by foods such as bran, whole grain cereals, dark breads, fruits and vegetables. Clogged machinery is the first to break down. A cold catches the person who has not kept fit.

As a final precaution against colds keep the nose, mouth, and throat clean. A salt water gargle is a cleansing solution and leaves a pleasant taste. Use this before going to bed. Don't let a cold catch you—it won't if you don't give it a head start.

Prairie Memories

One of a hundred fence-posts,
I stood by a humble shack,
Where I could see through the doorway,—
Could see the sacred field-mouse yesterday
As he scurried round the corner
As if Life were here!

And the well, too,
Where once a lone bachelor
(He who planted me)
Used to stand, full pail in his hand,
Smiling toward the East.

And then the day he put the higher crib about the well!—
Before She was allowed to go near it.
How the sun shone that Summer!
What flowers grew at my feet!
Why, even the Meadowlark, who perched on my head (and welcome)
Sang sweeter for her.

Ah, bright! but Autumn comes,
Grass withers and Flowers fall.

It was dark;
I would not have known,—
Tho I strained my eyes—
But I heard the whisper, "Doctor!"

It was a long night—for me.
The doctor drove away
Before the sun rose.

When the sun did rise
My shadow peered around the corner
Of the doorway,—
He knelt by the bed.

My shadow-soul
Bowed to the clean-scrubbed threshold,
And oh, so slowly
(It took till noon)
Crept back to me.

The Meadowlark,
For the last time,
Perched on my head and sang
A sad-sweet song
Before going South.

Then he came out, to meet the few friends
The doctor had sent.

They buried her
Not far from my feet,
And only a Cross
Stood between us for years.

He went away,
But came back in a year.
He leaned upon me
As his horse stood head-low outside the fence.
His hand tightened upon my shoulder
And I laid mine upon it.
What did I say?
He knew.
He raised a hand,
Bared his head,
Looked once more and was gone.

Now years have passed,—
Today a bowed man came.
And others. They dug.

He stood near the door
But did not enter.

When the truck was loaded
He stepped over the fragment of wire
Which still clung to me.
Again his hand rested upon my shoulder.
I broke down completely.
The one staple that held me
To the rest of the fence
Pulled loose.

I spoke to him:
"Take me too!"
I trembled in his hand.
For a moment I thought
He would take me.
But he looked at the other posts—
A few still standing—
Shook his head
And gently dropped me.

One of a hundred posts!
I had forgotten,
And he could not know
That only my shadow
Had seen in at the door.

They are gone.
And one night soon
He will lie beside her.
And I?
Ah, there's joy in it!
From whence did I come?
There I go.
To the earth, the air,
Food for a million trees.
And some day, perhaps,
Some relative of theirs
May put a wooden paling
About their graves.

Then I shall be happy!
And even then
The end is not.

I Give Thanks

By Anne Zuker

In the Summer I give thanks
For sunlight;
For sand warm beneath my bare feet,
Sand gleaming white,
Running down
To the blue delight of the sea.
For fresh winds blowing,
Billowing, drumming taut in white sails,
And the tang of salt on my lips.
Nights dark save for a star-patterned sky,
And the trail of phosphorescence
In the wake of a swiftly moving boat.
But in Winter I give thanks
For other things,
Things only the great city can give.
Beautiful music and pictures in which
Loveliness has been garnered
From every corner of the earth.
For shop windows
Riotous with color,
And rosy, happy children playing in the park,
For the towering cathedral
Monotyped in black and silver
By the moon.
For exquisitely wrought birches
Against the bleak river;
For the city magic-pinnacled
In snow.
I give thanks
For storm without
And warmth within.

Bran muffins

WAIT until you see those muffins as they come from the oven. Wonderfully light and fluffy — never soggy. And when you break one open and let a lump of butter melt in that tender texture, get ready for a taste experience such as you never had before. No other muffin ever had such a rich, nut-like flavor.

The fine thing about eating these wonderful muffins is the health they bring you. For that cupful of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN helps supply your eliminative system with bulk and fiber that prevents constipation.

But muffins are not the only food where you can get healthful and tasty results by adding ALL-BRAN. Put it in dressings. Sprinkle it in soups. Mix it in griddle cake batter.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is equally effective for health when eaten as a cereal. Doctors recommend it. But be sure you get the genuine Kellogg's. It is 100% bran and furnishes "bulk" in generous quantities. Just eat two tablespoons of ALL-BRAN daily (chronic cases of constipation, with every meal). Delicious with milk or cream, fruits or honey added.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN works as nature works.

Grocers everywhere sell Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario

This Recipe
Makes the Best Bran Muffins You Ever Ate.

2 tablespoons shortening, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup sour milk, 1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon soda, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder.
Cream shortening and sugar together, add egg. Mix and sift flour, soda, salt, and baking powder. To creamed mixture add ALL-BRAN, then milk, alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Pour into greased muffin tins, and bake in moderate oven (370° F.) for 20 minutes: Yield: either 8 large or 12 medium size muffins. If sweet milk is used instead of sour, omit soda and use 3 teaspoons baking powder.

Guaranteed!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is sold with this definite guarantee: Eat it according to directions. If it does not relieve constipation safely, we will refund the purchase price.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Tailored Correctness Marks Winter Attire

6305—This pictures a very smart style, with diagonal lines, and attractive plait fullness. The back extends over the shoulder in yoke effect, above the soft gathers of the fronts. The sleeve is a fitted one-piece model. A vestee of contrasting material completes a very chic effect. Printed woollen was chosen in this instance. One could have Canton crepe, checked woollen or moire. This pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 3⅜ yards of 39-inch material. To face the vestee with contrasting material will require ¼ yard 9 inches wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plait fullness extended is 1¾ yard.

6245—Gathers lengthwise over the centre of the waist are a new feature expressed in this pleasing design, and equally attractive is the dip at the back of the skirt. Hip yokes hold the fullness of the skirt, and a pleasing sleeve completes a distinctive effect. Canton crepe in beige with pipings of white was used in this instance. Satin or taffeta are also desirable. This model is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4½ yards of 39-inch material. The underbody will require 1 yard of 32-inch lining. The width of the dress at the lower edge with fullness extended is 2⅜ yards.

6306—Beige woollen flecked with white, or grey woollen with a woven black thread, broadcloth, tweed and novelty cloakings as well as fur and fur cloth are good for this style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. For a 38-inch size 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material is required. For the collar of fur or fur-cloth ¾ yard 12 inches wide is required.

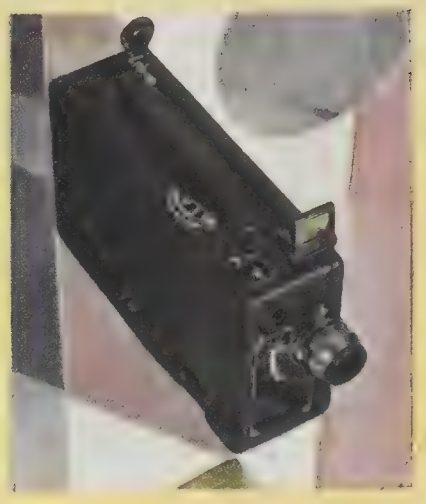
Any one of these patterns mailed to any address for 25c in silver or stamps. Address Pattern Department, The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

6302—Curved lines, a diagonal closing, and the popular side dip added to a very pleasing flare are the outstanding features of this model. The pattern for this smart style is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. To make the dress for a 38-inch size will require 4⅛ yards of 35-inch material, 1¼ yard of contrasting material for facing on skirt, collar and vestee. Width of dress at lower edge with fullness extended is 2½ yards.

6308—Printed velvet and crepe are combined in this design; the crepe being used for the jabot, and for pipings on the free edges of the flounces. The pattern for this desirable model is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the dress in a 16-year size will require 3¾ yards of 39-inch material. The jabot of contrasting material will require ⅝ yard 35 inches wide. The width of the dress at the lower edge is about 1¼ yards.

6303—This attractive pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. To make this design for a 38-inch size will require 3⅜ yards of 39-inch material. To face revers and cuffs with contrasting material requires ¾ yard 8 inches wide. Width at lower edge, plaits extended, is 1⅞ yard.

Vanity Kodak Ensemble—Happy the girl who finds one of these among her Christmas remembrances! An exquisite grained leather carrying-case which comes in three colors and contains the wherewithal for make-up and for snapshots. Contents: large mirror, change pocket, combination powder and rouge compact, lipstick and Kodak. Colors: gray, beige, green. Picture size, 1⅝ x 2½.

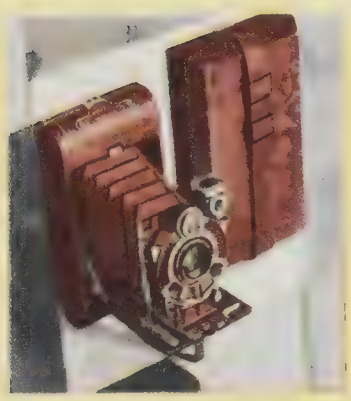


Ciné-Kodak, the simplest of home movie cameras—A modern gift. For those fortunate enough to "have everything already," and for those less fortunate. A permanent gift. One that begins giving pleasure the day it is received, and grows more precious with every passing year. And this home movie camera can be adapted for Kodacolor—home movies in gorgeous full color. Complete home movie outfits—Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen—begin at $162.

Pocket Kodaks—This season you may have the 1A Pocket Kodak, Series II, in four handsome colors, as well as black: blue, brown, beige, gray. Both Kodak and case are of the same lustrous grained leather, and both have been redesigned to meet the modern trend. "Supremely smart gifts"—say those who have seen them. Picture size, 2½ x 4¼.

Kodak Gifts of Novelty, Beauty and Distinction

PICTURE MAKERS ALL



Vanity Kodaks—Incomparably beautiful in design, they are all that the modern gift should be. In five lovely colors: Redbreast (red), Jenny Wren (brown), Sea Gull (gray), Bluebird (blue) and Cockatoo (green). Picture size, 1⅝ x 2½.

FOR this Christmas, Kodak offers you the smartest array of gift selections that have ever left the hands of its craftsmen. As to price, you may pay almost anything you have a mind to, for they range from the unassuming Brownie to the finest Ciné-Kodak home movie outfit. As to color, this is the first Christmas you have been able to get it in Kodaks.

Turn down the corner of this page, so that when you make up your Christmas list you can conveniently decide who shall be the recipients of these most acceptable Kodak gifts.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

Brownies—Your Christmas list is sure to contain the name of some one who would be overjoyed to receive a Brownie, as practical a little camera as ever was made. And it's just the thing for the boy or girl. They cost from $2.25 up, and every one of them takes splendid snapshots. With such a gift as this, a half-dozen packages of Kodak Film doubles the recipient's appreciation.

"Give a **KODAK**

For Everyone this Christmas

The Wahl-Eversharp array of CHRISTMAS MERCHANDISE this year appeals to the merry multitude who are seeking the useful ... the beautiful ... the much-to-be desired among gifts. Fascinating in color diversity, graceful in poise and balance, tested and approved for endless endurance and hard service, these models of writing craftsmanship await your choosing. Happy are the recipients, young and old, who receive Wahl-Eversharps; and quite as happy are the givers.

K40RD Rosewood. A sturdy never-failing pencil, an ideal gift for any man. $3.50

K40G Jade Green. Brilliant proof of Eversharp's superiority in design and color. $3.50

K40B Blue. Distinctively different, this is a gift which will be appreciated. $3.50

847RC Rosewood. Rich in color and of a quiet dignity which so many prefer. $6

84PG Jade Green. Colorful and modern, flashing in beauty and perfect in service. $6

84PB Blue. Attractive to men and women alike, this pen ranks high in popularity. $6

X71/X7164 Wahl-Eversharp Pen and Pencil set in gold-filled quality with black enamel inlay, $14

Ladies' style with ring, the set. $12

8604 Wahl-Eversharp Gold Seal Pen in black and pearl pyroxalin The new PERFECT pen. Unconditionally guaranteed. $10

353BDG Black Carrara Glass, decorated in modernist design. $12.50

354ANX Argentine Onyx with letter bracket. $11

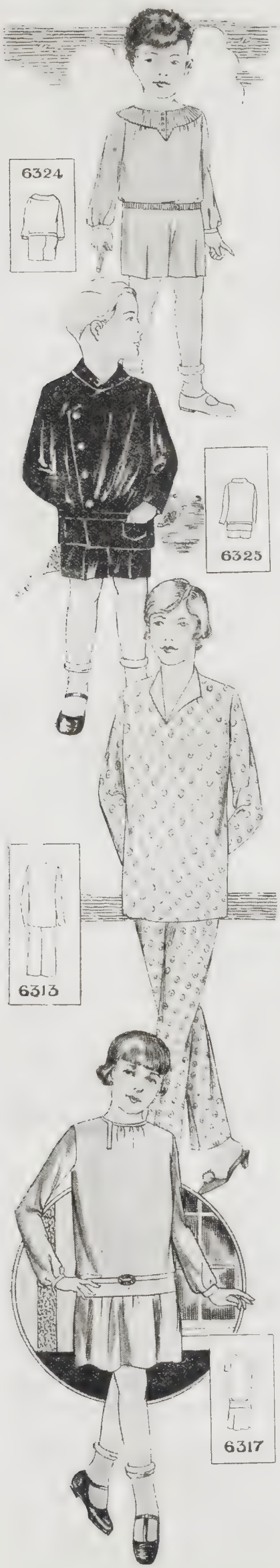
4565W Bronze Finish Base with two pinscoops and wide pencil groove. $7.50

WAHL-EVERSHARP

PENS, PENCILS, DESK SETS

M.2.

Smarter Styles for the Younger Element



6324. In this attractive model, a deep yoke shaped in a point over the center is joined to front and back, and also to the sleeve, which is finished with a band cuff. The drop back is fastened to the waist portion with buttons and buttonholes. As pictured cotton rep, and striped percale are combined. Pongee in a natural shade with pipings in green or red would be pleasing. Cotton broadcloth or linen are also suggested.

The Pattern for this style is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. To make the garment for a 3 year size will require 2 yards of 27 inch material together with ½ yard of contrasting material for facing on yoke, cuffs and belt.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6313. Printed silk crepe is here shown, with facing on the revers in a matched plain color. Albatross is recommended for warmth, also crepe de chine, cotton crepe and pongee are nice and serviceable. The trousers could be of plain material, and the jacket of figured or striped material.

The Pattern for this pleasing model is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44, and Extra Large, 46-48 inches but measure. A Medium size will require 5⅛ yards of 39 inch material. For facing of contrasting material on revers portions of the front, ¼ yard, 14 inches wide is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6317. Velveteen in a pretty shade of brown, flannel or jersey are attractive for this design. It is a slip-on dress with opening at a slash on the left side at the neck, where soft fulness is effectively shown. Full skirt portions are joined to fitted yoke portions below the bloused waist. The sleeve pouches prettily above a narrow cuff in wrist length. It may also be finished in short length as pictured in the small view.

This Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. To make the Dress for a 12 year size will require 3⅜ yards 36 inches wide. If made with sleeves in short length it will require 3⅛ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6325. Flannel, broadcloth, velvet, corduroy and wash fabrics, such as madras, rep, poplin and pongee are excellent for this model. The smock features the diagonal closing below a neat, round collar. Jaunty pockets are a convenient and decorative part of the design. The trousers are the regulation model with straight, lower edges and side closings.

The Pattern for this design is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years. To make the Suit for a 4 year size will require 1¾ yard of 54 inch material.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

Alien

By Janet Munroe

Go East to the sea, dear love,
Where the spume winds the sea web's loom,
And the ground swell grinds on the grinding shore,
The land breeze lifts the fleeting foam
There by your seaside home.
And I to the West, beloved,
To the waves of a prairie shore,
Where the night winds blow to the northern glow,
The rocking wheat from a rolling floor
Blow in the glow evermore.

Thou wilt think of me when the ship drives in,
The wind at the mast in a mist-racked din,
And I muse on thee in a blue-domed field
In sunlit chaff in a gold stack's lea,
Aye, I shall think of thee!
Go East to the sea, dear love
And I to my Western home.

What to Give a Girl

For Parents—*(Confidential)*

EACH year it faces parents everywhere—the baffling problem of the gift for her. But now, for this year at least, it is all settled. When Singer created the Modern Electric, when Singer took a time honored sewing machine and made of it a thing of beauty, the most practical of gift selections became a token of good taste. For here, in a cabinet of graceful charm is a machine of such magic ease of operation that all thought of sewing as a task is swept away forever.

Perhaps you have a daughter at home in whom you would like to inspire a love for sewing, or a daughter just on the threshold of the responsibilities of family life. If so, nothing you could choose for her would be a more lasting evidence of thoughtfulness than this—a modern Singer in which she would find companionship and happiness, a useful, practical, long remembered gift that she would treasure through the years.

Or perhaps you would like to make this Christmas the occasion for replacing your own faithful old family machine with a modern Singer Electric. There is a certain someone who would be glad to have the whispered suggestion of the gift you would choose for yourself.

The Library Table Model shown above is only one of eight new Singer Electrics, among them beautiful cabinet machines that serve as fine furniture and compact convenient portables. And for the home not yet electrified there are modern Singer non-electrics of the same superior quality, ready to be equipped with Singer motor and Singerlight when your home is wired.

If you have not discovered the modern Singer Electric, stop at the nearest Singer Shop and see these tempting new models yourself. Or when the Singer man calls, accept his invitation to try a machine in your own home.

If you wish to give a modern Singer to someone at home or anywhere in the world, you may use the Gift Certificate especially prepared for that purpose. You may select the machine for delivery with the Certificate on Christmas Eve, or you may send the Gift Certificate by mail and the recipient may choose the model she prefers at any of the 10,000 Singer Shops throughout the world.

Singer Shops in Western Canada

Alberta

Calgary, 325 8th Ave., W.
Edmonton, 10046 102nd St.
Lethbridge, 310 7th St.

British Columbia

Nelson, 301 Baker St.
Vancouver, 869 Granville St.
660 Seymour St.
Victoria, 726 Yates St.
Westminster, 452 Columbia St.

Manitoba

Brandon, 137 Tenth St.
Portage La Prairie, 206 Saskatchewan Ave.
Winnipeg, 384 Portage Ave.
306 Main St.

Saskatchewan

Moose Jaw, 353 No. Main St.
Prince Albert, 1013 Central Ave.
Regina, 1835 Hamilton St.
Saskatoon, 110 Third Ave., S.
Swift Current, 110 Central Ave.
Yorkton, 17 Third Ave.

For address of nearest shop in Eastern Canada write
Singer Sewing Machine Co.
1134 St. Catherine St., W.
Montreal, Que.
or
252 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

SINGER

SEWING MACHINES

Sold only by the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

Shops and salesmen in every community. Easy payments.

Liberal allowance on your present machine.

Factory—St. Johns, P. Q.

O-Cedar Slip-on MOPS

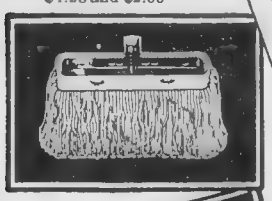
New—

With Washable Pads—Easy to Take Off—Easy to Put On.

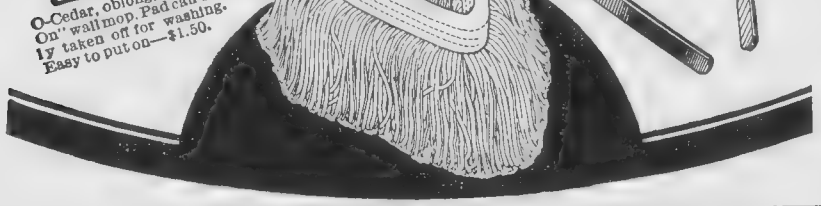
O-Cedar Polish "Slip-On" Mops are the latest addition to the old reliable O-Cedar family. They permit you to remove the pad, to wash, renew with O-Cedar Polish and to put back on in a few seconds.
The pad is made with the same long, durable, high-grade cotton that is used in all O-Cedar Mops. The handle can be tilted to lie flat with the pad—for cleaning under low furniture and radiators. No other mop is like it. It cleans, dusts and polishes in one operation. The 54" handle eliminates tiresome stooping and bending.
O-Cedar "Slip-On" Polish and Dusting Mops in $1.00 and $1.50 sizes. Regular, O-Cedar, Triangle, Polish and Dusting Mops in $1.25 and $2.00 sizes.

CHANNELL LIMITED
TORONTO

O-Cedar
DUSTING MOPS
O-Cedar, oblong, dusting mops with riveted steel centres. In two sizes—$1.25 and $2.00



O-Cedar, oblong, dusting "Slip-On" wall mop. Pad can be quickly taken off for washing. Easy to put on—$1.50.



Irish Luck

Continued from page 20

into Terry's hand on Christmas morning just one hundred dollars, just that sure refuge for her beloved, from humiliation. For if she could not, somewhere, somehow, find that two months' rent, they must inevitably go back to her mother's and ask for shelter. The gorgeous frightening secret must not suffer, must not be dragged about from pillar to post! Already there were days when she felt queer and weak, and not very gay at all.

The "widow" leaned close and whispered: "Say, dearie, with your coloring and your shape, in that black get-up, you could knock that French Queen of Sheba for a row of hatracks"!

Then Joyce felt a little faint, for the great Idea took away her breath.

She knew, none better, just how gorgeously she was proportioned. What little of beauty she had lived with, in her rigid life under the domination of her carping, fiercely maternal mother, she had found in her own mirror.

"What would you suppose these models earn"? she whispered back.

"Thirty a week; I know, because one of my girls is here modelling hats."

Thirty a week! Four weeks till Christmas—four times thirty—but, oh, most depressing thought!—disloyalty! Humiliating shame, to Terry's way of thinking, if his wife need bring in money.

Then sudden comfort in the thought that this form of wage-earning had a prestige all its own; for didn't society girls, daughters of rich men, glory in modelling, in the name of charity?

"Ah"! A gasp of thrilled appreciation from all over the room. Madame herself swept the gold curtains apart, and swanked forward in most exquisite riding costume. White broadcloth coat, white vest with small gleaming black buttons, white breeches slimly cut, narraw black patent belt, shining black hatband on a soft white hat, black points of hair, like lacquer on her smooth white cheeks. In her white-gloved hand, a smart black riding-crop. And most resplendent finishing note, high black patent leather riding-boots.

"Gawd"! breathed the "widow" reverently.

Instantly at the end of the display, Joyce excused herself and hurried around the crowd to the back of the curtain. On questioning the Titian-haired model, she was told that Madame had left five minutes ago, immediately after her riding display. "You may catch her at the taxi-exit, if it's important," suggested the red-head, proving that even haughty models have their human impulses.

Deserting her "widow" friend, Joyce dashed to an express elevator, and scurried through the store.

Oh, joy! There was Madame, waiting on the curb. Apparently she had not taken time to change, for beneath her smart grey tweed topper, gleamed the patent riding-boots. In her hand she held a deep leather hat-box, and on her head she wore a black hat, slightly dangerous.

Joyce elbowed through the sidewalk crowd, toward Madame. Too late! The black patent boots flashed into the taxi, the door slammed, and Madame was on her way.

Pushing two indignant ladies out of her path, Joyce bounced into the taxi next in line, hissed in unconsciously melodramatic diction: "Quick! That taxi ahead! Number 30222! Follow it"!

Transferring his wad of gum to the other cheek, the taxi driver crouched a little lower in his seat, and swung out after Madame's speeding car.

In front of a frowzy small hotel on an obscure street, number 30222 drew up to the curb. The door flew open. Out flashed the shiny boots, and Madame's distinctive tenor ordered, without a trace of accent: "Wait"! Leaving the hat-box in the taxi, she hurried into the hotel.

"Wait"! repeated Joyce, and her driver closed his bleary eyes and eliminated the world.

After ten minutes, a slim young man, wearing a tan cravenette raincoat, a broad felt hat with a turned-down brim, and brown trousers, walked briskly out

Continued on page 71

Old Thoughts Renewed

Each succeeding Yuletide brings back old memories—gives birth to new ones. So, too, with each season, your Heirloom Cedar Chest will find a place in your thoughts.

HEIRLOOM CHESTS

One of the many beautiful Heirloom designs will provide complete protection for laces woollens and furs. In walnut, cedar lined or solid Tennessee heartwood. Choose at your dealer's or write, without obligation, for the Heirloom illustrated booklet.

The Chesley Chair Co. Ltd.,
Chesley, Canada

EVAN WILLIAMS *"Graduated"*

Brings a warm, chestnut tint to dull, or lifeless brown hair.

Six distinct Shampoos—for every need—for every shade of hair. Ask your druggist.

Made in England
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL

Evan Williams HENNA SHAMPOO

For Beauty's Sake

Use Edison Mazda Lamps

In fairness to yourself and your boudoir you need the gratefully soft light that only Inside Frosted Edison Mazda Lamps can give you. L-118

EDISON MAZDA

INSIDE FROSTED

LAMPS

A CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

There's nothing like a rousing cup of "Camp" Coffee to brighten up early risers. Made in a moment. Just pour on hot water.

"CAMP" COFFEE

DO YOU STAMMER?

Don't suffer under this handicap any longer. Successful pupils everywhere recommend our methods of treatment. Write for free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
KITCHENER. ONT., CANADA

Irish Luck

Continued from page 70

of the hotel, stepped into the taxi, said something to the driver, and drove away.

"Good"! said Joyce, and opened her taxi-door.

She said once more, "Wait," and went into the hotel to inquire of the hotel clerk the number of Madame's room. Nobody of that name registered there. Had he noticed a lady in a grey tweed coat come in? As he had been intensively occupied for the past ten minutes in making a date through the sliding wicket behind him with the blonde switchboard girl, he had not noticed anything, and without going into gratuitous detail, said so.

Baffled, Joyce went out and dismissed her taxi, bitterly begrudging the wasted fifty cents. Well, she'd take a street car home, and waylay Madame tomorrow at the store to ask that she might be taken on in case of emergency as a model.

It was not until she relaxed in the street car and thought over her disappointment, that her ever-alert eye-memory telegraphed to her conscious mind that the young man who had taken Madame's taxi, wore incongruously conspicuous boots—shiny black patent leather; with brown trousers! But at the moment, the reflected memory did not interest her. She was too busy wondering if one could learn that mannikin wiggle in a day. She would practice before her mirror when she got home.

NEXT morning on their way to prunes and lumpy porridge, they paused in the gloomy hallway while Terry took his regular surreptitious survey of the landlady's morning paper.

"Gosh! Look at this"! He pointed out to Joyce the account of a bold daylight robbery. "That's where you were yesterday"!

"Madame L'Aigle" had vanished without a trace, leaving none of the jewellery, few of the fur neckpieces, all of the evening gowns, excepting one heavy with valuable rhinestones!—which had been used in the fashion display.

"$150.00 reward for information leading to the arrest of the dashing French woman who has been in the city only one day——"

"What's this? Oh, boy! oh boy, oh baby"! Joyce clasped Terry's shoulders with excited hands. "Never mind breakfast! Come on, Terry; that hundred and fifty bucks is OURS"!

* * *

"Two months' rent, and fifty dollars to the good"! Joyce thrust the bills into Terry's empty pocket.

"Listen, sweetness — let's blow ourselves for Christmas! Let's give each other the bassinette—the pink one"!

"Oh, let's"! said Joyce, breathless in his vigorous arms. "We can play our Irish luck for the January rent"!

Letty Comes Back

Continued from page 11

That night, as she wormed her way out through the narrow passage, Letty was stopped by a man she knew.

"Letty," he exclaimed, with a bit of formality tingeing his familiar, careless tone, "there's somebody who wants to meet you, and I have offered to—Miss Lonsdale, Mr. Benedict. Mr. J. Arthur Benedict, or Joe Benedict, as his friends know him. Miss Betty Lonsdale."

Letty turned swiftly toward J. Arthur Bnedict, and held out her hand impersonally. Then she drew back. "Oh," she exclaimed, in a choking voice. "You—you're the first-row man. I——"

There was a pause, during which Benedict flushed to the roots of his hair, and then turned pale as a ghost. Then Letty shot out her hand again, and took his.

"Awfully glad to meet you, Mr. Benedict," she said. She stopped a moment to permit her voice to regain its tone. "I'm going down to Raphael's to have a bite," she finally announced. "Will you two come with me if I pay the bill"?

J. Arthur Benedict came to the front handsomely. "If you'll pack as many of your friends in my machine as can squeeze in, and will let me pay the bill, I'll accept your invitation," he returned.

Miss Lonsdale's friends were not backward in coming forward, and they squeezed in without trouble, and J. Arthur Benedict did as he said—he paid the bill. He paid many other bills after that, at Raphael's, but these others were bills for only two—himself and Letty. He was in attendance at the Frivolity every week-day night, and always took her home.

It was upon one of these occasions that he stood with her late one night upon the moonlit steps of her boarding house. She had held out her hand to him, and he would not let it go.

"Letty,' he whispered to her, "I want to know just what you think of me."

From her vantage point above him, she looked down at his face, and smiled softly. He was a handsome youth, with a bit of recklessness in his manner that set him off well, and, possibly a few evidences upon him of a free and careless way of living.

"I like you, Joe," she answered frankly.

He kissed her hand; she had taken off her gloves. "Do you know what I think of you, Letty"? he returned; "I love you. No," he went on hastily, as she drew her hand away, "you don't understand. You can't understand, girlie. I love you better than I love my life. I want—to marry you."

She eluded him, deftly opened the door, and disappeared within. "Good night," she called. And then she closed the door.

FOR a long while she stood before her mirror.

"Marry"? she exclaimed, shuddering. "Marry again"?

She glanced at her counterfeit presentment critically, coldly. She didn't wonder that Benedict wanted her. All her beauty had come back into her face; all the fullness and the grace into her body. She possessed genuine magnetism, she was sure of that. And yet, marry"!

"Oh, she told him the next time she saw him: "Let us leave it all as it is. Let us go on. Yes, I love you, too. Let us go on loving—just this way—loving."

"No," he answered; "no. There will be no peace for me until you and I are one forever. You don't understand me now. This is something that has come over me—something stronger than I am, myself, this love. Listen, dear. Did you think it was your — well, your beauty that attracted me? Well, it was at first. But now the thing that has me in its grip is something that will not be denied. Can you guess what it is"?

She shook her head wonderingly. He went on. "What is it that you see over the heads of the people every night, Letty"? he queried. "What is there out there that you want? Tell me that."

She held her breath. "I don't know," she answered feebly, fearfully.

"Oh," he went on clutching her arm, "it's that glance of wistfulness. What is it—trouble? I don't know what to call it—this trouble, this longing in your eyes. I think, perhaps, it may be your soul."

She stopped him. "I didn't know," she faltered, that there was anything.

He held out his arms to her. "It's that glance of yours, Letty," he exclaimed, that I want for myself. I want to meet it with my eyes. I don't know what it means, or what you long for, or what the trouble is. But I want to satisfy it. I want to give you what you want. I want you, wistfulness and all."

Letty stared at him for an instant. Then, suddenly, the darkness in her eyes deepened; her mouth softened; and full into the eyes of Benedict she shot the pathos of that wistfulness, the longing that he looked for. He caught her fiercely in his arms.

Continued on page 72

—take it! It's Safe

The nurse tells you to take Aspirin because she knows that it is *safe*. Doctors have told her so. It has no effect on the heart, so take it to stop a headache or check a cold. For almost instant relief of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism; even lumbago. But be sure it's Bayer—the *genuine* Aspirin. All druggists.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is a Trademark Registered in Canada

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

A PAGE FROM A MODERN GIRLS' DIARY - -

"And so to bed"—

feeling deliciously tired. I know, however, I shall sleep well in my 'LUVISCA' PYJAMAS. 'LUVISCA' for night wear is so comfy and warm. Being so silky and soft, its hard-wearing qualities are really wonderful. Everybody should wear 'LUVISCA.'"

"Luvisca" (REGISTERED)

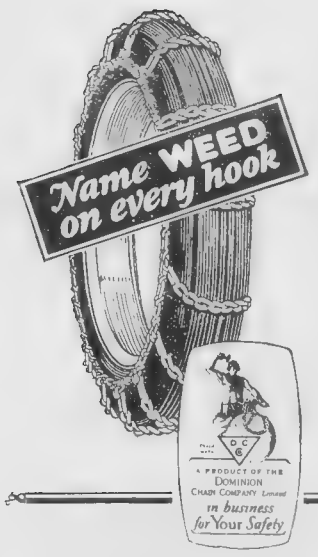
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT STAMP ON SELVEDGE, OR TAB ON EVERY GARMENT.

All leading Drapers and Stores sell "Luvisca" (37-38 ins. wide) in latest shades and colourings, striped designs, plain shades and self-coloured check effects. Also "Luvisca" Garments ready-to-wear, in newest styles and designs.

IF any difficulty in obtaining, write Agent for Canada. Mr. F. B. Foster, Room 409, 275 Craig Street West, Montreal.

Like heavy horseshoe Calks

WEED CHAINS Grip into snow!



Strong *steel* WEED CHAINS make driving safe. Put them on your tires before you drive out on snow-covered roads. You can handle your car better. You won't skid or side-slip off the road. You won't have to shovel your way out, for WEEDS give *traction*.

When you buy WEED CHAINS be sure you get WEEDS. You can tell them by their red connecting hooks and brass-plated cross chains with the name "WEED" stamped on every hook.

DOMINION CHAIN COMPANY, *Limited*
Niagara Falls, Ontario

"Best by test for over 25 years"

Laugh If You Like-!

But I Did Learn Music-- Without a Teacher

IT was a little social gathering. Every one had been called on to entertain with a a song or with a selection on some musical instrument. Now it was my turn.

I had always been known as a "sit in the corner"—never able either to sing or play. Yet I smiled confidently and took my place at the piano. Then I played Ballads! Classical numbers! Popular tunes! For the first time in my life I was the very center of attraction.

They listened. For a moment, now that I had finished, they remained silent. Then thunderous applause!

"How did you do it?" they chorused; and "we thought you didn't know a note!" "Who was your teacher?" For a moment the questions overwhelmed me.

"Teacher? I never had one," I replied, "I learned by myself at home."

They laughed in disbelief.

"Laugh if you want," I countered. "I did learn music without a teacher."

"I love music. But I couldn't afford a private teacher and I hated monotonous exercises. Anyway, I thought musicians were born, not made.

"You all know how I've sat around while the rest of you entertained—longing to be able to play.

Play by Note

Banjo	Trombone
Violin	Cornet
Organ	Ukulele
Piano	Saxophone
'Cello	Mandolin

or any other instrument

"Then one night I was reading a magazine. Suddenly I saw a startling announcement, telling of a new, easy method of quickly learning music—right in your own home—without a teacher. It sounded impossible—it made me wonder—but it didn't cost a cent to find out. So I signed the coupon and—well, you know the rest."

"I chose the piano. And from the very beginning I was playing **real notes**, like a regular musician! It was great fun! Now, I play anything—jazz or classical."

You, too can learn to play your favorite instrument by this easy "at home" method.

No musical talent needed. Pick out any instrument and learn for just a few cents a day.

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Wonderful illustrated Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson tell whole story. Mail the coupon NOW

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
1212 Brunswick Bldg., New York.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane. Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

....Have you Inst? ..

Name . .

Address...

City..... ....Province.. ...

Do You Know of Better Value or Anything More Distinctly Canadian Than The Western Home Monthly?

Letty Comes Back

Continued from page 71

"You're mine, mine, mine"! he gasped. "All mine, and mine forever"!

"Yes," she breathed, "it was love I wanted. I didn't know it. It was the love of somebody that I wanted. I've never had the love of a man. Not even of——" She stopped. "Once," she went on, "I had the love of a little child, but now—yes, you can have me, love and all. Ah, Joe," she wailed, "love me. Love me. Never stop loving me! With all your heart and soul"!

The next night he brought the ring to her; the best that money could buy. He brought an iron box with him. He brought bank-books.

"I'm going to lay my cards upon the table," he told her, gravely; "I'm rich in my own right. Nobody can get this stuff away from me now, and I'm not going to separate it from myself. It's yours and mine together. We're going to live the life with it—real life. You see"!

Letty saw the vistas that opened up before her. Her cup of happiness was full, and yet—— Again that glance of wistfulness and pain. But Benedict did not yield to that glorious opportunity. He rose to his feet.

"Letty," he said, "there are things in my career that I'm not proud of. I've been wild. There were crises, and entanglements, and—but that's all over. I tell you true. It's the first time I've ever loved anybody. Does the rest signify"?

She shook her head. She was beyond weighing chances now. This love eased the pain that throbbed and burned within her. No matter what happened, she could not cast his love away.

"That doesn't matter," she returned. "But I think I ought to tell you that I'm—a widow."

"I know," he nodded ecstatically. "They told me that. But I know you didn't love him. I'm sure of that."

"The trouble with me,' she went on vaguely, "is that I never loved anybody until it was too late, too——"

"But not too late for me," he answered joyously, "and there's nobody but you and I."

"Nobody"? she answered, with a rising inflection. And across the vistas she heard, faintly, yet distinctly, the uncertain prattle of a child, the gentle tinkle of its glee, the pressure of a weak, small body against her breast, a warm living thing that once had belonged to her.

"Oh," cried Benedict, watching her, "there it is again—your soul—your love." He crowded himself upon her, and strained her to his breast. After all, his love was worth while. It was good to be loved.

Finally, she released herself. She sobered. "What will your people say"? she queried uncertainly.

He flushed, and was silent for an instant. He shook his head. "I have no people," he returned. "I am alone in the world; free to do as I like; free, free"! There was an exultant ecstasy in his tone that brought her sharply back to that day when, she, too, was freed from the thraldom of adversity, when she had thrust into her bosom a packet of big bills, and had slunk through the Christmas crowds, rejoicing.

"There's nobody for me to consult,' said Benedict joyously. "Is there anybody on your side that ought to know"?

In turn, she shook her head. "The rest is easy," he replied. "A word or two, then—Paradise and you."

LETTY half hoped, half feared, as the months sped by, that this great love of theirs would bring to them a child. She was doomed to disappointment or relief, as the mood seized her. The time came when they both understood this fact. Her husband felt it the more keenly on her account.

"You were born to be a mother. I think," he would tell her. "You could love a child.'

They were driving in the park. "Wait," she said, holding up her hand.

Benedict drew up alongside a group of children who were playing on the lawn.

"I love to watch the kiddies," she exclaimed.

Benedict worried openly about the thing. But she only shook her head. "A child," she would say to him, "It's more

Continued on page 73

YOUR FLOORS TOO ARE FURNITURE

To keep floors immaculate is not enough. They must have a beauty all their own—a beauty that only wax-polishing can give. Such floors add immeasurably to the charm of your home.

It is unbelievably easy to change to wax-polished floors. Johnson's Polishing Wax quickly transforms any floor, whether wood, linoleum, tile or composition. Worn spots can be retouched without going over the whole surface. This feature eliminates costly refinishing.

JOHNSON'S WAX
Electric floor Polisher

Can be rented by the day or half day from your neighborhood grocery, hardware, furniture, drug, paint or department store at a nominal rental cost.

S. C. Johnson & Son
Limited

"The Floor Finishing Authorities"

Brantford, Ont.

Vancouver
Winnipeg
Toronto
Montreal

WITH A NEW EARPIECE NO LARGER THAN A DIME

DEAF HEAR AGAIN!
THROUGH NEW AID

SO SMALL! SO LIGHT! SO CLEAR!

After twenty-five years devoted exclusively to the manufacture of scientific hearing aids, our scientists have perfected a New Model Acousticon that represents the greatest advance yet made in the re-creation of hearing.... This latest Acousticon is small, light and inconspicuous, and featured by a tiny earpiece no larger than a dime. Through this device, sounds are clearly and distinctly transmitted to subnormal ears with wonderful benefit to hearing and health alike.

SPECIAL TEN-DAY FREE TRIAL

For a limited time, we shall gladly send, prepaid, a New Model Acousticon to your home for a ten-day demonstration without charge or obligation of any kind, for we want you to know the merits of this wonderful instrument before you invest one penny in it. ...

Merely send your name and address to Dept. 110 , The Canadian Acousticon, Ltd., Room 1204, 45 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

Cuticura
Shaving Stick

Contains the medicinal properties of Cuticura. Freely lathering and sanative, it promotes skin health and protects the newly shaven surface from infection.
25c. Everywhere

When writing advertisers please mention THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Letty Comes Back

Continued from page 72

than I deserve. I have enough, more than enough—you, and everything."

"Everything," he answered, "but what you want the most. Oh, I know; I've watched you. Perhaps," he would suggest, "we might think of adopting one."

She shuddered, as with fear. "No, no," she cried, "not that. I could love my own—my own, but not another's. And it wouldn't be right. It would be cruel, to separate one from her mother."

He still persisted. "We can find one who has no mother," he returned.

But she only shook her head. "I could love my own, my own," she would wail, with a depth of meaning that he could not understand. It puzzled him.

"How is it, Letty," he would laugh at times, "I don't feel this love of children that I haven't got, and yet you feel it? Why? Am I lacking in affection? You are a born mother, but I——"

"You are lacking in nothing, Joe," she answered gently, "but you cannot understand. Look there." She pointed with her finger at a slatternly woman, dissipation written upon her face, who trailed along the path with a chubby boy following gaily at her heels.

"There"! said Benedict, with conviction. "Now, what harm to separate that mother from that child, for instance? What good is she to him"?

But Letty clutched him in a frenzy. "No, no, no"! she cried. "Don't talk about it. Dont' talk about separating any mother from her child. It's a crime -a crime"!

Benedict blinked his eyes. "I wonder," he said slowly, gravely, "if mothers really feel half that you do—for their own children. Do you feel like that"?

"I should think they would," she answered.

Her husband blinked his eyes again. He drove on, thinking, thinking.

MONTHS passed. Letty and her husband plunged full tilt into their second Christmas season, for they were gay; side by side, always side by side, they went the rounds of pleasure.

"The crowds," Letty would exclaim, "the Christmas crowds. How I love them. The street crowds, the store crowds, the mix-up—and the kiddies. I wish I could buy things for all the kiddies in the world." She glanced out into space, with that wistful glance of hers. "I wish," she went on, "that now, just at Christmas time, all the children in the world could pass in front of me—all of them, wherever they lived."

Benedict laughed. "What good would that do you," he asked.

She sighed. "So that I might pick out the one that I liked best," she answered. For within her a strong cry was gathering strength; "My Letty! My little Letty, where are you? Kidsie! Letty"!

An unanswered cry it was.

Three days before Christmas, Benedict came into her room one morning as she was dressing for breakfast. "Letty," he said, "there's something you've done for me, something you've taught me, something I've got to tell you. I never knew, before you showed me, how people felt toward their children." His voice thickened. "It's about my mother and my father that I've got to tell you. My Uncle Arthur left me my fortune; that was the beginning of it all. I came of age, and started to go the pace. They kicked at home. I told you about the entanglements. They raised thunder about it all. And I left. That's all. I was pretty nasty about it, and too blamed independent. Well, I was still going downward when I met you. You did the rest. And you've taught me something that's driving me back. It's the Christmas season, girlie—good will and all that. I'm thinking of popping in on 'em, and making up. Since I am decent now. I had to tell you. I want you to come along."

Letty tapped him on the shoulder happily. "You're all right, Joe," she said, "and I guessed a whole lot of this before." A cloud crossed her brow. "But look at me. And if I go along, do you think they'll want to kill the fatted calf when they find out that I'm Letty Lonsdale, late of the Frivolity? Hadn't you better go alone"?

"Not much," he answered. "They gave me a chance, and I didn't take it. Now I'm going to give them a chance—to look me over and to look you over. And if they don't take the chance, why, I've done my duty. That's all I've got to say."

On Christmas Eve they bundled themselves into the machine. Benedict gave a few brief directions to the chauffeur, and off they sped, up one street and down another, across a bridge, and through a wilderness of meadows, and brought up in the centre of a fashionable section of a Jersey town. Benedict leaped out, helped Letty up a set of broad stone steps, and pushed the button at the door. The door swung open.

"Mr. Benedict at home"? he queried.

Mr. Benedict was at home, and so was Mrs. Benedict. "Tell them——" began Joe, and then he stopped and smiled. "Tell them that Miss Letty Lonsdale is here, and wants to see them. That'll keep 'em guessing," he remarked to Letty. "They'll come down and——"

They entered a spacious drawing-room and waited—waited. Finally, the same retainer entered once again. "Will Miss Lonsdale state her business"? he requested.

"Certainly," responded J. Arthur Benedict promptly. "Just tell them that Miss Lonsdale has called with reference to the long lost child. See if that doesn't fetch them down."

It did. Inside of two minutes a woman with a pale face and a man with a red face strode into the room. Arthur, their son, was posing dramatically under the centre light. The old man saw him first.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "it's our—it's our boy, come back to us."

His mother gave a little cry, ran forward, and hugged him to her breast.

"Boy! Boy"! she cried "Do you mean it? Is it for good"?

He disengaged himself for an instant. "Yes," he answered, "provided——" He stopped, and waved his hand toward Letty. "Let me introduce——"

The man and the woman turned hastily — and stopped — and stared. They knew they were confronted by a young woman of dazzling beauty. They knew something else.

"Why—why——" interrupted Joe's mother, "this accounts for the message that came upstairs to us.

"Father—father," she exclaimed. "She—she's come back. She had no right—she had no right—she's come back to see."

Benedict, Senior, glanced at the young woman coldly. "Arthur," he exclaimed severely, "why have you leagued yourself with this woman? She promised to leave us alone."

"What"! cried J. Arthur Benedict. "What does it mean? She is my wife, Mother."

There was no vocal answer. But suddenly, as they stood there, a flash of light crossed the threshold, and a childish figure dashed in upon them.

"Grandpa! Grandpa"! cried a musical little voice. "There's one thing I didn't tell Santa Claus about."

She stopped. J. Arthur looked at her in amazement. "What does this mean"? he queried, again.

But his wife, Letty, was upon her knees, with the child in her arms. "It means," she murmured wildly, "that I've found the little kidsie that I'm looking for! My Letty — my little girl — my little girl—my baby"! She held out her hands appealingly to the man and woman who stood over her. "Ah"! she exclaimed, with her soul struggling into her eyes, "let me stay — let us all stay. I've brought you back your son. You give me back my baby."

* * *

At dinner, next day, Grandpa Benedict coughed and wiped his eyes. "There's one thing we all got in our stockings this Christmas that everybody hasn't got," he said.

Letty nodded. Her eyes beamed. "Love," she replied.

Little Letty passed her plate again. "You two want to stay here," she announced to her young mother and to Joe. "They give you turkey any time you want it. Another piece of white meat, please—and lots of crispy skin."

Finished with **DUCO**

A Guarantee of Lasting Beauty

You can pour water on Duco, either boiling hot or icy cold. It will not check, crack or blister.

Leading dealers the country over will show you furniture finished with Duco, made by the most important furniture manufacturers.

Genuine Duco is made in Canada solely by

FLINT PAINT & VARNISH

Toronto LIMITED Ontario

Subsidiary of CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Halifax Sudbury Montreal Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

WINTER EXCURSIONS

EASTERN CANADA & PACIFIC COAST

Dec. 1st, 1928 to Jan. 5th, 1929
Return 3 Months from Date of Sale

From all Stations
WINNIPEG and WEST to the
Eastern Boundary of British Columbia
—to—
Any point South and East of and including Cochrane and Sudbury.

Sale dates Dec 1, 4, 6, 11 1, 18, 20, 25, 27; Jan. 1, 3, 8, 10, 15, 17, 22, 24, 29, 31; Feb. 5, 7. Ret. up to April 15, 1929.

FROM STATIONS
Port Arthur and Armstrong West in
ONTARIO, MANITOBA, SASKATCHEWAN, ALBERTA
—TO—
New Westminster
Prince Rupert
Vancouver
Victoria

Travel via Vancouver
TO WASHINGTON
OREGON
CALIFORNIA

CHOICE OF ROUTES - STOPOVERS

CENTRAL STATES

Dec. 1st. 1928 to Jan. 5th, 1929

For full particulars call at
NEAREST C.N.R. TICKET OFFICE
or write
OSBORNE SCOTT
Gen. Pass. Agent, Winnipeg

From Stations in
SASKATCHEWAN and ALBERTA
and between
HUDSON BAY JCT. AND THE PAS

Return within Three Months From Date of Sale

We Specialize in Winter Cruises, around the world, the Mediterranean

CANADIAN NATIONAL

from Brazil to you

CHAN

"CHAN" is a new-type floor wax from the tropical forests of Brazil. It gives floors a new and longer-lasting beauty—easier and quicker.

It sets quickly, dries hard, gives floors a rich and practically waterproof finish.

CHAN is sold in 40c. to $3.25 sizes.

CHANNELL LIMITED, TORONTO

The Smileys Regulate Christmas

Continued from page 34

children and grandchildren clustered in the cold outside the brightness in a gaping and astonished group. A party going on! Father! Dancing in a quadrille—and cutting capers as he danced! Mother—who was supposed to be feeling badly, patting her hands and laughing—yes, and dancing, too—like—like—And there were Bob and Elsie—aiding and abetting them! And that whole crowd of old and young—where they, the children, had been so delicately invited not to come. They looked at each other in amusement and chagrin.

Suddenly Ruth chuckled: "It's because we insist on keeping them old," she whispered, "and make them feel old—and out of it——" Josephine nodded.

"When we come," she said, "the whole show is for the benefit of our children."

"Sure," said Ruth, "they've raised their own family and had enough of it. Funny we never thought—how atrocious we've been! I think they like being grandparents—but they don't want to be only that"! Only Edith couldn't understand. "Well, anyway, our pilgrimage turns out to be wholly unnecessary. I move we return to the city and the bosoms of our respective families—where they invited us to stay"!

"No-o," John the third wailed out abruptly, "don't want to go home. I want to go in and say Merry Christmas to Granny"!

And in response the front door swung open and a hearty shout went up from their father who was standing there "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas"! he fairly boomed, with love and goodwill. "Mother! It's the children! Now this makes it perfect"!

Once inside, the good-will and spirit of merry-making dissolved what little rancor they may have felt. Even Edith grew as joyous and noisy as the others. The mother tried to explain how each one had thought that it would be too lonely for the other to spend a quiet Christmas, so had planned a surprise party; then all the different surprise parties had happened at once, but there was so much laughing and talking that she couldn't make herself heard. And what did it matter? Everyone was here and everyone seemed satisfied with that fact.

The young crowd were clearing the table and re-setting it for a buffet supper from the numerous baskets. "Everyone stay"! called Mother. "Stack the dishes! Leave 'em for Katie. You'll find plenty more in the china closet. Get out my best if you have to"! That showed what a reckless and convivial mood Mother was in!

WHEN the last car had driven away, and Bob had gone to take Elsie home, Mother and Father Smiley dropped into their chairs by the fireplace. A roaring fire leaped and chuckled, throwing out a ruddy light that streamed through the windows like golden beacons into the snow-filled night.

"Some Christmas," said Mother, who was usually very careful of her English. Father smiled.

"I thought it was the noise and confusion you objected to," he said. "I guess it was just being forced to be a grandmother when you're only a girl after all." Mother beamed at him. Father was so good-looking with the firelight gilding that fierce crest of grey hair——

"It was fun," she said, "and the best part of the whole thing was when the children all came home——"

"And didn't mind——"

"And let us go on being rowdy"! said Mother.

Anxious to Please

Boss: "Yes, I want an office boy. Do you smoke?"

Boy: "No, thank you, sir, but I don't mind having an ice cream cone."—Everybody's Weekly (London).

"I lost my biggest creditor today."

"Did he die?"

"No, he made me pay him."

"How did that salesman get into the boss' private office?"

"Threw a cork over the transom."

Keep Youth In Your Eyes

"Dull, tired eyes," says a famous beauty expert, "cause any woman to look old before her time." The daily use of harmless *Murine* will rejuvenate your tired eyes and make them look years younger. Also, by preventing squinting, it helps to ward off crow's feet. 60c buys a month's supply. Try it!

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

The Seductive Touch of the Orient

—this alluring, fascinating attractive beauty with its subtile, mystic appeal can be yours. Possess this bewitching appearance thru. 34

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

Made in White - Flesh - Rachel

Send 10c. for Trial Size

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, MONTREAL

Bad Legs

Do Your Feet and Ankles Swell and Inflame and Get So Sore You Can Hardly Walk?

Have You Varicose or Swollen Veins and Bunches Near Ankle or Knee?

To stop the misery, pain or soreness, help reduce the dangerous swollen veins and strengthen the legs, use Moone's Emerald Oil. This clean powerful penetrating yet safe antiseptic healing oil is obtainable at all first-class drug stores.

In hundreds of cases Moone's Emerald Oil has given blessed relief. Use it for Ulcers, Old Sores, Broken Veins and Troublesome Cases of Eczema.

MOONE'S EMERALD OIL

Edible Christmas Gifts

By Marjorie Elliott Wilkins

THERE'S an added charm to the hand-made gift, and the most worldy among us feels a delicious thrill as we receive something made expressly for us. It's truly symbolical of the Christmas spirit! There is another aspect worthy of consideration too. Gifts are so very often expensive to buy, and there are so many people we really should like to remember by something more than an attractive bit of cardboard, inscribed with a few timely words!

There are endless chances for the busy house-wife or the clever young business girl to make delightful Christmas gifts which really do not require much time, and certainly do not require that elusive commodity—a fat purse. Edible Christmas gifts will convey your wishes in no uncertain terms to the lucky recipient, and if a little care is taken the parcels may be made most attractive, besides being decidedly novel.

Before you start your gifts, begin to gather all the small tin boxes with good tops, with a view to making containers for the small cakes and sweet meats you intend to prepare later. Good candy boxes of cardboard should also be saved, and you should have a supply of waxed paper, holly paper, gay red ribbon, some sheets of cardboard and all the small shelves from your old candy boxes.

A few bunches of holly and mistletoe may also be effectively used to present your gift in a manner worthy of it. Lidded tins with advertisements may be disguised very successfully with a coat of black enamel or gilt paint. The black enamel boxes may be brightened up with flowers or artistic designs of sealing wax. The initial of the recipient is an easy, but effective device.

Having made sure that these important details are under way, you may consider the goodies you intend making.

Of course candy is always acceptable, particularly when home-made, but when making candy which will have to be kept longer than candy usually lasts in most homes, one must employ varieties which will keep moist and delectable. The woman who is fortunate enough to have taken lessons in candy making, will have no trouble in turning out delicious chocolates, but the amateur will find this rather a difficult undertaking. However, most of the chocolate manufacturers will supply splendid booklets which will prove valuable aids and which, if carefully followed out, will enable any clever woman to make her chocolates with a little practice. The art of chocolate dipping is well worth learning, for there are endless fillings, such as creams, nuts, candied fruits, raisins, dates and figs, which will make a delightful assortment.

A very simple but delicious sweetmeat is made by stuffing dates with chopped nut meats and fondant, and then dipping in thin chocolate. Roll the confection in pine cones or chocolate decorettes. Figs, stuffed with brazil nuts and dropped in chocolate, are also very good and will keep quite well.

Fudge, unless it is made with plenty of butter, will dry out, so care should be taken to avoid this. Hard candy, such as the different nut brittles and butter-scotch both keeps and carries splendidly. A delightful gift box could be made up of a pound or so of these sweet-meats packed into a tin box previously lined with waxed paper, and the whole tied up with a gay Christmas bow.

Nuts are another easily prepared and very likeable "chew". It is best to assort them, so as to make sure of supplying those which will be liked by each recipient. Peanuts, walnuts, almonds, pecans and pistachios may be salted and buttered and to these a few salted and buttered grains of puffed wheat and rice are a good addition. The nuts may be boxed separately or combined with candy.

Candied fruits and preserved ginger make a very welcome gift box. Here again the gift may consist of the fruits alone, or a combination of these with candies, or nuts, or all three together. Tasteful arrangement is naturally important, and plenty of waxed paper between each layer and sometimes between the rows of sweets is very essential.

Small cakes make a more original gift. If they are carefully packed into metal or even cardboard boxes, well lined with waxed paper, they will last for a long time, well after the excessive Christmas sweet things are gone. Here are a few recipes which have been tried and have kept for weeks in perfect condition. It is a very good plan to assort them. Your boxes may be sub-divided to keep the different varieties apart, or you may pack them together, for one is as good as another. If the box is square subdivide by using cross pieces of cardboard covered with a folded piece of waxed paper. If round, make a circle of cardboard and cover this with the waxed paper. It will give you an outer and an inner layer, which will help to carry your cakes better. Short bread cookies and cakes are better packed and sent separately, because short bread crumbles a bit and this spoils the appearance of the other cakes.

Hard Tack

1 cup brown sugar
2 eggs
1 cup flour
1 lb. dates, cut small
1 cup walnuts, chopped
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon soda

Mix eggs and sugar. Add nuts and dates, then flour sifted with salt and soda. Spread about 1 in. thick in well buttered pan. Bake till brown in medium oven, about ½ hour. Cut into small squares and roll in powdered sugar.

Date and Almond Dainties

Whites of 2 eggs, beaten stiff
½ lb. almonds, split and blanched
1 lb. dates, halved
1 cup white sugar

Mix all together. Drop from teaspoon on buttered sheet, and bake in moderate oven till golden brown. Take quickly from the sheet and shape before cold.

Cocoanut Macaroons

Whites of 4 eggs, beaten very stiff
1 cup powdered sugar

Put in double boiler, and add 1 tablespoon of dry corn starch. Mix well and cook 5 minutes. Take off and add 2 cups shredded cocoanut. Stir in 1 teaspoon vanilla, and drop from vanilla, and drop from teaspoon to buttered sheet. Bake till a golden brown in a very slow oven.

Caramel Walnuts

1 lb. shelled walnuts
1½ lbs. icing sugar
1 pound ground almonds
1 egg

Continued on page 76

Mars - a watch that's true — for a friend that's true

A beautiful watch—a true time-keeper—what finer gift for true friend. Protected by the patented dust-tite feature, the Mars is accurate under all conditions for years and years.

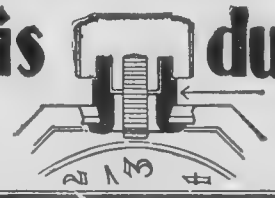
From the wide range of beautiful Mars designs, select one now. Ask your jeweller.

Mars

A beautifully illustrated booklet of Mars watches is offered to you. Write the Canadian Distributors: The Levy Bros. Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.

Mars is dust-tite

By makers of small watches for over 70 years.



Notice the Mars patented shoulder which prevents the entry of dust.

Makes Life Sweeter

Do you ever over-indulge at the table? Of course! Smoke too much? Sometimes! But the system can soon be made serene and sweet again with Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

We like to live well. We can't always avoid indiscretions. Who, indeed, would want to be so careful? But there is a simple precaution that will check all hyperacidity—Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Use the friendly aid of this perfect anti-acid whenever you even suspect acidosis. See how soon it will tranquilize a sour stomach; or counteract the nicotine from excessive smoking; or end a bilious spell. Get the genuine Phillips Milk of Magnesia that physicians employ in prescriptions and endorse for general use.

It has many important uses, and is a delightful product to take.

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

Phillips is the genuine Milk of Magnesia made by the Charles H. Phillips Chemical Company and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

Ashes of Roses Bourjois

For You The Perfect Powder

¶ For your type, Bourjois has produced in Ashes of Roses Face Powder, the exact "nature tone" that will give your skin a soft, peach-bloom loveliness — the sweet freshness of youth.

¶ It emphasizes the brightness of your eyes, the curves of your lips, the soft contours of your face. Its effect is enchanting — without a trace of artificiality.

Buy the exquisitely fragrant Face Powder at the better shops—in smooth leatherette boxes and dainty Parisian Compacts.

ASHES OF ROSES

PERFUME ROUGES
CREAMS LIP-STICKS

Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL

New — from Paris

Bourjois has created a ravishing new fragrance, exquisite beyond belief.
MON PARFUM
POWDERS . CREAMS . ROUGES . LIPSTICKS
Ask for them at exclusive shops.

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

Is your liver lazy?

take

FIFTEEN TO THIRTY drops of Siegel's Syrup in a glass of water will give your liver pep and rid you of that tired, listless feeling. Safe and Sure.

TRY IT!

SEIGEL'S SYRUP

STOMACH and LIVER TONIC

Edible Christmas Gifts

Continued from page 75

Mix the sugar and ground almonds well together with the egg. Work into a dough. Roll into small, longish balls, and press a walnut or pieces of walnuts on the sides. Allow to get firm on a flat dish overnight.

Cocoanut Candy

3 cups white sugar
1 cup water
3 teaspoons lemon juice

Cook till it forms a soft ball in cold water. Beat in ½ cup shredded cocoanut. Pour on buttered plate and cut in squares.

Walnut Cakes

4 teaspoons butter, creamed with 1 cup brown sugar. Add 1 egg and 4 tablespoons of chopped walnuts. Fold in ½ cup flour sifted with ½ teaspoon of baking powder. Drop in buttered pan in small cakes, and bake in moderate oven till brown.

Corn Flake Macaroons

To the whites of 2 eggs beaten stiff add ¾ cup white sugar. Fold in 1 cup nut meats, finely chopped and 3 cups of corn flakes. Drop from teaspoon to buttered pan, and bake in slow oven.

There are few young people, or old either for that matter, living away from home in rooms or apartments, who would not welcome a Christmas cake. It is a simple matter when you are making the family cakes to allow a portion which may be baked in a small pan, and iced and decorated into a very acceptable gift. If these are well wrapped in waxed paper, and firmly packed into a strong box with plenty of tissue paper to keep the cake in place, they will travel well. The addition of a gay wrapping of holly paper makes your gift more attractive and seasonable.

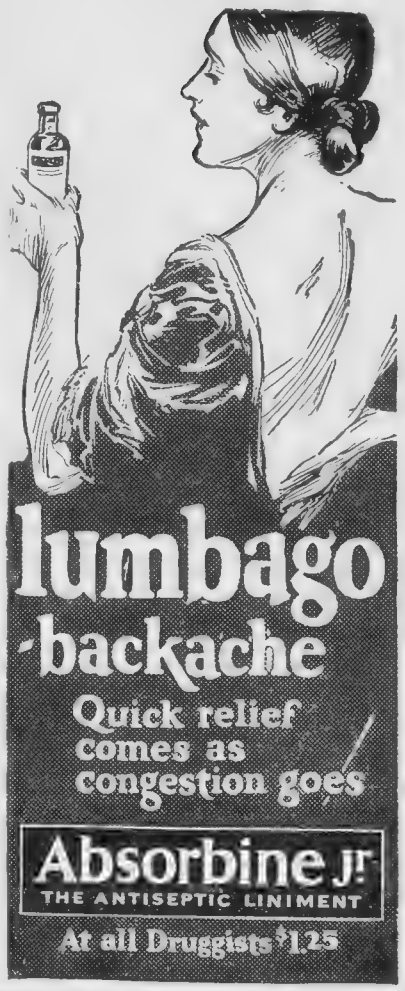
If the young, or old, friend, happens to have a kitchenette, he or she would just love a Christmas pudding. If this is made in a small basin or tied up in a cloth, it may have a festive outer coat of holly paper tied up with a piece of red ribbon, so that the corners of the paper make an interesting bow on top. A jolly, fat gift, and warranted to meet with a hearty response! A tin of individual mince meat pies or little turn-overs would be just as highly prized.

The homely glass sealer comes out of its dark hiding place in the cellar and is ready to convey your good wishes to some dear friend in a really substantial way. Bottles of pickles, marmalade, jellies, preserves, jams or your favorite cranberry sauce—what real gifts they would make! Polish the jar up thoroughly, and then stick a gaudy Christmas seal on the side with the name of the contents and the year it was made in, if it happens to be old and very good. Wrap it up in white tissue paper, put a red tie round the neck and—presto—a most delectable gift is ready.

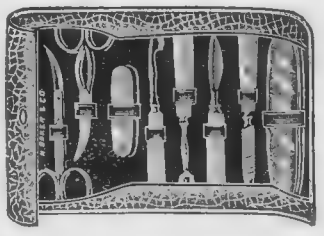
Some people are fortunate enough to have the ability and the extra fruit to make beverages—grape juice, raspberry vinegar, lemon syrups, dandelion or rhubarb wines. Can you imagine a more acceptable gift than a bottle of home-made grape wine, ready for the festivities of some friend, gay within its wrappings of white tissue paper, and tied up tightly with a red ribbon, conveying its good wishes through a sprig of holly and another of mistletoe?

Then there are baskets of fruit. So many cellars have plenty, but there are equally as many people who have no cellars, friends who live in apartments, in single rooms, away from home. What could be more to the point than a gay shopping basket filled with well polished, shiny red apples, a bunch of grapes which you may get from the fruiterers and some of your winter pears which are just right?

It's easy to do away with the bogey that Christmas gifts cost so much, and it's really such fun making them and seeing the rows of jolly, interesting parcels ready for the mail-man, or for Johnnie to deliver in his sled on Christmas Eve! These edible goodies hold the mystic secret to a "Merry Christmas."



H. Boker & Co.



Manicure Sets

Crocodile leather roll case 8 pieces with gilt handles. Very compact, complete and guaranteed. Finest quality Scissors and Tools. Ask your dealer to supply it, or we can mail it to you on receipt of $7.50 in stamps.

H. Dorwal P.O. Box 580 *Montreal*

Gained 10 Pounds in 22 Days

That's going some—but skinny men, women and children just can't help putting on good healthy flesh when they take McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets.

Full of health and weight building substances—the proven and successful kind—the kind that are a real help to frail, rundown, skinny men and women.

Try these supremely efficient sugar coated tasteless tablets for 30 days—if they don't help greatly your money will be refunded.

One woman gained ten pounds in twenty-two days. Sixty tablets, sixty cents—Economy Size $1.00. Ask any druggist for McCoy's Cod Liver Extract Tablets. Directions and formula on each box.

BASKETRY

Reed work is not difficult to learn. Fill winter evenings with a profitable and pleasant occupation. Form a class in Church or Institute. Free instruction book and price list of materials.

THE DOMINION REED SUPPLIES LIMITED
Dept. G - 815 Yonge St., Toronto

His Way

By Gertrude E. Walker

"MOTHER"—it was my seven-year-old son Alexander who spoke—"isn't it nearly time to open my Christmas Bank"? I glanced at the calendar; 10th of December; yes, it was time.

From his earliest childhood we had taught him to save, each year, for his Christmas Bank, the contents to be used the week before Christmas to buy anything he liked for whom he liked. In the very early years we had given, in his name, to some needy child, but for the last three years he had understood and saved and chosen as his own gift, and to whom it should go. I must confess I waited his decision each year with real interest. We had tried to teach him the real meaning of Christmas; the giving, not the getting, and it was from times such as this that we reaped our reward.

"Yes, son, Mother will go down town with you any time you like. Have you made up your mind"?

"Oh, yes, Mother; I want to buy something for Miss Gray."

I almost gasped. Miss Gray! Of all the cantankerous, cranky individuals I had ever known, she was the worst. I had honestly been trying to find some way of curtailing her visits; she had a habit of dropping in just after dinner, in what Alex always claimed as his hour, and I didn't think her influence on him was good. I dreaded her visits myself.

"I just thought maybe if someone gave her something real nice it might make her smile. It must be awful" (his small face was so serious) "to be so sour all the time. I'd just love to make her smile"; his own face beaming now.

I said nothing, but my hopes were not high.

"I've saved special all year. Open the bank and count it, Mother"; he was dancing about me.

Out they tumbled, nickels, dimes, quarters and the two bills given him for his birthday. Six dollars . . . the most he had ever had.

"Mother," the voice was anxious, "is there enough to get her something real nice"?

"Plenty, dear." I had in mind some nice warm stockings.

'Enough to get her a real nice scarf? Not as nice as yours of course, but pretty colors in it"?

"Don't you think, son, that something more serviceable might be better"?

"No." The little voice was determined. "Maybe that's why she never smiles. I'm going to give her something pretty."

We had tried to teach him to give in His spirit, and I could say nothing. The scarf was purchased, with the greatest care, and laid away, unwrapped at Alex's request, until needed.

We were just sitting down to dinner Christmas Eve when she came in. I had never seen a more cantankerous look on her face.

"Please, Mother," and almost without waiting for permission he was away. Slipping up behind her, he threw the scarf around her neck, his little voice fairly singing: "Merry Christmas, Miss Gray."

She looked at it for a moment, and then at him; her arms were out and he was in them; the only tears I had ever seen were blinking on her lashes.

* * *

"Mother, wasn't she glad"? I was tucking him into bed, full of dreams of what Santa would bring. I smiled as I kissed him and quietly went to my own room, there to change the tags on several parcels, then to hurry down town to complete some others. I had learned my lesson. Alex had the true spirit of Christmas.

The Old Pedlar and His Horse

Continued from page 32

set the candle on the ground in a cleared space and fell to rocking again.

Dreams. Memories. How they came flocking back!

It is Yom Kippur, holiest day of the year. Day of Atonement. The synagogue is filled with men wrapped in taliths and shrouds, a sea of gently-swaying forms with the soft candle-light falling over them and the still-softer chant lifting to heaven. Before the crimson velvet of the altar curtain burns the Nar-Tamid, the Perpetual Light, and he, Abraham, is kneeling before the Oren Kodesh making his vows. His hair is black again, his beard is young, and through his veins flows the hot, eager blood of twenty.

His eye absorbs the beauty of the scene—the satin scrolls, the prayer-shawls, the teffelins, the tall, waxen soul-lights burning in their boxes of sand on either side of the altar, flickering, melting, quietly, softly——

How far a little candle throws its beams!

High overhead behind the curtains in the women's gallery sit the mothers, wives, sisters, daughters. The women must keep silent in the tabernacle. But there is a star up there on the curved ceiling, a silver star painted on the cerulean blue, and involuntarily his glance travels toward it to where the dark eyes of Leah look down upon him. His attention so far strays from the sacred scrolls as to cause him to return her grave smile fleetingly.

There are other memories not so sweet. Memories cruel and soul-searing. War, persecution, bloodshed—fresh blood on the snow, in Poland—brother torn from brother, man from wife, mothers from their little ones. Flames of a burning home leaping skyward in the night. Then an escape filled with fresh terrors and dangers. And when at last another, friendlier land is reached—new problems, trials, misunderstandings. The story of a long, long life recorded down the years on the tablets of an old man's memory.

The nag drew a difficult breath and coughed raspingly. Gathering more rags the old man heaped them over the animal.

"Sleep, beautiful one," he crooned, and himself coughed.

He, too, became aware of the cold and shivered. How his old bones ached and how weary he was! How good to be at rest after the long arduous day! His gaze lifted to the chink in search of his star and he watched it dreamingly. Again and again as he drowsed his eyes returned to it as he sat there among his rags and waited for sleep.

The candle burned low and a slow stream of paraffin spread over the ground at its base. The trembling flame encountered an object upon which it fastened hungrily—a wisp of greasy rag. The eager tongue shot out towards more rags——

"Noble one, it grows warmer," murmured the old man, his hand straying lovingly over the scraggly mane of the horse. "Tremble no more, my dove."

A sudden genial warmth had indeed begun to spread over old Abraham's chilled body. The air grew heavy and acrid and hard to breathe and he turned and buried his face against the shoulder of the prone animal and muttered a prayer of gratitude for the unaccustomed comfort. A long tremor passed over old Isaac's frame and he was very still.

"God is good," the old man muttered. "He has sent us a little fire. Let us sleep."

And so they slept.

* * *

"A fire of unknown origin broke out at the rear of number 22 —— Street at an early hour Sunday morning and completely destroyed the premises," said a newspaper account. "The life of Abraham Stein, an elderly rag-peddler who occupied the place was lost, and it is thought that a horse stabled nearby also perished. By dint of prompt action the firemen were able to prevent the flames spreading to adjoining buildings."

Colds and 3 things to do for them

INHALATION: In a teacupfull of boiling water, float about half a teaspoonful of Mentholatum. Breathe the gentle, healing vapor by cupping your hands, or by using a small funnel. Repeat frequently with fresh Mentholatum.

CHEST RUBBING: Before going to bed, massage the whole chest and throat thoroughly with Mentholatum. Use about half a tube. Remember rubbing is half the treatment. Cover the chest with a piece of hot flannel.

NOSE APPLICATION: With your finger apply Mentholatum to the inside of your nose, and to the outer edges. Notice the cool, soothing effect—and how easy it makes your breathing.

IF you use these treatments tonight, your cold will be better in the morning. Know the 3 stages of your cold. Then apply the common-sense Mentholatum treatment for each stage.

In the FIRST STAGE your nose lining is dry, irritated, and sneezy. Give yourself the easy Mentholatum inhalation (described above), and apply Mentholatum direct to the inside of your nose. These gentle, healing treatments relieve the scratchy dryness. They also help to stop the sneezing that throws countless germs into the air.

In the SECOND STAGE your nose is inflamed and swollen, and "running" with a watery discharge. Breathing is stuffy and difficult. Continue the inhalation and the direct treatment to check this running condition, and to make breathing easy.

At this stage, the chest rubbing (described above) is very important to relieve congestion. Mentholatum, unlike harsh ointments, is safe on the most tender skin. Clean and pure, it will not stain clothing or bed linen.

In the THIRD STAGE the heavy, pus-like discharge, containing dead germs, is very irritating to the nose lining and the outer edges of the nose. Apply Mentholatum frequently to prevent chapping, and disagreeable sores. Chest rubbing also is a needed protection at this stage.

Give your cold the proper Mentholatum treatment tonight. Get a handy tube or jar of Mentholatum at any drug store.

Mentholatum Shaving Cream is Wonderful

FREE BOOK ON COLDS

"How to get rid of Colds" is an interesting little book written by a physician. Send this coupon to Dept. W. H. M. Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg, Ont. The book is free—you will also receive sample of Cough Drops and trial box of Mentholatum. Simply enclose 10c to cover mailing costs. (Print name clearly.)

Name.....

Address.....

The

Western Home Monthly

FOR ONE YEAR

AND

The

Free Press Prairie Farmer

FOR ONE YEAR

AND

A

STAMPED CUSHION TOP

All for $1.50

In view of the elaborate editorial plans by the publishers of both the above periodicals, the clubbing offer this year looks more attractive than ever. A record number of readers subscribed last year and it is believed that in view of the remarkable value even more people will take advantage of the popular club during this season.

For your convenience in subscribing a coupon is appended.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg

I enclose $1.50 for which please send me The Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, The Western Home Monthly for one year and Stamped Cushion Top.

Name _____

Address _____

Two Christmas Children

Continued from page 48a

pink, with real hair. She stays there till Madame opens the door to shout threats at her; and the thought of a whip that she had often felt sends the child running out into the blackness of the haunted fields.

The description of Cosette's fears as she goes on through the dark is written as only Victor Hugo can write, and would be too harrowing did we not know that Jean Valjean is near.

He comes, a tall black shape, to lift the heavy pail the poor child was struggling to carry. "Instinct advised, the child did not fear him!"

They return to the inn together; the stranger stays, to interfere between Cosette and her mistress; and finally to go out and buy the wonderful doll, which Cosette as if in a dream carries off with her, when she is told to go to bed. Then it is past midnight, all in the inn are sleeping but Jean Valjean; he comes out of his room to explore. He peeps into the pretty bedroom where the two children of the inn sleep; both have left one shoe on a table, as is the French custom, instead of hanging up a stocking. There is money in them, with pretty toys near. Then Jean goes on till he finds Cosette, dressed as in the day, asleep on a broken mattress under the stairs, with old brooms and rubbish and dirt all round her. But in her sleep she smiles, and holds the wonderful doll tightly to her. And she has only one shoe on, leaving the other out in case "Father Christmas might put something in it!" though she had told Jean Valjean, "I think he only gives gifts to children who have mothers, and I have none; I never had one."

He puts gold in the shoe, for Cosette to find in the morning, and wonder if it is the Star of Christmas falling down to shine in her shoe. A star has risen for her that Christmas, for the stranger buys her from the Thenardiers, they selling her without the least hesitation to this man they know nothing about. And so he goes out on the street, with Cosette clinging to his hand, and hugging her doll, whose name, she informs him, is Catherine.

Morally innocent, though legally guilty, Jean Valjean is an outcast, and just then a fugitive from the officers of the law who are close on his track. It was impossible for him to encumber himself with a child, yet his strength which could break iron leaves him when he thinks of shaking off that weak little hand holding his. Desperately he goes down into Paris, and because of the child whom he could not forsake, a door is opened for him to take a new name, and begin a new life, quite unsuspected by his enemies, who go on looking for him among the criminals and outcasts of the great city.

He places Cosette where she gets a good education, coming to the home he makes for her on her holidays. She gives him a daughter's love, and her loving companionship helps him to rise higher and higher in moral perfection.

"So Cosette had her Christmas, leaving the inn of Hunger and Hate with the man she thought was Christmas, and who would take her to where it was Christmas every day! And she was right, for the love-giving and the joy which we mean when we say Christmas, was to surround her every day of her life. So her quick wit and cunning were moulded into the intelligence of a noble woman, true to her heart's core. A woman who made the men who knew her better, and who was a good helpmeet to the man, noble in rank and soul whose baroness-wife she became; and the mother of children who were a blessing to their land. All because a stranger came in the spirit of Christmas to save a child, (who helped him greatly) who was being shaped into a demon-woman—only Christmas came to save her—on Christmas Day."

THE Coleman Instant-Lite Lamp is a Christmas gift that will be a constant comfort to Mother. She'll have no wicks to trim... no chimneys to clean ... no daily filling necessary. She can light it instantly ... by the turn of a valve and the scratch of a match. No delay, no waiting—no generating.

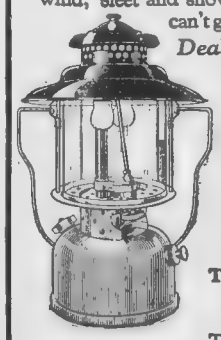
THE NEW INSTANT-LITE

Coleman

LAMPS AND LANTERNS

Mother will be proud of her new Coleman—of its beauty as well as of its usefulness. And every evening the whole family will enjoy the finest kind of pure-white natural brilliance. Like all Coleman Appliances, this remarkable lamp makes and burns its own gas from any good grade of clean, untreated, water-white gasoline.

Give "Dad" a Coleman Lantern ... and he'll be happy! He'll always find it ready for any job, any night, in any weather. Lights instantly. Has Mica chimney—*stays* lighted through rain, wind, sleet and snow. Built-in Pump can't get lost or damaged.



Dealers Everywhere are now displaying and demonstrating these practical Coleman Gifts. See them! And before you forget it, *send the coupon* for descriptive literature and prices. Address Dept. 3517

The Coleman Lamp & Stove Co. Ltd.
Queen St. East & Davies Ave.
Toronto, 8, Ontario

COLEMAN LAMP & STOVE CO., Ltd.
3517 Toronto, 8, Ontario.

Please send me descriptive literature and prices on the New Instant-Lite Coleman Lamps and Lanterns.

Name .....

Address 2817

Let Your Next Shampoo Lighten Your Hair

BLONDE hair darkened year by year becomes dull and faded, too. But Blondex, a special shampoo for blondes only, safely and gradually restores the natural golden sheen to light hair—keeps it bright, gleaming. You will be amazed at the new beauty of your hair even after the first shampoo. Not a dye. Contains no harmful chemicals. Millions use it

Get Blondex at any drug or department store today.

Federated Women's Institutes

British Columbia

CHILLIWACK have arranged Dress-making classes. All four members who exhibited at the Provincial Exhibition won prizes. During the afternoon, a framed picture was presented to Mrs. Wm. Atkinson with good wishes for her happiness in her new home in Victoria.

Agassiz celebrated their nineteenth anniversary with a debate "That married life is happier than single" followed by a Revue in which Institute members were dressed to represent Canada's fruits of the earth. The proceeds of the entertainment were given to the Othoa Scott Fund.

Beaver has had the hall lighted by electricity and as a result four neighboring families have been able to install it also. The Institute is endeavouring to have an adequate water supply installed in the School. It was decided to devote a portion of each meeting to Home Economics and invite the older school girls. Mrs. Cronkite will direct the course.

Keremeos—Mrs. Daly gave an interesting account of Pioneer Life and Mrs. J. W. Armstrong read an extremely clever and instructive paper on how to help our Institutes. A sale of work was held on November 10.

Peachland enjoyed Mrs. McGill's address on Oct. 5th. The Institute has planted 500 tulips in the Memorial plot and will financially assists the Council in enlarging the cemetry.

Ymir have asked Mrs. Murray to give her rug making course. The Investigating and Visiting Committees gave satisfactory reports.

Haney held a large and well organized meeting when the Superintendent, Mrs. McLachlan, spoke on the duties of a School Nurse.

Coghlan glove making classes are making good progress. The school water supply has been investigated and is to be remedied.

Demman Island is compiling data concerning pioneers of the island.

Victoria is holding a book shower for the benefit of isolated Institutes, and a silver tea in aid of funds. $10.00 was voted to the Victorian Order of Nurses. Mrs. Coleman demonstrated the icing of a cake which was afterwards sold for the funds.

South Saanich are arranging pottery classes. A Committee was appointed to collect data and photos of pioneers. Miss Lamont reported a membership of 21 in the Brownie Pack. The meeting adjourned to see the moving pictures of sheep shearing, bees, etc. being shown to Farmers' Institute members.

Esquimalt—Mrs. Wise the President visited the High School to present the Institute medal to the pupil who gained highest marks in the recent entrance examinations. The Ways and Means and Public Health Conveners gave good reports.

Crawford Bay held a cup and saucer shower for the Institute which was most successful. A Hallowe'en party was held for the children, followed by a social evening to which the members of the Service Club were invited. Vigorous discussion arose out of the report of the Creston Conference.

Mackenzie is collecting historical data and photos of pioneers.

Colwood—Mrs. Hincks gave an interesting account of travel on the West Coast and a visit to the Ocean Falls Paper mill. *Tarrys and Thrums* held keen discussion on the report of the Conference, after which a farewell social was given to a member of the Institute.

Mount Ida have appointed a committee to consider the question of a trained teacher for the Children's Choir. A donation was made towards the Institute's annual Hallowe'en treat for the children, and a Committee appointed to attend to the gravelling of the school yard. Miss Barr read an excellent paper on Education and Better Schools.

Penticton held a well attended meeting for Judge McGill and were greatly interested in her address. The Flower Show Committee reported a satisfactory balance..

Terrace enjoyed a most interesting demonstration on Bead Bag Making and a community sing-song.

Summerland—Mr. W. E. Turner gave a valuable address on the "Care of House-plants during the winter."

Harrop and District held a Thanksgiving Supper and Concert.

Hazelmere have had a busy year. In June a successful Rose Show included also a Baby Clinic, and classes in home cooking and manual Training for the boys and girls. They also held the usual Fall Fair in September and ran the third annual better garden contest. In November Mr. G. E. C. Clark of the Horticultural Dept. spoke on "Arranging Exhibits for Shows." Several dances have proved both profitable and entertaining and in November the Institute is arranging for a Concert play.

Mount Lehman have decided to purchase a new range and complete some building at the Hall so that Baking Demonstrations can be held there. A popular competition was held at the October meeting in "Making Something New from Something Old."

Luxton and Happy Valley have voted $20.00 to the Solarium, $25.00 to the Hall Committee towards installing light, $5.00 to the Travellers Aid Society, $2.00 for prizes at the Potato Show and a Hallowe'en Party for the children was given.

Okanagan Falls have started building the Community Hall.

Garden City have restarted card parties, and held a bead work demonstration in November.

North East Burnaby have organized both adult and junior gymnasium classes, and the Saturday Night entertainments commenced with a social.

Huntingson held a Whist Drive and a Dance to raise funds for the Agricultural Association. Mrs. Hunt gave a demonstration in basket weaving and it was decided to send a Christmas hamper to a friend of the Institute.

Langley Prairie now has its travelling library open and in working order. The Glove Making Class is making good progress, and several pairs of gloves have already been made. Mrs. McGill spoke on the work of the Juvenile Court. At the close of her address, on behalf of the Institute, she presented the retiring President with a Silver Cream jug and sugar bowl, as a token of their appreciation.

Crelton voted $20.00 towards the needlework classes at the Fall Fair. The Institute took First Prize for the Collection of Cookery at the fair. A Grandmothers tea was given at the November meeting.

HOMEMAKERS' CLUBS OF SASKATCHEWAN

SASKATCHEWAN Homemakers have had a very successful year, in increase of enthusiasm and numbers. There are, up to date, 231 branches with an immediate prospect of reaching the 240 mark.

The Annual Convention saw the largest Convention yet—about 250 delegates were registered. Fourteen district Conventions have been held and fifteen districts are now organized with another about to be.

The organization has started a Solarium Fund to help Saskatchewan Crippled Children to treatment in the Malahat Beach Solarium, B.C.

Many short courses have been held and are still continuing. There is splendid co-operation with agencies who are helping new settlers to adjust themselves to a new kind of life.

Bracken Club is putting stress on the study of the League of Nations.

Cleeves Club is doing relief work and having a sale of work for the Blind Institute.

Glengarry Club, Chamberry, had a visit and talk from Mrs. Johnson, one of the members from a neighboring Club. This Club held a Community picnic and sports-day and are preparing for a child clinic and bazaar. They are also making a study of the League of Nations.

Henribourg is making a study of the Mothers' Allowance Act.

Horizon is a newly organized Club and is working towards building a rest and Club room.

Continued on page 80

All dealers have

The NEW and IMPROVED

KOTEX

Acclaimed by Women
Endorsed by Doctors
Scientifically Deodorizes*

IN every drug, dry goods and departmental store in the country today you will find the New and Improved Kotex.

The New Kotex is unbelievably *comfortable*. It is softer than ever before, cool and light to wear. Yet its absorbency is unchanged, its effective area the same.

Deodorizes* . . . *and 4 other important features:*

1—*Softer gauze* ends chafing, pliable filler absorbs as no other substance can;

2—*Corners are rounded* and tapered; no evidence of sanitary protection under any gown;

3—*Deodorizes*—safely, thoroughly, by a new and exclusive patented process;

4—*Adjust it to your needs;* filler may be made thinner, thicker, narrower as required;

and

5—*It is easily disposed of;* no unpleasant laundry.

*Kotex is the only sanitary napkin that deodorizes with scientific accuracy. This ends an important fear — that of offense to others.

Now 60c at any drug, dry goods or departmental store

MADE IN CANADA

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Napkin Which Deodorizes

Two Sizes:
Regular and Kotex-Super
12 in a Package

W H M-12

FREE Sample of KOTEX
Made in Canada

Kotex Company of Canada, Ltd.,
330 Bay Street, Toronto 2, Ontario

You may send me sample of Kotex and book, "Personal Hygiene," in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Prov.....

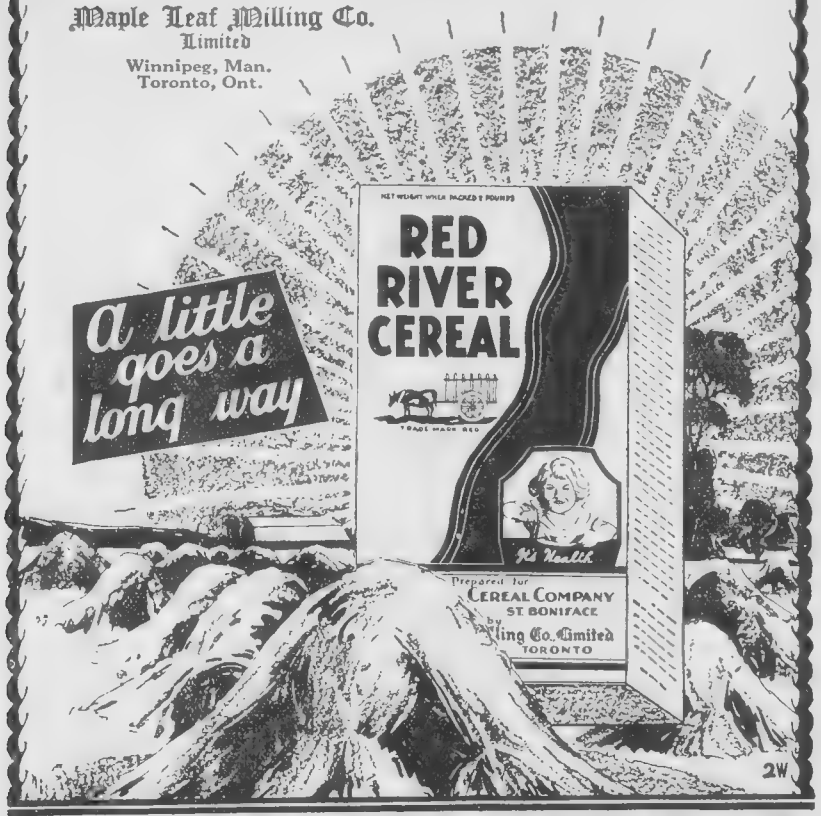
1426

Serve it for Breakfast Tomorrow!

THERE'S nothing like a good hot cereal to cheer you . . . and invigorate you . . . to start the day right! Red River Cereal is a refreshing energy-food that everybody needs. And its fragrant . . . tempting . . . *sun-flavor* is magically retained in the sanitary package!

So perfectly balanced is this body-building food that physicians have pronounced it the ideal food for the breakfast meal. Rich in energy . . . so easy to digest. *Children love it . . . it tastes so good!*

Maple Leaf Milling Co.
Limited
Winnipeg, Man.
Toronto, Ont.



RED RIVER CEREAL

Free Trial First

No Obligation to Buy!

NOW—**you** have the exceptional opportunity to see and play any of our *guaranteed* musical instruments you select from our catalog—**for one whole week**—*right in your own home*—without the slightest obligation to buy! Don't buy any musical instrument UNTIL you have TRIED our *guaranteed* quality instruments. Endorsed by leading musicians *everywhere* for their incomparable tone qualities, durable construction and finer design. Send coupon now—before free trial offer closes.

Easy Payments

First, you send only $5.00 with your order—or—if you prefer—send no money—just pay $5.00 on receipt at your express office. Use the instrument for one week free. If not entirely satisfied—*return it at our expense* when we will refund your $5.00. If you keep it, as we know you will, this $5.00 serves as YOUR down payment—then, just a few small easy payments and the instrument is YOURS! That's ALL there is to it! Every instrument includes beatiful, substantial carrying case and all necessary accessories, instruction books, etc.—free!

Send coupon at once for Special Bargain Catalog. Get our rock-bottom direct-to-you prices!

BABSON BROS., LTD. Dept. M-108
218 Front St. E., Toronto 2 110 Princess St., Winnipeg, Minn.

Gentlemen: Without obligation, send me free your illustrated catalog with full description of complete outfits and details of your Free Trial and easy payment plan.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... *Province*.....
State Instrument Wanted.....

CANADA'S GREATEST MAGAZINE
THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Federated Women's Institutes

Continued from page 79

Maple Leaf Club is busy as usual, with neighborly help. They recently had a report of the delegate to the Girls' Convention.

Mair has had a very successful clinic at which 30 pre school age children were examined. They held a Community picnic and are preparing to beautify their cemetry.

Paddockwood had a paper on the League of Nations and the Kellogg Treaty.

Scotstown is helping the Childrens Shelter and preparing for a play.

Stewart Valley is helping to furnish stove, dishes, etc. for school houses in their neighborhood. They are raising money for the Solarium Fund.

Glenrose Club—Near North Battleford, reports "one of the best years in its history"—this in a Club which reckons sixteen or seventeen years of experience.

Surely this means that Homemakers' Club work has stood the test of time. They co-operate in keeping up a rest-room in N. Battleford and also with the Fair Board of North Battleford.

Back to God's Country

Continued from page 50

truth or the fact that she was acting a lie. First she began to dress Peter for the trail. Every instant gave her more courage. This helpless, sunken-cheeked man with the hair graying over his temples was Peter—her Peter, the Peter who had watched over her, and sheltered her, and fought for her ever since she had known him, and now had come her chance to fight for him. The thought filled her with a wonderful exultation. It flushed her cheeks, and put a glory into her eyes, and made her voice tremble. How wonderful it was to love a man as she loved Peter! It was impossible for her to see the contrast they made—Peter with his scrubby beard, his sunken cheeks, his emaciation, and she with her radiant, golden beauty. She was ablaze with the desire to fight. And how proud her Peter would be when it was all over!

She finished dressing him and began putting things in their big dunnage sack. Her lips tightened as she made this preparation. Finally she came to a box of revolver cartridges and emptied them into one of the pockets of her underjacket. Wapi, flattened out near the door, watched every movement she made.

(To be concluded next month.)

December's Magic Charm

By H. H. Fariss

December brings clear skies of deepest blue
And each new day brings work that I must do,
But this day, this one day, I shall sit here
Beside the fire, content if you are near;
The winds sing down the chimney, soft and low,
Recalling yesterdays of long ago.
But, ah, dear heart, I'm glad it is today
When you are mine and I am yours for aye.

Then when a sudden burst of winter's sun
Lights up the room and household tasks are done,
You sit beside me in the old, sweet way
And place your cheek against mine, while you say,
"I wonder if you are content, as I?"
And as I hold you close, I make reply:
"More blest and more content that e'er you knew,
For I am doubly blest in having you."

December's blasts, December's chilling cold
Bring peace, and happiness is manifold,
For love sits with us at our fireside
While north winds crack their cheeks and far and wide
The blue smoke, like a veil, waves here and there,
Born from the chimney on the frosty air.
Of all the joyous months within the year,
December is a time that's doubly dear,
For home seems sweeter in a thousand ways,
Home, where you are, these glad December

Give Musical Gifts

This Christmas

The House of McLean offers a most satisfying selection of the best made musical instruments both large and small. Select from the partial list below and tell us your requirements.

Heintzman Pianos ..	$595.00 up..
Weber Pianos	$375.00 up..
Beethoven Pianos ..	$325.00 up..
Thomas Organs	$ 95.00 up..
Slingerland Banjos.	$ 22.50 up..
Buescher "True-tone" Band Instruments	
Martin or Stewart Mandolins and Guitars	
Hohner or Koch Accordions	
Violins	
Ludwig Drums	

Write for catalog and check above instrument interested in.

Name ..... W.H.M

Address .....

J. J. H. McLEAN & CO. LTD.
The West's Oldest Music House
329 Portage Ave. Winnipeg, Man.

$11,800.00 GIVEN FREE.

The above amount of money has been given away by us in CASH PRIZES. $500.00 more will be given away as follows,-

1st prize		$100.	5th prize		$40.
2nd	"	$ 75.	6th	"	$30.
3rd	"	$ 60.	7th	"	$25.
4th	"	$ 50.	8th	"	$20.

5 prize of $10. each in cash
10 prize of $ 5. each in cash

Solve this puzzle and win a CASH PRIZE
There are 7 faces in the picture besides the Canadian Beaver. Can you find them? If so mark each one with an X, cut out the picture, and write on a separate piece of paper these words, "I have found all the faces and marked them" and mail same to us with your name and address. In case of ties handwriting and neatness will be considered factors. If correct we will advise you by return mail of a simple condition to fulfill. Don't send any money. You can be a prize winner without spending one cent of your money. Send your reply to

GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING CO.
455 Craig Street West. MONTREAL, Canada

STAMMERING
easily, permanently corrected. Win happiness and success. Ask for full information and special phonograph record. Send dime for postage. Learn how easy it is.
Lewis Institute 12980 Woodward Ave. Detroit

What Does Your Child Dream About?

By Douglas Batterbury

WHEN that curly headed youngster of yours lays his weary little head upon the pillow and seeks the reals of dreamland, what form do his dreams take?

Do the affairs of his everyday life resolve themselves into some wonderful fairy tale in which his greatest wishes are fulfilled? It may be that he has been wanting his dad or his mother to give him some particular toy for Christmas which they cannot afford and when his wish has not been granted he is very sorrowful—in waking life. But in the dream you will see his face often radiantly happy, and maybe his dad or mother have suddenly turned into good fairies, and it is then their one aim to give him his heart's desire. In dreamland, perhaps, he is playing with that very toy and his heart the while is filled with happiness.

Or does your child dream fear dreams? Those which disturb and worry him, giving him a restless and uneasy expression while he is asleep, and culminating often in a heartrending cry of fear accompanied by a terror stricken countenance.

One of the greatest living authorities on the child mind, a doctor, recently looked into this very mysterious question and found it difficult to accept wholeheartedly the theory which has been advocated by other authorities on dreams—that all dreams are wish fulfillments.

From his own personal investigation the doctor found that, at any rate with city children between the ages of eight and nine, more than twenty per cent of their dreams were fear dreams, but that it was possible, by careful handling and wise treatment, not only to get rid of many of these fear dreams, but often to convert them into those of the wish fulfillment type.

Many a child's fear dream is caused by a terrifying experience, imaginary or real, with some animal in waking life, which in the dream takes on hideous and distorted form and becomes the chief object of fear. If, however, the child is brought into friendly relations with the particular animal—it may be an unfriendly dog in a neighbor's house or a spiteful cat—a different picture is formed in the little brain and when night comes, instead of the monster there is a faithful, trusty companion who puts and end to all fear—and the fear dream consequently vanishes.

A definite case of where, what is apparently a fear dream, has been amusingly converted into wish fulfillment is the following: A small boy relating his dream said; "I had a lovely dream last night; I dreamt that a burglar broke into our home and and smashed all the cups and saucers." Upon investigation, it came out that the little chap had broken a cup the day previous but had kept it secret from his mother. The fact that in his dream a burglar had broken all the cups and saucers rendered his own small act entirely safe from detection, and his dream was therefore 'lovely' and clearly a case of wish fulfillment.

It is interesting to note, from a child's account of his dreams, who it is who figures mostly in them. With very young children especially, there is a peculiar and interesting point in connection with the dream personnel. That is that almost invariably the child is quite alone in the picture. Then a little later on, as the mind develops, the mother and sometimes other members of the family—but, strangely enough, never the dad—take part.

The various dream phases compatible with the advancing life and mental development of the child are quite as interesting, if not more so than the corresponding conscious phases. At the age of about thirteen for instance, the child's family invariably disappear from the dream picture and their places are taken, in the case of the girl by her especial girl friend, and in that of the boy by his particular chum.

The child's dream differs from the grown-up's chiefly on account of the difference in memory power of the two. The latter may include acts and facts which took place months or even years ago while the child's dream, due to an undeveloped memory, is nearly always an overflow from the events of the previous day or some such recent period. Then again another difference is that with the child any great disappointment experienced finds a happy solution in the dream, and the kiddie's mind is therefore unburdened and eased in a perfectly natural manner.

In the child mind the transitional state between the entirely visual mental sensations and the observational and reasoning processes occurs at about ten years of age, and it is at this period that conversations first occur in dreams.

At about thirteen years of age a new type of dream which includes amongst its phantasies facts connected with the mysteries of life comes into being. Girls especially, at the age, have some very wonderful dreams about heaven, as often as not rendered extremely amusing by the human form and actions of the personalities taking part. A girl, after describing a dream in which she and her great girl friend figured, cannily remarked—"After we had finished supper, the angels very kindly helped with the washing up." Another girl, after a detailed description of what heaven looked like in a dream said—"We were shown round by an old gentleman who was presumably a cherub" and added naively "but in appearance he reminded me strongly of our school caretaker."

Considering dreams — everybody's dreams—all round, it would seem that they form life's greatest compensators and relief from mental worries and physical ills. The dream seems nature's way of making easier to bear our various infirmities and afflictions. The blind dream that they can see, the deaf that they can hear, and the dumb that they can speak; and the poor cripple who in everyday life finds slow walking with the help of a crutch difficult, sees himself in a dream as a prodigal of athletic prowess. The underpriviledged child who is bereft of parents and the normal joys of childhood finds compensation for these losses in her dreams of beautiful homes, of affectionate parents and every happiness that money can buy. Those who are undernourished dream of wonderful banquets made up of the richest and choicest viands, while those who have never had an automobile ride see themselves in their dreams decked out in the finest clothing and driving about in handsome cars.

In all probability the underpriviledged child derives far more happiness from the dream than does the more happily circumstanced one because the contrasting significance of a wish fulfillment is so much greater in the former case than the latter resulting consequently in a greater measure of joy.

Which seems to prove that nature is forever putting into practice the greatest of all her laws — the law of compensation.

The Road to Laughter

By H. H. Fariss

Let's follow the Highway to Laughter
And explore its delectable miles;
Happiness beckons at every turning
And it blossoms with friendship's smiles.
We can't lose our way, for mile-posts say,
"Just A Few Sunny Smiles To Laughter"
Walk with Gladness here throughout the year
And Joy will follow close after.

Its way leads straight on to the Sunny Slope
Of Life and the Village of Mirth
That is peopled with kindly Kindred Folk,
Who are truly the salt of the earth.
Then, starting today, let's be on our way,
Leaving worries to wither and die,
And take the glad Road to Laughter now,
Shall we, my friend—You and I?

A FORTUNE in HEALTH for every child

THE baby to be envied is the one who is born with an inheritance of perfect health, to begin with. And who's lucky enough to have a mother who knows how to build up this fortune.

"Perhaps I'm old-fashioned," she'll say to the doctor who pronounces her child physically 100% at a baby show, "but this health certificate means more to me than all the stock certificates in the world. If my baby grows up strong and well, I'm willing to leave it to him to make a career and fortune for himself.

"Already I'm teaching him the value of regular habits. Regular sleep, regular meals, regular functions. He's never once been off schedule, not even when he was cutting teeth or traveling to the country. I make sure of that by giving him Nujol regularly. He has his own bottle in the nursery.

"Nujol works so easily and naturally that it won't upset a baby under any conditions. It keeps everything functioning properly. It not only prevents any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming but aids in their removal. It is safe and sure. Just try Nujol for your baby. Give it to him regularly for the next three months. See if it doesn't make things much easier for both of you. See if he doesn't thrive on this new schedule (children themselves much prefer living by regular routine).

"A bottle of Nujol costs you no more than pink ribbons on the baby's bonnet. And it's worth lots more to him. Try it. Certainly it could do no harm—for Nujol contains no drugs or medicine. Your druggist carries it."

If you're like other modern young mothers, you'll want to buy the large hospital size can of Nujol. And keep it right on the nursery table, along with the soap and cotton and other bath paraphernalia.

Here's another thing. Nurses are advising mothers to give their babies an oil rub with Nujol after the daily bath, instead of using powder. Just saturate some cotton with Nujol and rub it gently all over your baby's body. It keeps him from getting chapped and chafed. And leaves his skin as soft and smooth as velvet.

Use it when you change his clothes. When you bring him in from outdoors. Whenever his skin has been exposed to irritation.

Nujol was perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York. It is the best oil for external use because it never becomes rancid or makes clothes greasy. Sold in sealed packages only.

Price, complete with Six A. C. Radiotrons, $265.00

Gifts that Prolong the Joy of Christmas

Of all Christmas gifts none will receive greater admiration and more enthusiasm than a Westinghouse Radio. It is a gift the entire family will enjoy, bringing countless hours of pleasure and happiness to every member.

In a Westinghouse you have Radio at its best. Music and voice are recreated as if you were personally in the studio. The single dial control makes tuning so simple, a child can get perfect results. You have 6-tube power with the utmost economy of operation due to the new Westinghouse Radiotrons. Westinghouse gives you year 'round reception, beauty of cabinet and the latest improvements that radio science has perfected.

Make this a Christmas that will be remembered throughout the years to come. Priced lower than ever before in Radio history—every home can now afford an instrument that carries the hall mark of Westinghouse engineering and quality. See them—hear them—compare them—to fully realize their great value and superiority.

Westinghouse

Batteryless and Battery Models, also the Complete line of Radiolas

Authorized Westinghouse Dealers in Every City and Town in Canada

WHEN YOU BUY A WESTINGHOUSE YOU OWN THE WORLD'S MOST ADVANCED RADIO

"Thou Art Peter"

Continued from page 56

away by those precious, God-given tears. He felt better in the darkness, he didn't have to look at her reproachful face.

"Why were you sitting in the dark, mother?" he asked, quietly, after they had both calmed down somewhat.

"Because the light is bad for my eyes, Peter. I can see better in the dark than I can during the day. In fact, I am almost blind in the sunlight, and I have to be led around by my friends."

"Oh, Mother! How long have you been like this?"

"For about two years now, Peter, but I've been having special treatment and I am going to hospital tomorrow morning for a slight operation which the doctors declare will restore my sight."

"Why didn't you tell me, Mother?" reproached the boy.

"It would have served no good purpose, Sonny. You would have worried over me, and your work would have been spoiled."

"But your letters, Mother—?"

"Mrs. Trenholme wrote them at my dictation. Fortunately, we write very much alike, so you've never discovered the difference. She has been a very good friend to me since you went away to the war."

"Don't you ever go out, Mother?" he asked slowly, with bated breath.

"Oh, yes! Sometimes. But I'd just as soon stay at home, you know. I'm taken out now and again, but I can't see anything. I just walk along, that's all."

"Thank God!" muttered Peter, fervently.

"What's that, Sonny?"

"I said Thank God, Mother, that there are still some good people in the world who cheerfully assist the blind." lied Peter.

They sat, side by side, on the old Chesterfield couch for hours talking over Peter's childhood days and war adventures until, "Mother, I have to leave again on the midnight train, but I expect to be granted about two weeks leave as soon as I report to my ship. Then I'll come back and attend to you, take you out for nice walks, and we shall have a real good holiday together, just you and I. Eh, Mumsie?"

"Peter," she said, stroking his hair," I shall be able to see again perfectly in about three or four days time. Just think, Sonny, I'll be able to walk to the station and meet you there. Now, sailor-boy, it's time to go. Don't worry about leaving me like this. Just kiss me goodbye and hurry off, like a good boy. Goodbye, dear. Ask for a good long furlough, and be good until we meet again."

"Goodbye, Mummy dear!"

IT was a different Peter who marched into the railway station with his head erect, and an indescribable gladness in his heart. He was very sorry for his poor, dear, old mother, but her terrible affliction had proven to be a blessing in disguise.

He was still her idol—she hadn't seen him—she would be operated upon tomorrow, and her sight would be restored. What a wonderful world! How good it is to be alive! He would take particularly good care never to take any more chances, but to live up to his, and her ideals.

BACK in the sitting-room of the Pilling home, a few minutes after the midnight flier had thundered its way past her door, on its way to the coast, Peter's mother was on her knees, asking the Loving Father in Heaven to forgive the lies which a loving mother on earth had told to her beloved son, for the sake of his own self-respect. She then switched on the lights, and continued her knitting.

An Implement of Former Times

The changing trend of the times and customs is reflected in the children and a casual question of the younger set brings it to notice. For instance, Marjorie, looking up from a book she was reading, asked "Mother, what is a hat pin?"—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Your Free Sample of PERTUSSIN

THE SAFE RELIABLE COUGH REMEDY

is ready for you

A big sample bottle of this reliable cough remedy is yours for the asking.

No need to spend a cent of money trying out PERTUSSIN. *Try it at our expense.* We know PERTUSSIN is good. We know its record as a safe and effective remedy for Coughs, for Bronchitis — even for Whooping Cough. The fact that physicians have been prescribing PERTUSSIN for more than 20 years for people of all ages is your assurance that PERTUSSIN is safe and that it will bring you real relief.

You can buy Pertussin at your druggists, of course, but we want you to try it, to *prove* it first. The sample bottle will show you that PERTUSSIN *does* loosen phlegm, that it *does* soothe irritated tissues.

The bottle will be sent at once if you'll just mail us this coupon, filled in as shown.

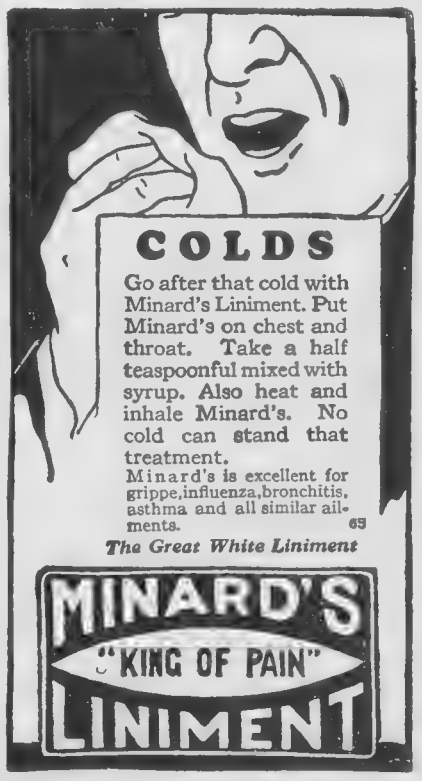
Pertussin Limited,
182 Atlantic Ave., Montreal.

Send that free sample of Pertussin to

Name.....

Address.....

.....



COLDS

Go after that cold with Minard's Liniment. Put Minard's on chest and throat. Take a half teaspoonful mixed with syrup. Also heat and inhale Minard's. No cold can stand that treatment.

Minard's is excellent for grippe, influenza, bronchitis, asthma and all similar ailments. 65

The Great White Liniment

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

MEN WANTED FOR RAILROADS—Nearest their homes—everywhere—to train for Firemen, Brakemen, beginners $150 to $250 monthly. Promoted to Conductor or Engineer—$3,000 to $4,000 yearly. Highest wages on railroad. Also clerks. Railway Association, Box M16, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

MAPS

EXCELLENT pocket maps of Manitoba, or Saskatchewan, or Alberta showing all towns, post offices, railways, range and township numbers, etc. Price only 25c for each province postpaid. For sale at the best stationers, news dealers, drug stores of Western Canada or direct from

Stovel Company Limited
"A Complete Printing Service"

Other Maps for all Purposes.
Write for price list or further information

When writing advertisers please mention THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Popular Winter Short Courses

AT

Manitoba Agricultural College

1929

Farm Mechanics—January 7-January 12	$ 9.50
Poultry—January 7-January 18	18.00
Nature Study—January 7-January 18	18.00
Dairying—January 14-April 5	143.00
Engineering—January 14-March 8	103.00
Seed Growers—January 21-February 1	18.00
Beekeepers—January 21—February 1	18.00
Horticulture—February 4-February 15	18.00
Clothing—February 4-February 15	18.00
Live Stock—February 4-February 15	18.00
Automotive Electricity—March 11-April 5	65.00
Cream Graders—April 8-April 19	18.00

The cost indicated above is for board, room, and tuition for the full course. Write the Registrar for the Circular giving particulars.

W. C. McKILLICAN, Dean.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW

Tested and proved for three generations. Sold everywhere. Sample sent on receipt of postcard.

F. CHIVERS & CO. LTD.,
71 Albany Works, Bath, England.

A gift that is faultlessly correct

THINK of the delight when seals and ribbons gay and Christmas paper yield to eager fingers—revealing the gift you've sent . . . Mercury Lingerie, dainty beyond mere words, faultlessly correct in style, wonderfully comfortable.

Delighted eyes will quickly note the clever Mercury design that means roominess without bulk, and the new, smart Mercury cuffed knee.

. . . or else, give Mercury Full-Fashioned Hosiery, aristocratic in appearance . . . every thread rich in that vitality which means long life, with a garter panel for added strength.

All the better shops have these—Christmas gifts both distinctive and useful.

Mercury

Hosiery and Lingerie of Quality

MERCURY MILLS LIMITED,
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Every hosiery and underwear need of every member of the family can be supplied in the famous Mercury line.

CYRIL D. COLSTON. Age 18.

Age 5. Before Virol.

Age 5. After Virol.

Once a Hopeless Case of Wasting

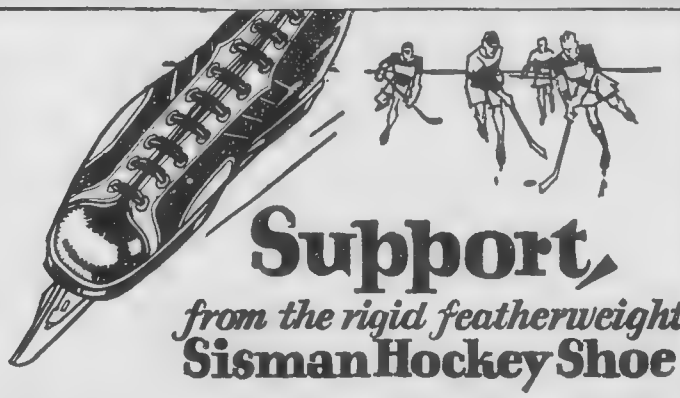
". . . . His parents describe the result as nothing less than a miracle. . . . . I am fully satisfied that Virol was the factor which enabled him as a child not only to turn the corner successfully . . . . but . . . . enabled him to build up a healthy body."

(*Signed*)————, M.D.

The doctor who writes this report had the above "striking example of the beneficial effects of Virol" under his own personal observation 13 years ago. The boy's parents add that he is now 18 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches in height, weighs 160lbs., and has taken certificates, medals, etc., for swimming.

VIROL

In Tins, 16oz., 8oz. & 4oz. *Canadian Importers:* BOVRIL LTD., PARK AVENUE, MONTREAL.



Support, *from the rigid featherweight* Sisman Hockey Shoe

SUPPORT and strength where you want it, yet flexibility for free movement of the foot and ankle, distinguishes the Sisman Hockey Shoe.

Thorough workmanship and carefully selected materials only are put into these shoes.

Go to the dealer who handles Sisman Shoes. You will then be given complete satisfaction. Identify Sisman Shoes by the trade mark.

THE T. SISMAN SHOE COMPANY, LIMITED
Aurora Ontario RS-49

SISMAN HOCKEY SHOES

SISMAN'S SHOE TRADE MARK REG'D

A Gift to the House

Continued from page 30

and there, but which brought more when cut up and mounted as cushion tops than it would have done as a quilt in first-class condition. I have seen the same thing done with what had been beautiful eastern embroidered couch-throws. Of course the new printed cottons, hand-blocked linens and modernistic cretonnes are all making stunning cushions, table runners and so forth.

Printed velvet and velveteen, which has come to the fore in dress materials, has lost no time in finding its way into house decoration. I saw a whole group of the most charming gifts that had been made from printed velveteens that had come from the famous house of Liberty, in London. There was a telephone book covered in velveteen showing a small design, a green moiré silk that blended with it, being used on the inside. A table runner to match had a two-inch border of the moiré, its corners beautifully mitred; the velvet, by the way, was lined with stout cotton. A complete group of desk fittings was made of the velvet and moiré, and so was the shade of the small pottery lamp which accompanied them.

IF THERE is an art-hunger in the family to be satisfied, what about a few etchings or aquatints, such as those shown in our small illustrations? They require only very simple treatment—a half-inch black moulding with the large white or grey mat.

A mirror might reflect a family ambition and very charming ones are to be had, variously framed. The one in our illustration has a hand-carved frame in antique gold finish, slightly touched with color. Wooden frames painted in dull shades of green or blue or terra cotta, perhaps given a rubbed, "smoky finish and a touch of dull gold, are very effective in some rooms and, of course, wrought iron, with perhaps a delicate spray of leaves at the top, is most charming when the mirror is to hang above an iron table.

Our illustrations will suggest still other incidental gifts—the little telephone table and stool of walnut or painted finish; the photograph frame in the sensible swing type, which comes in everything from sterling silver to polished woods and antique gold or silver finishes.

Incidental chairs offer a wide choice. We picture one which is a great favorite—the rush-bottomed chair which is an adaptation of the old ladder-back. This chair fits in so comfortably with so many types of furnishings. Lately, it has appeared in small sizes, without arms, very gaily painted and decorated in the Spanish manner — bright little chairs that would be quite delightful in a cheery, very modern type of room.

Agricultural Courses

THE University of Manitoba announces an interesting winter short course at the Agricultural College. The prescribed study should prove profitable and popular. Each subject receives a week's study and the range is so extensive as to include almost every topic of interest to the average Western agricultural home. The course opens January 7th and finishes April 19th. The topics selected for treatment are:—Farm Mechanics, Poultry, Nature Study, Dairying, Engineering, Seed Growing, Beekeeping, Horticulture, Clothing, Live Stock, Automotive Electricity, Cream Grading.

The cost of instruction and accomodation has been placed at a figure that makes it easy for a great many to avail themselves of an opportunity to increase their efficiency during the winter months when the call of the farm is not so pressing.

Why Shouldn't She Know Both?

We reckon if a kid could choose his own mother it wouldn't take him long to make the choice between one who knew how to bake cookies and one who always knew what kind of bid to make when she had two five-card suits.—Chatham News.

CAMEO VELLUM

As the years roll by, customs change — fashions too, but human sentiment never. As long as there are friends there will be letter writing, and the more valued the friendship the more careful will be the choice of letter paper.

Most Stationers sell Cameo Vellum

Barber-Ellis Limited

Makers of fine Stationery since 1876

Toronto Montreal
Brantford Winnipeg
Calgary Edmonton
Vancouver Regina

A Thoughtful Remembrance
BARBER - ELLIS, *Gift Stationery*

ASTHMA

quickly relieved by

Vapo-Cresolene

EST. 1879

"Used while you sleep"
The gasping, choking sensation of bronchial asthma is quickly overcome by the healing vapors of Cresolene . . then comfort and sleep for you. A standby for 50 years. No remedy so simple and so safe.

At your druggist.

VAPO-CRESOLENE COMPANY
100 Leeming-Miles Bldg. - Montreal, Que.

Goddard's Plate Powder For Polishing Silver

Used throughout the world
Sold in boxes: 25 cents

AGENTS—F. L. BENEDICT & Co.
270 Lagauchetiere Street, W., Montreal

Butterflies

By Paul Loomis

THE weekly mail was sorted. The men in moose-skin coats and mackinaws came from around the stove, each to receive the letters, papers, packages that meant so much to him and to his family, if he had one, on his homestead or lonely cattle-ranch. Last among them came the man who had brought the mail—a man with high intelligent forehead across which strayed locks of grizzled hair, sensitive but indecisive mouth and dark deep lost-dog eyes. He said nothing but his attitude voiced unexpectant interrogation.

"No mail this time, Ben," the postmaster replied in answer to his look. "But here's my last week's papers if you care to look 'em over."

"Thanks," said the mail carrier in a colorless voice and put the proffered bundle in his pocket. Methodically he turned up the collar of his coat, pulled his shapeless toque over his ears, picked up his mittens from beneath the stove and shuffled to the door. It opened, closed—and the night had swallowed him.

"Poor Ben," said one in the group that had gathered again about the stove, "he always waits till the mail's all sorted but none ever comes for him."

"Its been a rough day to be on the trail," said another, and its thirty-five miles to Spruce Bluff and back. Don't see how the old man stands it every week, no matter what the weather."

"He won't stand it much longer," the postmaster prophesied quietly.

"It ain't right to let him do it, old as he is," said the first who had spoken.

The postmaster shrugged his shoulders. "Its his only way to make a livin', he said, "an' he ain't so old, really—less'n fifty. But," he added, he's about done in."

Out in the night the wind moaned through the naked poplar bluffs and drifted the falling snow. Bells on the mail team tinkled wearily. The carrier humped in his sleigh with his reins hanging slack; his horses keeping the trail by feeling for it with their tired feet. All vision was a blur of greyness. At last a low-roofed cabin, unlighted and indistinct took shape through the gloom.

With cold-cramped fingers the mail carrier lighted the lantern that hung inside his stable door and awkwardly unharnessed and fed his rough-haired team. Then he stumbled through the snow to the cabin. Dimly his ill-trimmed lantern lighted its interior making many shadows on the sagging roof-poles and rough mud-chinked walls. A rusty stove was in one corner, a straw-filled bunk with heap of blankets in another. The air was fetid after the virile breath of the storm.

There was no kindling upon the hearth. The man picked up a stick from the heap of fire-wood on the floor, took a butcher-knife from the table and began to whittle shavings; the stick resting on the stove against which the knife also struck frequently. In time the fire was lighted; finally the kettle boiled and tea was made in a blackened pail. A can of syrup and some heavy bannock from the morning meal remained with the unwashed plates upon the table. The carrier was too tired to cook other food and his hand shook as he poured the strong tea and spread syrup on the soggy bread. Not till he had finished eating and the stove beside him was glowing did he remove his coat and cap. Then putting his heels upon the stove-hearth he untied the roll of papers the postmaster had given him.

He scanned the pages indifferently, drowsy from the warmth after the exhausting day in the storm. The postmaster, he mused, was a fool. What sense in subscribing to a daily paper when the mail came but once a week and was two weeks stale at that! What did news matter out here beyond the jumping-off-place anyhow? The sheets accumulated in a pile beside him on the floor.

Suddenly a low inarticulate cry escaped him and he sprang to his feet, spreading the paper on the table and

Continued on page 88

365 Days of Christmas Cheer if you use

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

and OGILVIE 'PREMIUM PACKAGE' MINUTE OATS

The entire OGILVIE organization, from millers' helpers to executive heads, extend hearty Christmas greetings to its host of friends in Western Canada.

May these OGILVIE products add abundantly to your Christmas cheer and to your good health throughout the New Year!

Your dealer is now well stocked to supply your Yuletide needs.

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED

Mills at: Fort William, Winnipeg, Medicine Hat, Edmonton

Old English Festival

VICTORIA

Dec 22nd to Jan 5th

AN OLD ENGLISH YULE FEAST, OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN BESS, IN THE IVY-CLAD

Empress Hotel, Victoria

Quite a unique incident in the life of Canada. The ancient glory, humour and picturesque fun of Merry Old England, with all its song and banqueting accompaniments, maintained by a galaxy of eminent English and Canadian artists. Folk Songs, Carols, Madrigals and old-time Orchestration of Sackbut, Psaltery, Clarion and Viol.

Sea Music Festival

VANCOUVER

Jan 23rd to 26th

Songs of the Seven Seas by some of the greatest living exponents of Sea Music—the chanties and rolling choruses of the Elizabethan Mariners, Battle Chants of the Fleets and Tea Clipper Melodies—sung to the warring elements of sea and sky.

Skilled vocalists and instrumentalists will feature in this great event at the

Hotel Vancouver

Take in both festivals while at the Coast. You'll enjoy a rare musical treat.

Ask the Ticket Agent

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

EXCURSION TICKETS

are available certain dates during December and January. Good returning until April 15, 1929.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Ask the Ticket Agent

Christmas Song

Above the weary waiting world
Asleep in chill despair
There breaks the sound of joyous bells
Upon the frosted air.
And o'er the humblest rooftree, lo,
A star is dancing on the snow.

What makes the yellow star to dance
Upon the brink of night?
And makes the breaking dawn to glow
So magically bright,—
And all the earth to be renewed
With infinite beautitude?

The singing bells, the throbbing star,
The sunbeams on the snow,
And the awakening heart that leaps
New ecstasy to know,—
They all are dancing in the morn
Because a little child is born.

—Bliss Carman

Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY BOBBY BURKE

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

A Little Chat with Bobby Burke

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS—

Here we are just finishing our summer wanderings and quite quietly and very suddenly Christmas has crept up to us. Christmas has a way of doing this and finding us all unprepared, but what a lovely time it is, even the hurry and worry is lovely. It's so pleasant to worry about getting just the right thing for the right person, and then keeping it hidden safely away until the day itself; it's such fun to come home from school and help seed raisins, and wash currants and finally stir the pudding which afterwards bumps away in the great boiler and fills the house with spicy steam. It's nice to poke your nose inside the door some afternoon too and smell the rich, buttery, sugary perfume of a fruit cake cooking or spiced beef steaming in the great sauce pan.

Now while you are right in the middle of Christmas of today I want you to do something that I know you will love, I want you to go right into the middle and heart of a Christmas of long ago. It's an easy trip to take, and this is the way you travel. Pull your most comfortable chair or stool so that the light will fall over your left shoulder, then go to the bookshelf and take down Dickens' Christmas Carol, and come and curl up and begin that most fascinating story. Better, still tune your radio in on CKY some night and listen in while someone tells you about Marley's ghost, and the Cratchet's Christmas pudding, the Fuzziwigs' ball, and Tiny Tim, and then get your book and read it to yourself. It is the most Christmasy story in the world, and makes your heart feel all warm and kind and cheerful, and nice.

It is a wonderful thing to have written a book that for ever and ever will tell people what Christmas was like in England a hundred years ago, and that a hundred years from now will still give people that warm and kindly feeling about the heart, and perhaps, who knows bring tears to their eyes.

In all the joy and happiness of Christmas, in all the excitement and gaiety, I don't want you ever to forget how and why Christmas began. Remember it was no day of richness and wealth and over-eating, but the day which celebrated the coming of a tiny child to earth, a tiny child who came in poverty, in a stable, who lived in a humble home, and learned a trade, who suffered and died a dreadful death so that we, and all the people who came before us and who will come after, might know how we should live, and how we should behave to our neighbors. From that day came the kindness of people to one another, the pity for suffering and weakness, and the love of truth and beauty. Remember this and let no unkindness or petty jealousies or selfishness spoil this day of days, and may you all have what I wish you from the bottom of my heart,

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Going Abroad with Bobby Burke

AND so by boat and train and charabanc we came to London—and then we visited Paris and came back to London, this time by air, and having thus reached that great city twice, we are going to spend a little time there, to try and find out why it is that of all the cities in the great world people love London most.

When you travel you often hear people say "Paris is so lovely;" "Florence is so beautiful;" "Rome is so interesting;" but everyone says "Don't you love London?" Now I wonder why?

First of all, I think, because we all know it. Even you boys and girls who have never been there know a great deal about it I am sure. You have seen pictures of the lovely Parliament Buildings; you know how Trafalgar Square looks with the great statue of Nelson in the centre and the four huge lions at each corner; you have heard the names of streets like Piccadilly and Bond Street, Oxford Street, Leicester Square, The Old Kent Road and Whitehall ever since you heard songs or read stories. Then we love it because it is so old and so full of stories. There is not a street, hardly a house, certainly not a block that does not tell many stories and you can go back and back into the dim ages of long ago and find that even then there was a London. Then we love it because it is so homey. In that great strange city you can always find your way around because the policemen are the kindest men in the world, and the bus drivers and taxi drivers and in fact everyone seems to want to help you find your way and have a good time.

Now I am not going to try and tell you about London, because if I did all the other people in The Western Home Monthly would just have to get out this month and give the whole magazine to us. They might object to that, so I shall just try to tell you about a few things that I think will interest you most.

First—a few statues, the most beloved of all, the one whose picture appears on our page, Peter Pan. Peter Pan lives in Kensington Gardens and there is not a day all summer when there are not dozens of children and older people coming to visit him. He is made of bronze, and all around the tree trunk on which he stands are tiny mice, squirrels, rabbits and fairies. One beautiful fairy is peering over the top of the tree right at Peter, and Peter himself is just the figure of a beautiful little boy playing the pipe of happiness, and to us all he seems to say, "I am life, I am joy I am the spirit of being young." You would love Peter. Then there is the great Trafalgar Square monument we mentioned before, with Nelson with his telescope, standing on his high column, and around the four great lions of England, huge and powerful. Down in Whitehall, right opposite the palace where the unlucky King Charles was executed, is the cenotaph, a great stone column that is always surrounded by flowers, and was erected some years ago, in memory of the men who fell in the Great War. Every man and boy who passes this memorial touches his hat as a sign of respect.

The Peter Pan Statue in Kensington Gardens

You would love the parks. I am sure that many of you think that in a great city, people see nothing but buildings, but this is not so in London, for everywhere there are wonderful parks. Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, which are right in the very centre of London, and are so filled with trees that you may go in there and forget that just outside the streets are crammed with lumbering busses and roaring with automobiles and underground trains. There are lakes on which you can go boating there, and the Round Pond, where boys and girls sail their boats. Flowers grow here in abundance and sheep wander around cropping the grass, and hundreds of people picnic under the trees. Five minutes walk from these Parks you may step into Green Park, and wandering under huge old trees here you may come right up to Buckingham Palace where the King and Queen live, and where outside is a great statue of Queen Victoria made of white marble, and the enclosure around the statue is guarded by the four gates of the Empire, Canada, India, Africa and Australia. In front of Buckingham Palace stand the Guards in their scarlet coats and huge fur hats, and it is through the Green Park that people come every day, like the little boy in the poem to see—

They're changing guard at Buckingham Palace,
Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

And beyond Green Park again is beautiful St. James Park, with a stream winding through it and ducks and swans and water hens playing, and lovely banks of flowers that buzz with bees, and trees that are filled with wild birds. And around you are the great buildings of a great city, and yet you might be in the very beautiful country. There are hundreds of other parks in and around London, and besides that what are called "Commons," wild land which belongs to everyone, and where children can play just as you can on the prairies.

Now the next thing I am sure you would love is the Zoo. Zoo is short for a very long word, "Zoological", and it means a garden of animals. If you go to the Zoo you must be prepared to stay all day, for there is so much to see that you will never want to leave till the last second. First of all perhaps you will go to see "Winnie", a little brown bear who lives in a cave with her name over the top of it—this is the famous "Winnie the Pooh." There are many other bears here, white and black and brown, all living in caves and on rocks so that they may feel at home. Then there are the animals like the hippopotamus, the rhinoscerous, the crocodiles and alligators, the great snakes, the huge turtles, the tall giraffes, the fierce lions and tigers, the funny zebras, and hundreds of other strange beasts. In the bird houses are birds from every part of the world: chattering parrots from the tropics, and owls and eagles and tiny birds from everywhere; funniest of all are the penguins strutting around like very dignified and fat professors, with their black coats, white shirt fronts and orange ties. I saw one once with an egg which it guarded and kept warm under the feathers that hung like a pouch in front, and every few minutes it would peer at this egg in the most interested way. Oh the Zoo is delightful, you must be sure and spend a day there.

Now another thing you will notice in London are the people who sell things on the street. There are the old flower women, wrinkled and ugly, with shawls around their shoulders and hats over one eye with a feather drooping down. They carry huge baskets of violets and roses, daffodils, chrysanthemums, or whatever happens to be in bloom. Then there are the costers with their funny suits all covered with buttons, hundreds of white pearl buttons (which they call pearlies), walking beside their little donkey carts, with the knowing little donkies decorated with red tassels. This is on high days and holidays, on ordinary days the coster wears regular working clothes, and his wife leaves her great big hat with the feathers at home.

Then there are the Punch and Judy shows. You don't see so many of them now, but once in a while you hear shouts of laughter and find Mr. Punch knocking Judy and the baby around as he always has. At night after you have gone to bed there are coffee stalls—sort of cars on wheels that are drawn up by the sidewalk somewhere, and one side opened up and a big lamp lit, and here as people pass they may stop and buy coffee and potato chips, or sandwiches or doughnuts. There are always lots of people around the coffee stalls late at night.

One day you will hear from your window music coming nearer, and when you look out there will be an organ

grinder playing away on the organ hung around his neck, and probably his little monkey, will arrive on your doorstep carrying a tin cup into which you drop a penny. Sometimes you will hear the notes of a bugle being played, or a violin, and it will make you feel sad, and make you wonder why these poor people have to play for pennies. And some time when you are walking past Hyde Park or some other quiet place you may see a man busily working away on the sidewalk, and when you come to him you will find he has painted with colored chalk a picture on the sidewalk. Sometimes they are quite good pictures, sometimes quite poor, but anyway if you are kind you will give the poor man a penny. He needs it. There are men and women too who sell all kinds of things on the streets: little toys, birds that wind up and peck, aeroplanes that fly and tiny wooden figures; matches, pencils, pictures, postcards, and of course newspapers.

Well I could go on and on, and tell you about the picture galleries and the churches, and the shops and the streets, but already I can hear the editors calling out "STOP! STOP!" so I must say goodbye to London and only hope that some day you may all go and see its wonders for yourselves.

(This is the last of the wanderings abroad with Bobby Burke, and I hope you have enjoyed them. Perhaps next summer we will take you to some other countries.)

"THE TREASURE HUNT"

A Confession

A TERRIBLE thing has happened, the worst thing that has happened in all the years that we have played and read and worked in the Cosy Corner. Do you remember that last month Bobby Burke apologized for not awarding your prizes for the summer competition? Well after that apology was written Bobby Burke came home and heard there were many competitions and that some of them seemed to be splendid, but where were they? They had been received in the editorial office, and sent to Bobby Burke's office, and somewhere in between they had been lost. Yesterday Bobby Burke and one of the editors, and three other people, spent hours looking for that lost package, inquiries were made everywhere, drawers and boxes and cupboards were turned out, but—there was no package of competitions. And now what can we do? Here are a lot of you who worked hard all summer on the TREASURE HUNT only to have no reward for your work. Now the only thing we can suggest is this—that you who did this work should send in a letter to the Cosy Corner giving your name and address and saying that you competed for this "Treasure Hunt," and when we get these letters, we will try and arrange some sort of prize or reward for you. Now you are on your honor of course, only those who worked will send in their names, but do it quickly so that we may not feel weighed down with guilt any longer than we can help! And if, anywhere in the meantime, that lost package turns up, you may be sure that the camera or the pen will go forward immediately to the lucky people.

Something Received

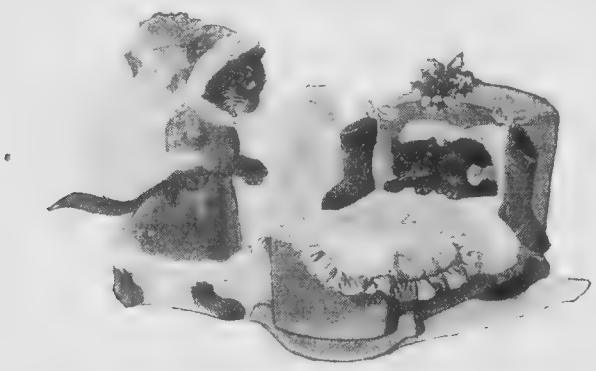
A CHARMING letter from Lottie Schuman of Saskatoon. Unfortunately Lottie wrote on both sides of her paper, a mistake for any one who is writing for publication. The first rule is "Write only on one side of the paper." We cannot therefore print as much as we should like to of this letter, but Lottie tells all about her holidays, and how she took her friends sight-seeing in Saskatoon, and went to the Fair, and afterwards visited her old home in Rosthern and enjoyed farm life again. Lottie went horse back riding and landed in a ditch once, but if you will ride bare-back what can you expect? Lottie has read a good many books in the holidays, and has enjoyed "Going Abroad" with Bobby Burke. She tells of a new bird she saw in the holidays—"I saw a bird, a little smaller than robin, and much daintier, of a brilliant tangerine color, with a little black cap, and faint black lines traced on its gorgeous wings. It was fascinating to watch it flit noiselessly about the foliage of an ash tree."

Ruth Hedley of 2358 Broad St., Regina, wishes to join the Cosy Corner. You are a member now Ruth, after writing this nice little letter. Ruth finds it difficult to get a present for her mother, father and older brothers and sisters. She is a very wise girl though, she is going to try and make most of her presents this year. How would it be if you subscribed to a magazine for the whole family as a present? There are many good magazines that only cost a dollar or so. You already get the best, The Western Home Monthly, but in addition you might subscribe to The Ladies' Home Journal or something like that in which there are stories or articles to interest everyone.

Violet Archibald of Banff, Alta., has a great ambition, she wants to go to Vancouver for Christmas. That will certainly be a lovely trip. She is a lucky girl to live in such a beautiful place as Banff.

Something To Do

JANUARY will soon be here with long cold evenings, and when Christmas is over you will I know, be eagerly looking for "something to do." We haven't had any fairy stories for a long time. Suppose you try your hand at writing one? It should be easy, you are all so bright and full of imagination, and you have loved the Pinkity Winkity stories so much, and I know there isn't any one who doesn't love Cinderella and Jack the Giant Killer, and such old favorites, so now put on your fairy caps and see what you can do. If some one writes a very very good story perhaps we can get a picture drawn especially for it. Do your best and see! There will be a prize of a story book for the winner, so be sure and put your age at the foot of the story so that you will get a book suitable for your own reading.



Christmas Day in Kitten Town

By William Thompson

You have heard of Kitten Town,
The town of great renown,
Where baby kits of every age
Are black, and white, and brown.

And all day long and in the night,
You hear them cry and purr,
Such cunning little fuzzy things,
Just lumps of downy fur.

Of course they have their Xmas Day,
The same as you and me,
And everything that gives them joy
Except the Christmas tree.

And Auntie Claus, old Mrs. Kat,
Brings Noah's Ark, and cotton rat,
And elephant, and kangaroo,
And lion, bear, and monkey, too.

But sleeping soundly, Kittie Kats,
Care not for toys or cotton rats.
They sleep and dream the hours away,
In Kitten Town on Christmas Day.

For over twenty Christmas seasons we have helped Santa Claus in his gigantic task of providing Christmas gifts and supplies for the great Canadian West.

The people of this wide Dominion have learned to depend on the **EATON** Catalogues and circulars for help in choosing gifts for all the kind friends and relations they want to remember. And they have discovered that a Christmas budget expended through **EATON'S** Catalogue always goes much further than expected.

The kiddies, too, have found out that if they look through their big **EATON** Catalogue and pick out what they would like for Christmas, mother or daddy will write to **EATON'S** and ask Santa to bring them what they want.

Let us help you again this year—and you will help us to serve you better if you send your orders **early.** Early orders will be assured of speedy service and will have best selections to choose from.

SEND YOUR ORDERS NOW AND BE SURE.

THE T. EATON Co LIMITED
WINNIPEG - CANADA

Santa's Newest and Loveliest

The doll with the living eyes—lucky, the little girl who gets one. Eyes that laugh and play, that look absolutely natural. A sweet, smiling little mouth. A complexion that's a dream. Every little girl will go into raptures over this doll. You must see her. Because of her alluring beauty we call her Mona Lisa.

Washable head of art celluloid, practically unbreakable. Daintily dressed.

A doll with Reliable Toy Co. tag means Canadian workmanship under sanitary conditions. If your dealer does not handle "Reliable" dolls, write us Department A.

RELIABLE TOY CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

When answering advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly

THE CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

Devoted to the Advertiser of Limited Funds This Page Offers a Wonderful Opportunity to Place Your Message Before Some 400,000 Readers. The Cost is 10 Cents Per Word. Minimum $1.50 Per Insertion Special Rate of Six Insertions for the Price of Five. Cash With Order.

AGENTS WANTED

LIGHTNING — New discovery startles the world. Battery Compound charges batteries instantly and permanently. Made in Canada. Big profits. Lightning Co., St. Paul, Minn. 12-28

FARMERS make money in your spare time during the Fall and Winter months, by selling hardy trees, shrubs and plants for "Canada's Greatest Nurseries." Splendid list of varieties recommended by Western Experimental Stations. Send for circular matter and full information, Stone & Wellington, Toronto 2, Ont. 12-28

FUR FARMING

ATTENTION—Muskrat, Mink, Raccoon and Fox Farmers. Fur Farming is a profitable business. We offer you opportunities to save money on your equipment. Write us at once for informative literature, stating animals that interest you. Estimates furnished for fencing small and large tracts. The Sarnia Fence Co., Ltd., Sarnia, Ontario. Western Office, Winnipeg, Manitoba. 12-28

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Parties to knit for us at home. For particulars enclose stamp. The Home Work Knitting Machine Company, Toronto 6. 2-29

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. Write, American Detective System, 2190 Broadway, New York. 3-29

LADIES WANTED to do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time. Good pay. Work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal. 12-28

WANTED, persons to grow Mushrooms for us in waste cellar space, all fall and winter. Earn upwards of $25.00 weekly. Illustrated booklet sent anywhere for stamp. Dominion Mushroom Co., Toronto 3. 11-28

WANTED — Girls—Women, 17 up. Learn Gown Making at home. $35.00 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons Free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. K526, Rochester, N.Y. 12-28

FARMS WANTED

WANT TO HEAR FROM OWNER having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Box 99, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 1-29

MISCELLANEOUS

PATENTS—A list of "Wanted Inventions" and full information sent free on request. The Ramsay Co., Dept. 249, 273 Bank St., Ottawa, Ont. 12-28

RUG YARN

$1.15 per pound up. Twenty-one samples free. Stocking & Yarn Mills, Dept. 16, Orillia, Ont. 12-28

LITERARY

LEARN STORY WRITING. We teach you. Associated Writers, Calgary. 1-29

WRITE POETRY. We teach you. Associated Writers, Calgary. 3-29

REMEDIES

LIQUOR OR DRUG HABIT CURED OR NO PAY! Secret treatment, $2.00 if cured, sent on trial! Georges Laboratories, Sta. C., Los Angeles, Calif. 12-28

EASY SELF HOME TREATMENT for the healing of Varicose Ulcers, Running Sores, Eczema, etc., while working. Many testimonials. Write to Nurse Dencker, 610½ Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. Mrs. E. Trill, Central Butte, Sask., writes: "I am so pleased that I read your advertisement and sent for your Home Treatment. I have used it now but only half of it and my leg is cured. I gave your address to several people and hope that you will hear from them," etc. 3-29

SONG POEM WRITERS

SONG POEM OR MELODY writers—Send for "real" proposition. Hibbeler, D45, 2104 N. Keystone, Chicago. 12-28

FOR SALE

WOULD YOU BE IN POCKET with a through "line-up" on autos and tractor engines? If you would, post one dollar to R. G. Knight, P.O. Box 759, Lethbridge, Alberta. 3-29

1 LB. LARGE GINGHAM Quilt Patches 75c; 4 lbs. $2; 1 lb. Gingham Remnants 90c; 3 lbs. $2; 2 lbs. Velvet or Silk pieces $1.50. A. McCreery, Chatham, Ont. 1-29

PEACH'S CURTAINS. Complete Guide. Post Free. 500 Illustrations. Curtains All Makes. Fadeless Nets, Casements, Muslins, Cretonnes, Linens, Carpets, Direct Loom Prices. Underwear, Laces. Remarkable Value. S. Peach & Sons Ltd., 658 The Looms, Nottingham, England. 12-28

IF YOU REQUIRE SANITARY RUBBER GOODS, write for catalogue and prices. Safe and Sanitary Rubber Works, Dept. H, 5155 LaSalle Boulevard, Verdun, Montreal. 12-28

YARN, MACHINE AND HAND KNITTING. "Old Tyme" "All Wool" "Silk and Wool" 85c lb. up. "RUG YARNS," $1.15 lb. up—delivered. Samples free. Stocking & Yarn Mills, Dept. W., Orillia, Ont. 12-28

Inventors

Get these **Free Booklets**

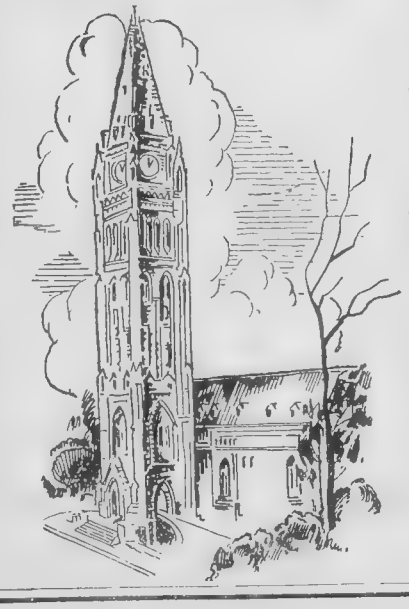
W. Irwin Haskett - Patent Solicitors
18 Elgin Street - Ottawa, Canada
(Next door to the Government Patent Department)

Please send me FREE (1) Copy of new illustrated book, "Needed Inventions", telling how to protect an invention. (2) Handsome blank form "Record of Invention" for legal proof. (3) "Newest Leaflets" - all about patents, and (4) Full Information.

MAIL THIS TODAY

Name .....
W.H.M.
Address .....

Helping Churches to Raise Funds



WOULD you care to get $150.00 for your church or social service work? This can be accomplished with very little effort and absolutely no financial outlay.

Our scheme has been tried out by two of the leading Winnipeg churches and has proved a very great success indeed.

Write us today and we will mail you full particulars and suggestions for putting the plan into effect.

Campaign Department,
The
Western Home Monthly,
WINNIPEG

Butterflies

Continued from page 85

holding the lantern above it with a trembling hand. There laughed up at him a portrait from the photogravure section—some newly-ascendant star of the silver screen; scintilating, resplendent; beguiling men to forget—or to remember. A magnificent butterfly she seemed, creature of a sphere far removed from one where blizzards howled and drove the snow against drab and lonely cabins. But for the mail carrier the picture had instantly spanned both leagues and years.

"Lura," he cried, "Lura, Lura," and his voice was eager, yet hopeless too. "God no, she's ten years dead. It's her girl! Her's and——Masterly's." The name choked him for a moment. Then he burst out again.

"But it is Lura just the same! Lura alive in her girl. Great God, how like!"

He sank at last to his chair, his gaze still riveted to the picture—the eyes that laughed at him as Lura's eyes had laughed and the lips that smiled, a bit disdainfully, at all the world. Memories so long buried he had dared to hope them dead rushed forward with a violence that racked him. Memories and dead dreams!

How crystalline the memory of that brief span of heaven he had known when dreams had all been rosy! When he had believed in himself and when, more firmly than in his God had he believed in her—in Lura, his dazzling, whimsical, passionate wife.

Then the chance that had come so soon—after only three of four disappointments! To him, an eager young biologist with an obsession for collecting butterflies, the opportunity to become a member of a scientific expedition to the Upper Amazon was surely that "tide in the affairs of men." How he had rushed homeward with the news! But what dismay in Lura's eyes! Pain—anger—tears. In his heart disappointment because she did not understand—that she would not gladly give him up for a while when it meant so much to him and the fulfilment of his dreams. For surely he would become a great collector—curator of a noted museum some day. The time would quickly pass. He'd write often of all he did and saw. And how happy they'd be when he returned! All this and more he had told her as he tried to kiss away her tears.

Then the thrills of the journey and the marvels of the Upper Amazon, (though no mails existed there that he might write of them to Lura.) But the moths and butterflies! The immense ones, the rare ones, the ones more gorgeous than any in his dreams—and the ones he had so nearly paid for with his life! For he had gone through hells to get them, those matchless butterflies. That year in the steaming reptile-haunted jungles and miasmal swamps, what tortures had he not endured? Finally they had brought him out raving of fever and he had lain for weeks in an out-post hospital on a balance between life and death, conscious only of the urge to take back his butterflies to the wife of the laughing eyes. At last he had reached home, a spectre of his former self—and months later than he had promised.

She had left him a letter explaining it all. He remembered yet how long it had taken him to comprehend. Something about repeated disappointments in him—finding her place upon the stage where all the things her heart craved would come to her—a lover who put her first in his life, "not second to dreams and butterflies." And then, with realization, how shallow had seemed the lesser hells he had traversed compared to that in which he now found himself——the Bottomless Pit of bitter loss and maddening indecision. Oh those suffocating nights when a hundred times before the dawn he had clenched his teeth, gripped his pistol—and laid it away again. Should he kill this fiend who had robbed him? Or Lura who had crushed his faith? Or himself and be done with everything? Powder never fouled his pistol-barrel. His nature lacked the iron to kill at all.

Instead he had effaced himself, slunk off to the corners of the earth, where among the riff-raff that follows upon the heels of the pioneers of every frontier he had drifted from lands of the palm to lands of the pine. Weary and prematurely old he had come to anchor at last on a brushy homestead here on the northern rim of cultivated lands. His last dream—that of a cozy place in which to end his days had gone, as could be seen—and here he looked with a fierce loathing on the squalor about him—the way of other dreams. But through all the empty years one thing precious he had kept beside him. It had not been his to take but since he had given his heart's blood and all of life's sweetness for it he had brought it with him anyway. It had become his one unfailing solace. He rose now and drew aside a dingy curtain that covered a portion of the wall. The result was like a gleam of sunlight in a cave. There in a glass-fronted case, their extended wings glinting even in the lantern light was a grouping of the rarest and most gorgeous tropical butterflies. It was the cream of the collection, the choicest fruit of that terrible year in the jungle!

He could rightly joy in their beauty and gloat over the fact that here were species not to be found in half a dozen other collections in the world. In his wanderings he had fought for that precious case, guarded it, carried it many a mile. Easily he could have sold it for enough to keep him in comfort—had such a sacrilege entered his mind. Yet now while his eyes glowed with the pride his idol never failed to kindle he looked back to the picture of Lura's child—Lura herself to him and his being trembled with something the butterflies had never called to life. It swept away all memory of pain and sorrow—bridged the empty dismal years. Here in his lonely squalid cabin he was gazing again into the misty depths of big blue trusting eyes, feeling again the press of lips so rich and red, the gloss of hair like silk between his fingers, the warm lovliness of a form so soft and beautiful in every curve and vibrant to the fingertips. Against his breast a heart in ecstacy was throbbing! The very pain of it brought tears.

He began to slump toward his chair, weak from but the echo of so great emotion. Then he straightened fiercely and beat his fists against his breast.

"Pitiful God, he cried lifting his haggard face to the grimy roof-beams that seemed to cut him off, as something inexorable had always done, from an answering Heaven, "God forgive me, it was I who was untrue—I who let another passion come between! Even though she was herself a butterfly she was mine once—all mine. Why didn't I keep her while I could—do things for her instead of dreaming dreams! Oh why did I leave her to go in quest of painted shadows?"

In his misery he turned again to his idol on the wall, the prize so dearly bought, his one true sweetheart he had so often said. His eyes for the moment lost their focus. His lips moved. His words were scarcely audible.

"Thing of beauty," he repeated dully, "——joy forever——never pass into nothingness——" Suddenly his voice changed to a scream.

"Christ what a mockery! What a thing to give the world for! Gaudy mumies stuck on pins! Cold——lifeless—dead——"

Even so they found the old mail carrier when he failed to come next mail-day, his grizzled head between his arms, his lips against a picture on the table. His fire was long since out, his smoky lantern dry. On the wall before him was an empty plush-lined case and on the floor a thousand bits of glass. Over the table, even in the old man's hair, lay the dust and broken wings of many brilliant butterflies.

Shorter, Shorter—Vanished

"Underskirts are extremely short, barely covering the ankles." But this was a Paris fashion note of twenty years ago.—Toronto Star.

What the World is Saying

Being One Is, Likewise

Lady Astor says that having a husband is a full time job.—Saskatoon Star.

Sounds Like a Hold-up

Garters for men are selling as high as $22.50 in New York.—Montreal Gazette.

Some of Them Absolutely Stare

A fashion note says knees should just peep from below the skirt.—Victoria Colonist.

Votes for More English Women Now

As the patriotic Cockney regards the flapper vote, 'e 'opes Britannia rules the wives—Winnipeg Tribune.

But Canada's Census Knows of None

"You would know a Canadian anywhere," rightly says Sir Robert Falconer, President of the University of Toronto. —London Daily Mail.

Then The Boy Can Figure On That

Sometimes a small boy is kept in after school because his father worked his arithmetic wrong.—Kingston Whig-Standard.

Ye Ed's Trousers Not Neglected

A headline says: "Hoover Detained by Pressing Duties." We know how that is. We've had to press our own, too.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

Say, Rather, Knees

How much poorer life will be when, at last, ankles are so commonplace as to be unnoticed.—Peterboro Examiner.

Ye Editor Reports Progress

We are getting along fine at last with our patent cigar lighter. We can light it with one match now.—Nanaimo Herald.

For Those To Whom It Is a Game

The worst part about the losing side in an election is having to make the explanations.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Japan Still Backward In Some Ways

In Japan you can tell if a girl is married by her hair. In this country you can't even tell if it's a girl.—London Free Press.

The Material of Much Fiction

An eminent physician has written a book on why we misbehave. Practically every modern novelist has written one on how.—Brantford Expositor.

And to Abolish Everything Else

Probably the most effective way to abolish war would be to have another war, with all the up-to-date improvements.—Halifax Chronicle.

Differences in Wind Power

The differences between some campaign orators and other big winds is that the latter carry all before them.—Quebec Soleil.

Advice That Will Not Be Taken

A London doctor urges women to smoke pipes, but you can't talk with a pipe in your mouth.—Dundee Courier.

London Dry Drollery

Now that a French chemist has discovered that there is alcohol in the air, the favorite invitation in Aberdeen is to take a deep breath.—Punch.

And What About Muddlemen?

Middlemen are often attacked as being to blame for many of the ills of modern business, but are not meddlemen the cause of more trouble?—Journal of Commerce.

The High Cost of Crime

The United States pays an annual crime bill of $10,000,000,000, says United States Attorney Tuttle, but the criminals act as though we were millions in arrears.—Kansas City Star.

Do Motorist Do That in Toronto?

Our forefathers couldn't foresee the need for wide streets. In those days nobody tried to drive in fourteen directions at once.—Toronto Globe.

A Modern Mystery

We use to wonder how an evening dress kept on with hooks and eyes. We wonder more now the hooks and eyes are gone.—Lethbridge Herald.

Smoothness of Head and Tongue

A smooth salesman can sell most anything. Even a bald-headed druggist has been known to sell hair tonic.—Regina Leader.

New Version of an Old Rhyme

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger, out where the furrow's a blamed sight longer, and political seers are usually wronger—that's where the West begins.—Detroit News.

No Chance Of It

Somebody is always predicting the return of the hoopskirt. If it ever does come in, the rumble seat will have to go out.—Hamilton Herald.

We've Seen Quite a Few Like That

An advertisement is a picture showing a pretty girl wearing, driving or eating something.—Quebec Evenement.

What Men's Rights Are Left?

Nowadays a man should not get his hair cut too short as he might be mistaken for his wife.—Toronto Main and Empire.

A Real Gent Is Ever Considerate

A gentleman is one who splashes soup on his vest only and does not daub up anybody else.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

A Long-felt Want at the Capital?

We think someone should try and patent a waterproof wrist watch for those who dip their toast into their coffee.—Ottawa Citizen.

The Spine Doesn't Show

Girls have been warned that crossing the legs will put a kink in the spine. All right. What of it?—Buffalo Express.

Why Bring That Up at This Time?

Another thing we would like to know is what has become of all the toy banks that were given the children last Christmas?—Brandon Sun.

Looks Like Corroborative Proof

Human feet, announces a scientist, develop faster than human brains. For evidence of this, we have the manner in which so many step on the gas.—Neepawa Press.

That Was Only One Good Argument

Remember 'way back when one of the main arguments for bobbed hair was that it would give women time to do a lot of things? — New Westminster British Canadian.

A London Editor's Query

"Let me see a girl's ankles and I can tell her character," says a writer in Punch some years ago. How about her family history now?—London Humorist

Ye Ed. Is Sympathetic

A pair of trousers inadvertently left by Premier Ferguson while in England arrived in Toronto for him last week. It is a good thing he had another pair along.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

But How about the Chimney Tops?

It may be that in the future Santa Claus may consider making arrangements to tranship his freight from reindeer transport to the Hudson Bay railway, when he arrives at the terminus of that line.—Selkirk Recorder.

Continued on page 92

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

LOW ROUND TRIP FARES

Choice of Routes ❖ Stopovers ❖ Extension Privileges

For full information ask the Ticket Agent

EAST-WEST-SOUTH

The Traveller enjoys all the comforts of modern travel and that quiet touch of dignity for which Canadian Pacific service is renowned

Eastern Canada

Dec. 1, 1928 to Jan. 5, 1929
Return Limit Three Months
from All Stations in Manitoba (Winnipeg and West), Saskatchewan and Alberta

Pacific Coast

Dec. 1, 4, 6, 11, 13, 18, 20, 25, 27
Jan. 1, 3, 8, 10, 15, 17, 22, 24, 29, 31
Feb. 5 - 7
Return Limit Apr. 15, 1929
from All Stations in Ontario (Port Arthur and West), Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta

Central States

Dec. 1, 1928 to Jan. 5, 1929
Return Limit Three Months
from All Stations in Saskatchewan and Alberta

Canadian Pacific

Hudson's Bay Company.
INCORPORATED 2nd MAY 1670.

Winnipeg, Manitoba

FISH

H B C Handle the finest fish procurable. Buying direct from the producers at lake and ocean, we sell at these reasonable prices.

Frozen Fish will be shipped only when the weather is cold enough to ensure customers receiving it in proper condition.

Frozen Laker Superior Herring, in 100-lb. sacks, per sack	$3.90
Atlantic Herring, in 50-lb. boxes, per box	4.75
Atlantic Kippers, in 20-lb. boxes, per box	2.95
Pacific Kippers, in 20-lb. boxes, per box	2.95
Pacific Bloaters, in 20-lb. boxes, per box	2.85
Imported Scotch Kippers, in 14-lb. boxes, from Davidson's of Aberdeen, per box	2.50
Imported Scotch Finnans, boneless, in 14-lb. boxes, per box	3.00
Smoked Fillets, in 15-lb. boxes, per box	2.70
Finnan Haddie, in 15-lb. boxes, per box	2.00
H B C Smoked Goldeyes, in 10-lb. boxes, per box	2.00
Silver Bright Pink Salmon, per lb.	.12
Alaska Black Cod, per lb.	.16
Baby Halibut, per lb.	.15
Ling Cod, per lb.	.12
Winter Caught Whitefish, per lb.	.16
Special 50-lb. boxes of Ocean Fish, containing Halibut, Pink Salmon, Cod, Herring and Soles, per box	7.00
Special 50-lb. boxes of Lake Fish, containing Whitefish and Pickerel, Goldeyes, Herring, Jackfish, per box	5.50

Lake Superior Herring will not be available until January 1, 1929. If there is any other variety of fish that you would like, that is not listed, write us and we will be pleased to quote on it.

Prices Do Not Include Delivery.

Allow Sufficient Money to Pay Shipping Charge

"Merry Christmas"

THE happy greeting "Merry Christmas"! contains one of the best of all good wishes. And it includes, necessarily, one of the best of all exhortations, namely: "Be cheerful"! What better wish could anyone give you than that you should be at Christmas, and always, one of those blessed human beings who are cheerful, who do not go about unloading their troubles on others, but who, whatever may be their private anxieties and sorrows, radiate good-will and kindliness and so help to make life more beautiful and more meaningful. A person's genuineness can be recognized by his smile and his laughter. And so what better wish can we give a friend than that he may be one of the good people who are happy in their fellowship in humanity, and by the radiation of that feeling promote cheerfulness in others?

Christmas and the Home

NO OTHER words have the magic power of rekindling old and happy memories of childhood which the familiar, simple words of Christmas greeting have. That greeting brings back the glow that warmed the heart of childhood with increasing happiness as the great festival of the home drew nearer, until on Christmas Eve it culminated in a joy never to be forgotten, no matter what the years may bring as childhood is left farther and farther behind. What better thing is possible in life than the enclosing warmth and love of the family as the child knows it at Christmas, knowing nothing yet of the shadows that come with the passing years to give a deeper meaning to that remembered picture of the home circle?

Peace and Good-Will

THE Shepherds in the fields near Bethlehem that first Christmas night more than nineteen hundred years ago were simple-minded, ignorant persons. But the whole meaning of Christmas came to them in the angels' song as fully as it can come to the most complex-minded, learned person of today—if only his heart is open to receive it. How much more we all know now, to be sure, than those shepherds! But, on the other hand, how unchanged and unchanging are the real essentials of human life for us as for them, beneath all the differences between Palestine nineteen hundred years ago and Western Canada today—or any other part of the world today! That is why the meaning of Christmas will be as fundamental hundreds of years hence as it is now.

Happiness

AT CHRISTMAS we may well devote some thought to the subject of happiness, because the Christmas spirit points the way to the truest, surest happiness. There is a sense in which a drunken man is happier than a sober one, and that is why some unhappy people take to drink. There are drugs which will make their user ecstatically happy while ruining him, body and soul. True happiness is a very different matter. The way to it is by right thinking and right living, inspired by the message which the shepherds watching their flocks by night heard sung from the sky on the night when the great Teacher of the Golden Rule was born. That is the way towards the best development of character possible in this world. If we try our best to live in that way, our happiness will take care of itself.

A Time of Hope

CHRISTMAS, because it brings so compelling an inspiration of good-will, is the great inspirer of hope for humanity. In proportion as men's lives are governed by the law of fellowship they will become more and more ready and eager to co-operate with one another, with brotherly patience when diverting interests point the way to suspicion and strife. It may be difficult at times to see how the ideal of good-will is to be realized, but hope tells us we have only to be guided by the promptings of our more generous instincts.

Loneliness at Christmas

THERE are not many worse things that can befall a person in this world than loneliness. And the worst loneliness can be that which is surrounded by people busy with their own affairs. Men who live in lonesome places, such as trappers in the far North, or lighthouse keepers, are rarely unhappy in their loneliness. They have chosen their manner of life; it suits them. What makes loneliness a wounding burden is unhappiness within the lonely, unfriended heart left isolated not by choice but by the misfortunes of life. The rejoicings of the Christmas season, by bringing remembrances of past Christmas joys, may make harder the loneliness of a soul thus left solitary. The true Christmas spirit leads us to do what we can to bring some mitigation of such loneliness.

The Spirit of the Festival

CHRISTMAS is a Christian festival, or it is nothing. We cannot have it any other way. If we were to try to have it any other way, we should have something as alien to the spirit of Christmas as a pagan celebration. Few people now celebrate Christmas by stuffing themselves with too much rich food and drinking too much, as used to be the fashion in "the good old times." But a more debased falsification still of the meaning of Christmas is the ostentatious giving of gifts without the giver's heart. Christmas means kindliness and the hope that was "news from the region of the skies" when the angels sang peace and good-will to men.

A Request to Santa Claus

SUPPOSE that Santa Claus, in addition to bringing gifts to put in stockings hung up on Christmas Eve, were to bring also an intangible gift to every citizen. What would be the gift most to be desired, for the public welfare, by every voter, man or woman? Speaking for himself, The Philosopher would ask for the gift of keeping his mind open to new ideas and thinking for himself free from prejudice—or as free from prejudice as it is possible for an average human mind to be.

Contents

Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor 3
THE PHILOSOPHER 90
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING 89–92

Fiction

BACK TO GOD'S COUNTRY—Oliver Curwood (First Installment) 5
LETTY COMES BACK—William Hamilton Osborne 10
THE WOOING OF BILL BIGGS—Bev. Struan 14
THE COMING OF THE PRINCE—Nina Wilcox Putnam 16
IRISH LUCK—Constance Travers Sweatman 20
THE SMILEYS REGULATE CHRISTMAS—Frances Bailey 24
THE OLD PEDLAR AND HIS HORSE—E. G. Bayne 32
THE CHRISTMAS DISTURBER—Jean Mitchell Smith 38
I WAS A STRANGER!—Marjory E. Thomas 44a
THOU ART PETER—"John Carleton" 56
HIS WAY—Gertrude E. Walker 77
BUTTERFLIES—Paul Loomis 85

Articles

CHRISTMAS, 1928—John Mackay, D.D. 8
MADONNA AND CHRIST CHILD—Wm. Thompson, F.R.G.S., and Molly W. Pearson 9
THE GREAT ART AND ARTISTS OF SPAIN—Francis Dickie 12
THE UNBROKEN SONG—Ruth Anderson Walker 28
THE STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD—Rev. Andrew Roddan 39
OUR ISLAND—Margaret Bjornsfelt 44d
TWO CHRISTMAS CHILDREN—E. A. Taylor 48a
WHY NOT ROMANCE AFTER MARRIAGE?—J. W. Wolfe .. 48b
WHAT DOES YOUR CHILD DREAM ABOUT?—Douglas Battenbury 81

Regular Departments

YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell, F.C.I. ... 22
COME LET US READ AWHILE—Sheila Rand 27
LEGAL INFORMATION 52
DOLLARS AND CENTS 53
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke 86

Women and the Home

HOME FURNISHING—Katherine M. Caldwell 30
IN THE NAME OF NOVELTY—Betty Barclay 44c
YES, IT MATTERS WHAT YOUR WEAR!—Julia W. Wolfe 48d
WHEN BEDS DRESS UP—Isobel Dingman 49
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton 59
FASHIONS 66–69
EDIBLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS—Marjorie Elliott Wilkins 75
FEDERATED WOMEN'S INSTITUTES 79

The
Western Home Monthly
WINNIPEG *BANNATYNE AND DAGMAR* MANITOBA

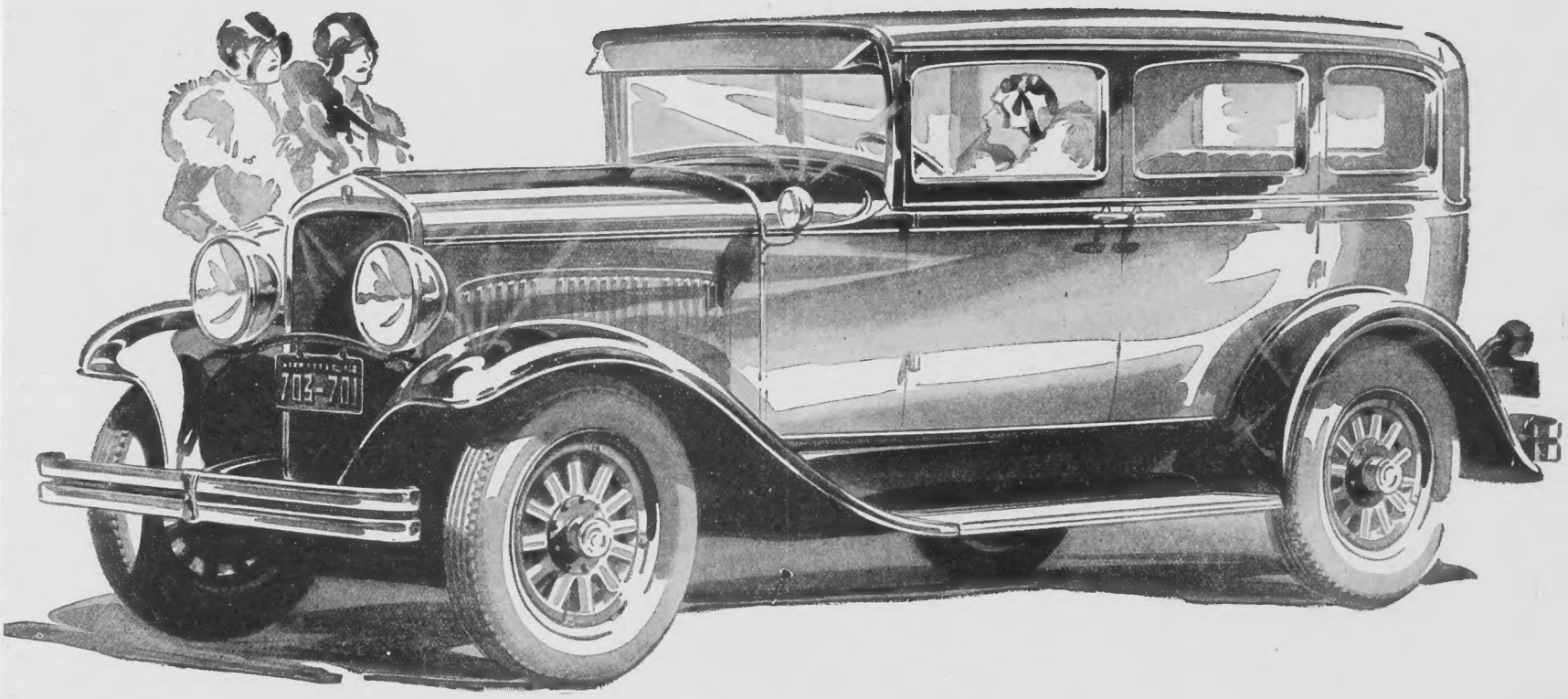
The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:

$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR $2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS $1.50 A YEAR

DE SOTO SIX

PRODUCT of CHRYSLER

Multum pro parvo



BRILLIANTLY MEETING THE ULTIMATE TEST OF OWNERSHIP

No new car ever before attained a position of such dominance so quickly and completely. Nothing, save widespread, outspoken public approval, could elevate a motor car to the commanding position held by De Soto Six.

DE SOTO MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

(*Division of Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited*)

SANTA CLAUS SCORES A GRAND SLAM!

Every time he brings a Peerless or Elite Folding Table into a Canadian home he scores a grand slam—because he assures countless hours of pleasure for the whole family.

No Christmas gift will be more prized than one or two of these sturdy, attractive tables. They fill a multitude of needs and purposes—indispensable for card games, teas, picnics, sewing, writing and children's studies.

CONTRACT BRIDGE SCORE

GAME—100 points. Score per trick bid and made: No Trump, 35; Spades or Hearts, 30; Diamonds or Clubs, 20.

PREMIUMS—For winning final game of two-game rubber, 700. For three-game rubber, 500. Four Aces or five suit honors in one hand, 150. Four suit honors in one hand, 100.

Doubling multiplies trick values by two. A side that has won a game is vulnerable.

PENALTIES

	When Not Vulnerable		When Vulnerable	
	Undoubled	Doubled	Undoubled	Doubled
1st Undertrick.....	50	100	100	200
2nd "	50	100	200	400
3rd "	50	200	200	400
4th "	50	200		
5th and each additional Undertrick.....	50	400	200	400

A redouble doubles the doubled value.

Penalty for Revoke two tricks; for a second revoke by same player in same hand, 100 points.

BONUSES—Making contract when doubled, 50. When doubled and vulnerable, 100. Each extra trick over contract 50; Doubled, 100. Vulnerable and doubled, 200.

SLAMS—Little slam bid and made, 500 extra. Vulnerable, 750. Big slam bid and made, 1,000; vulnerable, 1,500.

Why not surprise your friends by giving them this unique yet inexpensive gift? Made in round or square models, sizes 24 ins. to 48 ins. Leatherette, green felt or green linoleum tops. Sold by leading dealers everywhere.

HOURD & COMPANY, LIMITED
LONDON ONTARIO

NEW ELITE FOLDING TABLE

What the World is Saying

Continued from page 89

Their Hose Also Very Important

In the old days girls had to mind their P's and Q's. Nowadays they pay more attention to powdering their nose and brightening their eyes.—Minneapolis Journal.

The Wide, Open Spaces

An Indian Head man turned from an unsuccessful duck hunt with this advice to his son: "Always remember, my boy, that there is a lot of room around a duck."—Indian Head News.

And Ants Had No Picnics To Go To

Fossil remains in geological strata show that insects have been on this earth for fifty million years, while the human race is only five hundred thousand years old. Then what did moths live on before there were fur-lined coats?—London Daily Express.

Such Chatter Will Never Cease

It is estimated that over 71 per cent of what used to be known in sewing circles as gossip is now getting by as character analyses. — Huntingdon Gleaner.

Now We Are Back to Nature's Tints

Who remembers when dark colors were most popular in hosiery and a girl in a hurry could fix up a small run with iodine?—Niagara Falls Review.

An Extreme of Fashion

A fashion note says "For evening wear a large chiffon handkerchief is carried." We thought it was coming to that.—Kitchener Record.

The Girls Are No Longer

Either some of the young things are wearing clothes an inch and a half or so shorter this season, or the girls are longer.—Galt Reporter.

There Is Some Truth In This

What men don't know about women would make the largest book in the world; and what women don't know about men would make the smallest.—Selkirk Recorder.

The Line Must Be Drawn Somewhere

A man in Texas has been found guilty of killing another man in church. We are glad there is some place where you can commit murder and not get away with it.—Duluth Herald.

A Gentle Hint from ye Editor

It sometimes gets kind of tough trying to make the old supply of ties hang out until the new crop comes in at Christmas.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

And The Jack Horners Are Few

One recipe that will never change is that of political pie. It always has been and always will be composed of applesauce and plums.—Smith's Falls Record-News.

The Meek Man Imposes on Himself

Another example of the meek man—the individual who buys a magazine, a box of candy, and a postage stamp at the corner store, when all he really wanted was the stamp. — Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

An Absent-minded Movie Queen

A Hollywood film actress has remarried her first husband. Either the supply of husbands is running short at Los Angeles, or else the lady presumably has an indifferent memory for faces.—Baltimore Sun.

Remarkable, If True

Hangers for trousers were invented by a married woman. It will be remembered that, when these are used, they cause the trousers to hang downwards. —Windsor Border Cities Star.

So Long As There are Fools

An authority on aviation engineering now predicts that in five years there will be a fool-proof plane. However, the whole course of human history proves nothing is fool-proof. — Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Each Is Cause and Effect

It has not yet been figured out whether modern dancing is responsible for the modern music or modern music responsible for modern dancing.—Vancouver Province.

Problem in Higher Mathematics

Knee-length skirts have reduced street accidents 50 per cent, says an official report. It would be interesting to try and figure out the length of skirt when accidents are entirely eliminated.—Ottawa Journal.

Its, or Whose?

Twenty-five years ago an authority on women's dress announced that the hobble skirt was doomed. Today, similar authority is predicting that the skirt of whatever cut is on its last legs.—Fort William Times-Journal.

Self-appointed Movie Speakers

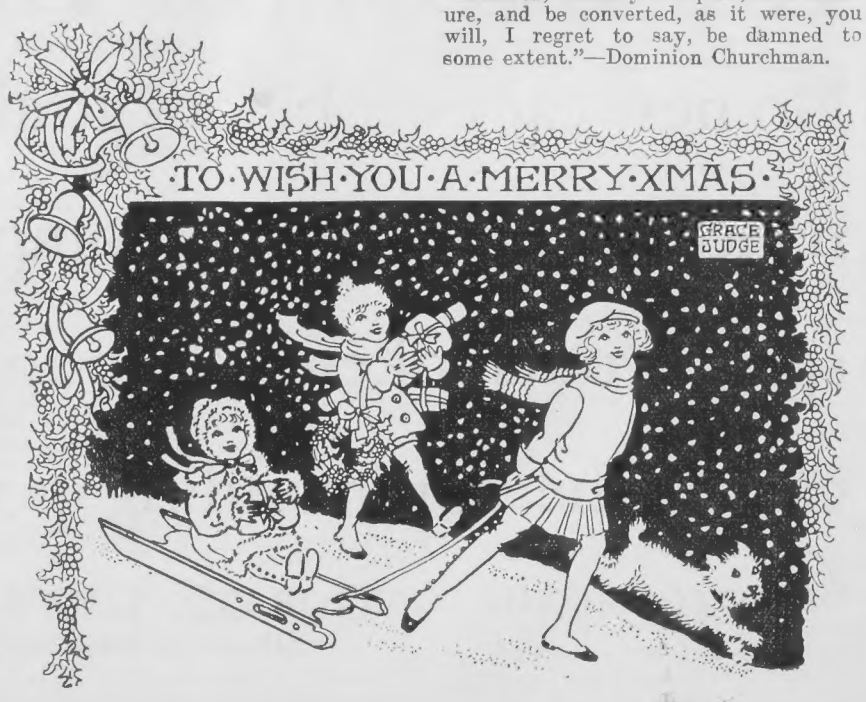
In Japan's movie houses, a gentleman stands upon the stage and supplies the sub-titles. Over here, though, we are much more thorough. An explainer sits right behind every customer.—Calgary Herald.

Bishops Are No Bathing Beauties

The Bishop of St. Albans is needlessly alarmed, we feel, over the possibility that television will invade the privacy of his bathroom. While tastes are at their present level there will be little or no public for bathing bishops.—London Sunday Pictorial.

Putting It Mildly

The following is a bishop's description of the kind of preaching sometimes addressed to fashionable congregations: "Brethren, unless you repent, in a measure, and be converted, as it were, you will, I regret to say, be damned to some extent."—Dominion Churchman.



Plan Your New Home This Winter

Make your preparations now, when you have leisure to select plans and decide on many other important points

BEAUTIFUL, LIGHT AND ROOMY YET SIMPLE IN DESIGN

The beauty of this house lies in the simplicity of its lines, combined with the fact that it is of a shape which lends itself to the most economical planning. There is an absence of frills and every dollar of the cost is money usefully spent. Plenty of windows make the house very cheerful and healthy, as sunlight is the greatest enemy of all germs. Ask your home town lumberman to show you the complete plans of this design. It is No. 32, and the size is 26 x 32-ft.

A COZY BUNGALOW HOME

This bungalow makes an instant appeal to people of refinement, and this effect is obtained by artistic grouping rather than elaborate design. The entrance door suggests a generous welcome. The interior plan is arranged to make the best possible use of the available floor space. Warmth and comfort are assured. This is design No. 16. Size 36 x 36-ft over all.

Plan well in advance, and you will get the best results. Go over your requirements—determine how much room you need, making allowance for the future, and decide on the plan of house you want. Start to get ideas together at once, and building time will find you ready to go ahead without delay.

DON'T BUILD WITHOUT LUMBER

Consult your home town lumberman about the building of your new home. He has plans and illustrations of hundreds of beautiful homes for you to look over. He will tell you costs, the best materials to use, the best building methods, and can offer you many valuable suggestions gained through years of experience. Get in touch with him soon.

Inserted by the Western Retail Lumberman's Association and the Associations of the B. C. Lumber and Shingle Manufacturers Limited, The Mountain Lumber Manufacturers, the Northern Spruce Lumber Manufacturers, and the Western Canada Sash and Door Manufacturers and Jobbers.

NEW-DAY CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Long After Christmas

You Will be Remembered for These Parker Gifts

For lifelong *permanence* in your gifts, make your full gift list include these Modern Parker offerings—Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils, singly or in matched pairs, or our new gift idea, Pen, Pencil, and Penknife, matched in colour.

Pens, $7 to $5. Pencils, $5, $3.50 and $3. Duette Sets, $11, $8.50 and $8. Knife Sets, $13.50 and $11.

Three sizes and five jewel-like colours to choose from—Green Jade, Lacquer-red, Lapis Lazuli Blue, Mandarin Yellow—all smartly black-tipped—and Jet and Gold.

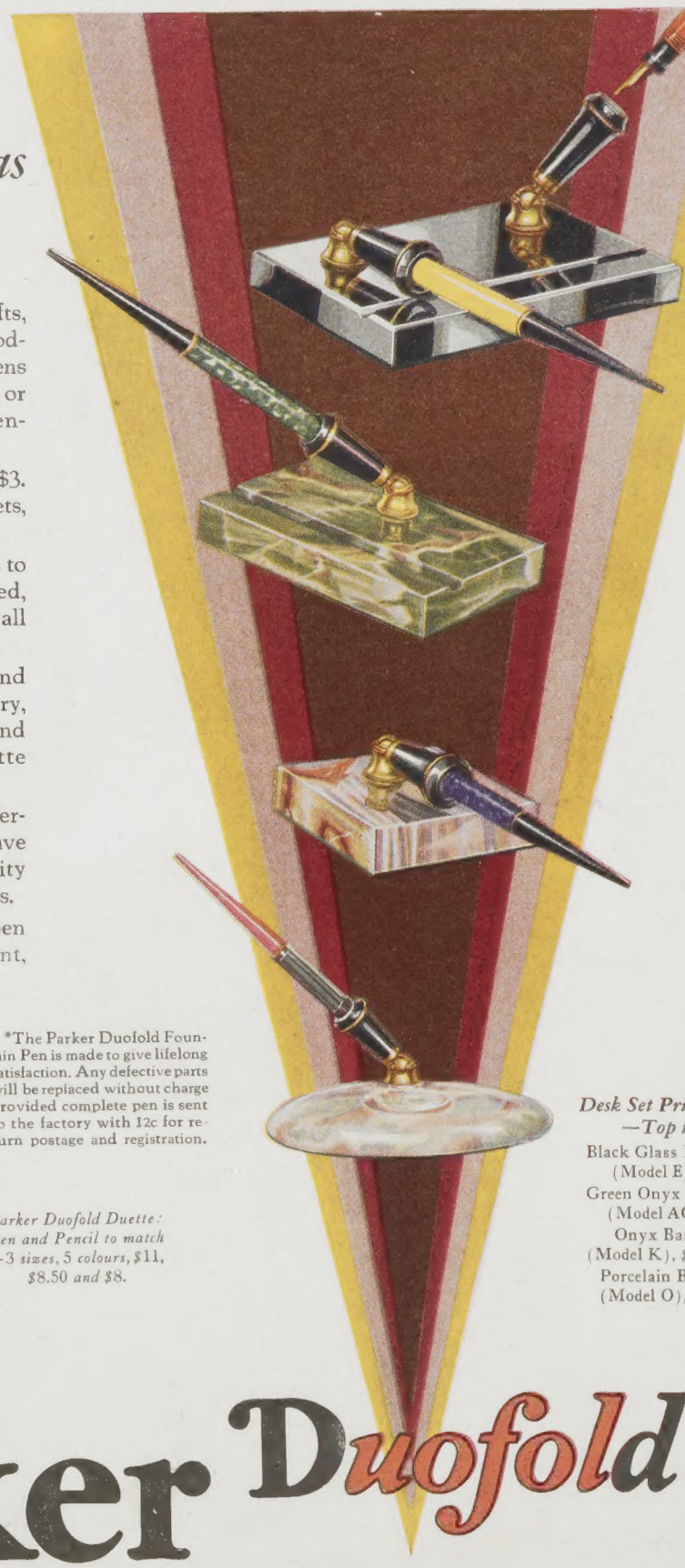
Also Parker Duofold De Luxe Pens and Pencils in *moderne* Pearl and Black—silvery, beautifully iridescent. Pens, $10, $8.50 and $7.50. Pencils, $5, $4 and $3.50. Duette Sets, $15, $12.50 and $11.

All have barrels of Non-Breakable Permanite, 28% lighter than rubber. Pens have *Pressureless* Points, maximum ink capacity and are *Guaranteed Against All Defects.

Go see these princely gifts at a nearby pen counter. One caution: Look for the imprint, "Geo. S. Parker—DUOFOLD."

*The Parker Duofold Fountain Pen is made to give lifelong satisfaction. Any defective parts will be replaced without charge provided complete pen is sent to the factory with 12c for return postage and registration.

Parker Duofold Duette: Pen and Pencil to match —3 sizes, 5 colours, $11, $8.50 and $8.



Desk Set Prices as illustrated —Top to Bottom

Black Glass Base and two pens (Model E), *$24* and *$20*
Green Onyx Base and the pen (Model AG), *$18* and *$16*
Onyx Base and one pen (Model K), *$12.50* and *$10.50*
Porcelain Base and one pen, (Model O), *$7.50* and *$6.75*

Time-Saving, Convenient, Modern

The Really Up-To-Date Christmas Gift

For "His" desk down town, for "Hers" at home—no smarter, more acceptable Christmas present could be found than a Parker Fountain Pen Desk Set.

Here is *efficiency at your finger tips*—pen always convenient to your hand, standing at any angle you choose, or lying flat.

Point always moist and ready to write at first touch to paper.

"Big Business," banks, hotels have adopted this modern improvement over old ways and so have thousands of homes.

Of course, the best desk set is the one that has the best pen—remember that in buying for Christmas.

In these sets it's a Parker Duofold, offering Pressureless Touch, choice of Five Flashing Colours and a *Guarantee Against All Defects.

See these modern Parker gifts today at a nearby pen counter. Prices range from $6.75 to $100, with many sizes, styles and colours to choose from.

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO 3, ONTARIO

The new Parker Trio: Pen, Pencil and Penknife to match—2 sizes, 5 colours, $13.50 and $11.

Parker Duofold Desk Sets